

ANTHOLOGY
OF MAGAZINE VERSE
FOR 1915
BY
WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE



Harold Monroe



ANTHOLOGY
OF
MAGAZINE VERSE

FOR 1915

AND YEAR BOOK OF
AMERICAN POETRY

EDITED BY
WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE



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TO
JOSEPH LEBOWICH

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	xi
ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS	xxix
YEAR BOOK:	
INDEX OF POETS AND POEMS PUBLISHED IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES DURING 1915	187
THE BEST POETRY OF 1915	223
LIST OF IMPORTANT PUBLICATIONS DEALING WITH POETS AND POETRY	256
THE MAGAZINE SUMMARY	266
ARTICLES AND REVIEWS OF POETS AND POETRY PUBLISHED DURING 1915	267
VOLUMES OF POEMS PUBLISHED DURING 1915	285
INDEX BY NAMES OF POEMS CONTAINED IN THE ANTHOLOGY	293

TABLE OF POEMS

	PAGE
INVOCATION	<i>Wendell Phillips Stafford</i> 1
CRADLE SONG	<i>Josephine Preston Pea-</i> <i>body</i> 1
THE HAUNTING FACE . .	<i>Robert Underwood John-</i> <i>son</i> 4
THE BACCHANTE TO HER BABE	<i>Eunice Tietjens</i> . . . 5
THE MUSICMAKER'S CHILD	<i>Miriam Allen de Ford</i> . 8
TO IMAGINATION	<i>Dorothea Laurence Mann</i> 9
HERITAGE	<i>Theresa Virginia Beard</i> . 11
A SPRING SYMPHONY . .	<i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i> . 14
PETER QUINCE AT THE CLAVIER	<i>Wallace Stevens</i> . . . 15
JOY	<i>Sara Teasdale</i> 17
BALLAD OF AMARYLLIS IN THE SHADE	<i>Richard Le Gallienne</i> . 18
SUNSET BALCONIES . . .	<i>Thomas Walsh</i> 19
LA GITANA	<i>John Curtis Underwood</i> 20
PATTERNS	<i>Amy Lowell</i> 22
ULYSSES IN ITHACA . . .	<i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i> . 25
SONG	<i>Ruth Guthrie Harding</i> . 26
THE NEW PLATONIST CIRCA 1640	<i>Cuthbert Wright</i> . . . 27
A CYPRIAN WOMAN: GREEK FOLK SONG	<i>Margaret Widdemer</i> . . 29
FROM A CAR-WINDOW . .	<i>Ruth Guthrie Harding</i> . 29
WE WHO HAVE LOVED . .	<i>Corinne Roosevelt Robin-</i> <i>son</i> 30

	PAGE
CAVE TALK	<i>Joseph Warren Beach</i> . . . 30
THE CHINESE NIGHTINGALE	<i>Vachel Lindsay</i> . . . 32
SPRING	<i>Clement Wood</i> . . . 40
NEEDLE TRAVEL	<i>Margaret French Patton</i> 41
THE FAIRY FORT	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i> . 42
SONG	<i>Edward J. O'Brien</i> . . 43
FOR THE DEDICATION OF A TOY THEATRE	<i>Benjamin R. C. Low</i> . . 44
THE COURTYARD PIGEONS	<i>Caroline Giltinan</i> . . . 45
THE BARBERRY BUSH . . .	<i>Grace Hazard Conkling</i> . 45
GREEN SYMPHONY	<i>John Gould Fletcher</i> . . 48
SERENADE	<i>William Griffith</i> . . . 52
SEA IRIS	<i>H. D.</i> 53
BIRCHES	<i>Robert Frost</i> 54
HILLS	<i>Arthur Guiterman</i> . . . 56
THE CLOUD	<i>Sara Teasdale</i> 57
THE MIRAGE	<i>Nathan Haskell Dole</i> . . 57
FIRE CASTLES	<i>Arvia MacKaye</i> 57
VISTAS	<i>Odell Shepard</i> 58
SUN-BROWNE D WITH TOIL	<i>Edward F. Garesché,</i> <i>S. J.</i> 59
JULY	<i>Mahlon Leonard Fisher</i> . 60
THE ROAD NOT TAKEN . . .	<i>Robert Frost</i> 61
HYMN TO THE DAIRYMAIDS ON BEACON STREET	<i>Christopher Morley</i> . . . 62
PASSAGES FROM A POEM: THE NEW WORLD	<i>Witter Bynner</i> 63
THE MAKER OF IMAGES . . .	<i>Brian Hooker</i> 69
THE HOME OF HORACE . . .	<i>George Meason Whicher</i> 72
SISTER MARY VERONICA . . .	<i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i> . . . 74
THE ADVENTURER	<i>Odell Shepard</i> 75
FLAMMONDE	<i>Edwin Arlington Robin-</i> <i>son</i> 76
GAYHEART, A STORY OF DE- FEAT	<i>Dana Burnet</i> 79

	PAGE
TO A GENTLEMAN RE- FORMER	<i>Louis Untermeyer</i> . . . 92
OLD KING COLE	<i>Edwin Arlington Robin- son</i> 93
LINCOLN, 1865-1915	<i>Wendell Phillips Staf- ford</i> 95
TO EDGAR LEE MASTERS	<i>Richard Butler Glaenzer</i> 96
WASHINGTON MCNEELY	<i>Edgar Lee Masters</i> . . . 98
THE VINEGAR MAN	<i>Ruth Comfort Mitchell</i> . 99
HANNAH ARMSTRONG	<i>Edgar Lee Masters</i> . . 100
BEYOND THE WAR	<i>Olive Tilford Dargan</i> . 101
A VISION OF SPRING (LATE WINTER, 1915)	<i>Ridgely Torrence</i> . . . 106
THE LAUGHTERS	<i>Louis Untermeyer</i> . . . 109
GOD AND THE STRONG ONES	<i>Margaret Widdemer</i> . . 111
ON THE PORCH	<i>Harriet Monroe</i> . . . 113
MEN HAVE WINGS AT LAST	<i>Josephine Preston Pea- body</i> 115
SURE, IT'S FUN!	<i>Richard Butler Glaenzer</i> 118
HARVEST MOON: 1914	<i>Josephine Preston Pea- body</i> 119
THE WIND IN THE CORN	<i>E. Sutton</i> 121
BATTLE SLEEP	<i>Edith Wharton</i> . . . 123
THE BOMBARDMENT	<i>Amy Lowell</i> 124
THE PYRES: A WAR POEM	<i>Hermann Hagedorn</i> . . 127
SING, YE TRENCHES!	<i>Helen Coale Crew</i> . . . 129
1915	<i>James Oppenheim</i> . . . 130
THE WHITE SHIPS AND THE RED	<i>Joyce Kilmer</i> 134
THE RETURN OF AUGUST	<i>Percy MacKaye</i> . . . 137
PRAYER FOR PEACE	<i>William Samuel Johnson</i> 140
SONNETS WRITTEN IN THE FALL OF 1914	<i>George Edward Wood- berry</i> 142
THE FRUIT SHOP	<i>Amy Lowell</i> 145

	PAGE
THE PARADOX	<i>Don Marquis</i> 150
OVER NIGHT, A ROSE	<i>Caroline Giltinan</i> 151
HARVEST	<i>Dana Burnet</i> 152
THE NIGHT COURT	<i>Ruth Comfort Mitchell</i> . 153
PAX BEATA	<i>Mary Rachel Norris</i> . . 156
THE SERVICE	<i>Burges Johnson</i> 157
TESTAMENT	<i>Sara Teasdale</i> 157
A STATUE IN A GARDEN	<i>Agnes Lee</i> 158
FATE	<i>Richard Burton</i> 159
THE ANSWER	<i>Sara Teasdale</i> 159
THE WHITE WITCH	<i>James W. Johnson</i> . . . 160
THE VANISHED COUNTRY	<i>Grantland Rice</i> 162
THE DEATH OF THE HIRED MAN	<i>Robert Frost</i> 163
SWIMMERS	<i>Louis Untermeyer</i> . . . 169
IF ONE SHOULD COME	<i>Mahlon Leonard Fisher</i> . 171
VOYAGE A L'INFINI	<i>Walter Conrad Arensberg</i> 172
THE LAST PIPER	<i>Edward J. O'Brien</i> . . . 173
TIME	<i>Florence Earle Coates</i> . 174
SILENCE	<i>Edgar Lee Masters</i> . . . 175
MADISON CAWEIN	<i>Margaret Steele Anderson</i> 177
THE BIRD AND THE TREE	<i>Ridgely Torrence</i> 178
INTERLUDE	<i>William Griffith</i> 180
SPRING SONG	<i>William Griffith</i> 180
CASSANDRA	<i>Edwin Arlington Robin- son</i> 181
SAINTE JEANNE OF FRANCE —1915	<i>Marion Couthouy Smith</i> . 182
TO MY COUNTRY	<i>Charles Hanson Towne</i> . 183

INTRODUCTION

THE ETERNAL FRAGILITY OF POETRY—AN ANALOGUE

The very name of April has a quiet mystery when spoken: as if at the sound of those soft and liquid letters some haunting memory begins to glow with indefinable ecstasies. The name leads one to sense a curious kind of secrecy, wherein some stirring and changing miracles are happening. It lures one into harmony with something intangibly but delightfully and poignantly strange. No month is named so appropriately. A-P-R-I-L, is sound and color of the spirit and substance of earth. There is a pagan sensitiveness to grace and beauty in the naming. There is a vigorous moral courtesy in the reliance upon a name that is physically so frail. Yet it is the one month of all the year to which we apply the word Eternal. It is a Breath, a Vision, a Realization of Immortality. In its constant fleetingness of moods, it symbolizes Permanence. It is a spiritual flame, burning with prophecies and declarations. And its one message is Life!

That is why the spirit of Poetry is so akin to the spirit of April. The April mood sanctifies the poet's dreams. He has come, through them, to realize the eternal grace that beats in the pulse of life. April typifies, not so much Resurrection, as Recurrence. The great Rhythm with its discords is also a Rhythm with its increasing harmonies, and it is this Divine Accent which April strikes, that opens the vistas of an infinite and eternal conviction of life.

This touch of mystery that comes creeping out of the shadow into the sunlight, transfiguring all with a motionless alchemy of breath, and color, and odor, evokes from poetry a similar touch of mystery that comes out of the shadows of human sorrow and pain into the joyousness of aspiration, a transfiguring power of Faith, Hope, and Love, quickening the nature of man.

That cry which Browning uttered is known all over the world—"Oh, to be in England, now that April's there." There is something abiding in the knowledge that April makes England different from other times. Here is something that lies close to the meaning of poetry. And when Bliss Carman sings,

"April over the Norland now
Bugles for rapture, rouses pain—"

he calls, too, out of those deeps that lie just below the drifting silver haze, veiling meadow and hill, for a reading of the mystery that is full of the implications rooted in the human heart. Even though the larger part of mankind feels as Shakespeare voices it, in the Ninety-eighth Sonnet—

"When proud pidge Aprill (drest in all his trim)
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything:"

the "spirit of youth" in a deeper sense becomes for the visioning soul of poetry a reaffirmation of our beliefs and ideals, which lead us through mysterious and difficult paths to the cherished perfecting of mortal conduct. Before the riotous, blossoming of May, the serene intensity of April dawns

and twilights prepare the sacraments, and Poetry with her habiliment of dreams and visions, carries the blessed bread and wine of life for the communion of supplicant humanity.

FREEDOM OF POETRY AS AN ART

Poetry has a way of being itself despite the efforts from time to time to make it something else. A new condition comes about in the social order of things; there is either more or less satisfaction with life in the common masses of mankind; there is either more or less consideration of their rights and desires by authority and might, represented by government and wealth. But the essential meaning of life goes on from change to change in the social and economic world, with the single effect perhaps, of intensifying the common and unchangeable experiences of human nature. No matter how the world changes, or the condition of man alters in keeping pace with it, poetry will be seen, if one looks at its history as a whole and not in fragments, to antedate the spirit of change in the life of humanity.

The progress of poetry has always been its prophecy; the progress of science has always been its discoveries. While science is astonishing a generation with its discoveries, poetry is already into the next unborn generation planting the seeds of its prophecies for science to harvest. We are coming upon an era of new poetry, so we are told. In my hasty satisfaction over the appreciation of poetry by a greater number of people to-day than was true ten or fifteen years ago, I also have been

guilty of calling this extended interest the admiration for a new art. Poetry never was old, it could never be new. It could never be set free, because it was never in bondage. It is believed to be free because it expresses the feeling and moods, the aspiration and condition, of the "people"; it is supposed to be new because it attempts to reform its appearance by repudiating tradition. A hundred years ago — indeed, we might go back five hundred or a thousand, for examples — Shelley with one purpose in view, and Crabbe with another, voiced the "people," the democracy of the masses — politically and socially, morally and industrially; and Wordsworth and Coleridge reformed the abstract appearance of poetry by revolting against tradition.

The essence of poetry is in the mental and emotional image, and the vitality of the image to weather the usage of familiarity by reading generations, is in the personalized spiritual force of the poet. These are what bring fire, heat, radiancy, and color into the smoldering fuel of the art; life constantly offers new fuel, after periods of material exhaustion in the affairs of men, and poetry has always been ready as a continuous element in human nature to inflame it into prophetic messages of the future.

Crabbe, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Coleridge did not create a new poetry; they created a new meaning, a new interpretation of truth. What was wholly and untraditionally new about their poetry was the magic by which their evocations of beauty gave substance to the abstract forms of

truth in the vaporous regions of their souls. And you will find that only these two elements count, and that the subject does not matter, nor the mere condition or aspect of existence, through which life may be represented in substance and reproduced in texture. To repeat, the life of the "people" or the life of the aristocracy, the life that is vulgar and oppressed, that is criminal or ignorant, as well as the life that idealizes virtue and morality, that is cultivated and noble, life that is past in antiquity and history, as well as the life we experience in our rapidly changing modern world, have all an equal chance to be made vivid and real, vital and actually manifest by the eternal embodiments of Truth and Beauty.

With the new interest in poetry there is a growing controversial feeling, chiefly among the poets themselves and their critics, about the kinds of poetry. It is forgotten that kinds of poetry can only mean one thing, that is, the particular forms in which poets are best able to succeed in revealing moods and conveying ideas. It has everything to do with expression and nothing whatever with substance. If, therefore, a poet is attracted to the idealisms of Greek and Roman myths, and uses the symbols of their characters, with their passions and language, instead of a direct utterance of the language of modern democracy, he may be given every credit for poetical perfection: he will be said, by the passionate lovers of modernity, to have truth and beauty in his work — but no pulse of life. It must be understood that the pulse of life beats in poetry not from the theme but through

the abstract realities of the poet's soul, breathing into the theme the inexplicable sentiency of being.

THE AMERICAN SUBSTANCE

There is a peculiar weakness in most American writers when they speak of our poets. Often these writers are poets themselves. They seem to lack both independence and judgment. They belittle their own efforts by their injustices to their contemporaries. They contradict their own opinions, and confuse a public that is really trying to come to an understanding and appreciation of the best work our poets are doing. Miss Zoë Akins, writing a series of articles this year under the title of "The Shadow of Parnassus: A Critical Anthology of Contemporary American Verse," makes the statement that we have no great or first-class poet in America to-day. Yet in commenting upon the work of Witter Bynner and Amy Lowell she characterizes the former's poem "The Cardinal's Garden, Villa Albani," as being as great as anything Browning achieved in any of his dramatic monologues, and Miss Lowell's poem "The Castle" she calls the "most notable piece of narrative verse by any living poet." Certainly, she would not deny that Browning is a great poet; and if Mr. Bynner, according to her opinion has done something equal to what only greatness can achieve, he must be a great poet too. But, of course, being an American the term has not the same meaning, as no American poet *can* be great. A different case, but a common one, and with less excuse, is the letter Mr. Conrad Aiken published

in the New York *Times Review of Books*, earlier in the year, in which he charged me with "persistently, and sometimes extravagantly" overpraising the works of American poets. He at the same time commented on the achievements of the younger English poets, comparing the American poets to them, much to the latter's disadvantage. Now Mr. Aiken, as well as Miss Akins, are American poets, and it is an unseemly manner they pursue going about seeking their own self-effacement. In spite of this attitude, we have poets of the first rank, and perhaps, for the first time, *poets* (not *a* poet) whose Americanism has helped them to their high positions.

The two great successes of the year up to the writing of these paragraphs have been the American poets Frost and Masters. Both are typically American, though one has an Eastern and the other a Western background. And I venture to predict that two other American poets with an indigenous American note will have impressed the public tremendously before another year. These poets are Lincoln Colcord and John G. Neihardt. Mr. Colcord has written in my opinion, in his "Vision of War," and looked at from more points of view than one, the most important book of the year whether in prose or verse. Mr. Neihardt achieves in his remarkable narrative "The Song of Hugh Glass," an American theme which shows the possibilities of adventurous pioneer days in the West as a subject for poetry, if the poet has the power of form and imagination in the highest degree. This is a significant note in the development

of the year's poetry, that America is yielding itself in unsuspected ways to the vision and imagination of her poets. The variety of the year's volumes cannot help but convince the observer that American poetry is marching steadily forward. The exquisite singing quality of Sara Teasdale in "Rivers to the Sea," the democratic idealism of Witter Bynner in "The New World," the emotional imagery of John Gould Fletcher in "Irradiations," the intellectual beauty of Benjamin R. C. Low's "The House that Was," the imaginative culture and spirit of Thomas Walsh in "The Pilgrim Kings," the spiritual transfiguration of common experiences by Dana Burnet in "Poems," and the delightful, spontaneous humor of Arthur Guiterman in "The Laughing Muse," are a few examples from many of the year's best accomplishment.

The selections in this Anthology also testify to the continued progress of the art in the magazines. Here are the older and established names represented by some of the best work they have done in recent years: poets like Edwin Arlington Robinson, Amelia Josephine Burr, Josephine Preston Peabody, Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, Brian Hooker, Louis Untermeyer, Olive Tilford Dargan, Robert Underwood Johnson, Florence Earle Coates, Wendell Phillips Stafford, Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, Witter Bynner, Ridgely Torrence and George Edward Woodberry. While the new discoveries of beautiful poems, such as the rare and perfect "Peter Quince at the Clavier," by Wallace Stevens, the tender and appealing "Heritage," by Theresa V.

Beard, the haunting lines of "The Adventurer" by Odell Shepard, the quiet spiritual glow of "The Courtyard Pigeons," by Caroline Giltinan, the firm meditative mood of "Pax Beata," by Mary Rachel Norris, the elegiac beauty of "To Persephone Returning," by Edith Willis Linn, the exquisite melody of "Song," by Ruth Guthrie Harding, the delicate and attractive fancies of "Needle Travel," by Margaret French Patton, and the incomparable artifice of "The New Platonist" by Cuthbert Wright, present to us new names that have added gloriously to our choir. The year has returned with fervor to lyrical expression. There were considerably fewer long poems than last year, and amongst those that I have included, the splendid modern story of "Gayheart: A Story of Defeat," by Dana Burnet, is unquestionably one of the best. I want to reaffirm my statement of two years ago concerning the sonnets of Mahlon Leonard Fisher; he is one of the very best sonnet-writers in the entire history of American poetry, and the two here included, "July" and "If One Should Come," are as good as any he has written. We are still looking forward to a volume by this poet which will definitely assert his place in the public mind. Another poet who has not yet published a volume, but whose work in the magazines of late shows her possessed of extraordinary visual and imaginative powers, is Ruth Comfort Mitchell. I believe that her work was definitely introduced to an appreciative public through the remarkable poem called the "Sin Eater," which I included in the "Anthology" for 1913. She is destined to go very far,

for there is an original quality in her work that has all the marks of genius.

A notable fact about the interest in poetry during the year is the increase of critical writing about contemporary poets and poetry. There is considerably more space given to the reviews of new books of verse, and writers like Louis Untermeyer in the *Chicago Evening Post* and Eunice Tietjens in the *Los Angeles Graphic* have produced criticism of a brilliant and permanent character. On the other hand, I was surprised to learn that during the year a periodical like *The Outlook* gave practically no heed to the new volumes of poetry, publishing just one review through the entire twelve months which dealt with four books of verse, one more than a year and a half old and the other three over six months old. This is neither creditable nor inspiring from such a publication.

The poet most written about during the year was Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian writer. This was, of course, due to the war, and deplorable as the circumstance may be, American readers were benefited by acquaintance with the splendid style and vigor of this writer. Another poet more written about than any others in this country, with the possible exception of Frost and Masters, was Rupert Brooke. Here again the war, this time more sadly, brought immortality to a name existing in comparative obscurity. But the death of Rupert Brooke was a sort of climax to his art; the experience of war brought out the best that was in him as a poet. There has been a great deal of sentimental

and indiscriminating praise of Brooke; the best thing that has been written about him is Joyce Kilmer's judicious and correct estimate in the *New York Times*. Verhaeren, Brooke, Frost, and Masters have been largely the poetic topics of the year, around which has raged an animated discussion, pro and con, about the Imagists inspired by "Some Imagist Poets: An Anthology," published early in the spring.

THE CONJUNCTION OF THE IMAGISTS

Of the movement to which Amy Lowell, John Gould Fletcher, Richard Aldington, H. D., F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence, and many other poets both in England and America are identified, there is a great deal to be said, and a great deal has been said in their favor by English, French and Russian reviews of the highest standing. After all, a name is only a convenient handle by which we carry the identification of things. You cannot isolate a force or degree or quality of feeling, because the shape and material of language is custom-made rather than ready-made. All poetry comes out of feeling; the degree to which feeling is personalized in images determines not the logic of form but the measure of emotion and imagination which gets into the substance. It is on this basis that the poetry of Amy Lowell, John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, and Richard Aldington must be judged. They believe that what they feel, experiencing life and observing nature, concerning the mystery and wonder of things, can be better reproduced for communication if certain artificial, mis-

leading, and useless impediments of language are eliminated. This is not to say that there must not be any decoration, any more than to say that in abandoning, for the purpose, the rhythm of metres, rhythm cannot find any other laws of control. All really great poets have broken the traditional regularities of forms handed on to them by their predecessors; they found their genius could not achieve within the restrictions, and instead of adding to the mediocrity of the art, imposed technical obligations upon themselves which only the most rigorous and persistent labors could accomplish. This, it seems to me, is what the Imagists are doing. It is what Chaucer, Shakespeare, Coleridge, Blake, Poe and Henley have done. And it is precisely the Imagistic principle in the work of these poets I have just named which gives them a preëminent position in the art of English poetry. Whether the poetry of this modern Imagist group is great poetry is a matter with which we ought to have little concern at present; that it is good poetry can easily be proved. To prove it is all a matter of being able to demonstrate the difference between what is verse and what is poetry in their primary significance.

All art is artifice, Arthur Symons once declared, and the scope of poetry is neither enlarged nor restricted by the range of subjects with which it deals. It depends entirely upon the force of symbols in words, reproducing upon the mind an impression corresponding in exactitude to the gradations of a state of being in objects or experience,

and thereby presenting a reality. This is what Poe accomplished, whose telescopic imagination observed but a small space of the starry emotions of humanity. So, if the Imagists in their poems show a vibratory sensitiveness to natural realities, and actually bring to us sensations of heat and light, of windy beaches, meadows, city streets and leaves, it must be the result of an active imagination stimulated by the only force upon which it is dependent and interrelated — the emotional. But to say that the Imagists are only concerned in their poetry with natural objects is to disregard the human relations that are woven in the essential spirit of this external world.

Writing in *vers libre* does not constitute the whole purpose of the Imagist poets. In fact, they have employed both regular rhythms and rhyme in their work. Whether employing the medium of *vers libre* or metre, they have shown, especially in a certain intensifying quality of mood, the first note of pure romanticism in English poetry of the last decade. The final test of poetry is its magic. It is not the feeling of contemplative anxiety aroused by the philosophic or moral imagination that gives to poetry its highest value as an art, but the agitated wonder awakened in the spirit of the reader by the sudden evocation of magic. This is the haunting quality in poetry, a thing that has no web of reasoning, and whose elements are so unaccountably mixed that no man has yet learned its secret. And in this poetry, as often as it is to be found in other verse of equal quantity, there

speaks that alluring voice whose secret is in the
eternal and pure wizardry of Keats'

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

W. S. B.

Feast of St. Francis of Assisi, 1915
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The existence of this volume, and the others in the series — those already published and the issues promised for the future — is due to the co-operative spirit of the poets, the editors and proprietors of the magazines, and the publishers, working with me for the advancement and glory of American poetry. However large a success in circulation these volumes may attain, I wish the work to be regarded as an introduction to a large and variegated field of beauty to which it serves as the gateway. Enticed to the gateway by the examples I have gathered from the untrodden fields within, it is my desire, and the purpose for which I have worked, that readers should enter in concourse and explore these rich fields for themselves. My labors have not been perfect, but they have been heavy, faithful and enduring,— and I hope not in vain.

To the American poets, to the editors and proprietors of the magazines in the summary, and from whose pages poems were selected for inclusion in the “Anthology,” and to the publishers for permission to use poems which have, or shortly are, to appear in volumes by the poets chosen from the magazines, I wish to offer my hearty thanks for their courteous and willing help. One exception must be noted, to answer a question — and reaffirm my impartiality — that has been often asked me by poets, critics, librarians, and correspondents. That is, why I do not include *The Atlantic Monthly* in my summary of the magazines. The

reason is that the editor, Mr. Ellery Sidgwick, after many requests, has persistently refused to supply, as all the other editors do, copies of the magazine for the purpose. He was urged to this he claimed in reducing his complimentary list, and yet I know of complimentary copies going to men who are dead. I merely state this in answer to the numerous inquiries I have received, and to maintain my position of strict impartiality, which I have endeavored to make a virtue in this work.

To treat poetry with the seriousness that I have attempted in this work, not only in the "Anthology," but in the *Year Book* features, is an innovation that some publishers do not regard with consideration, and take full advantage of. With few exceptions the assistance has not been voluntary as their habit is with other kinds of literature, and I have found difficulties in making my records and reviews as complete as I would like, and as it is important, to make them. From individuals, as well as publishers, I would like to receive during the year all information about books of poems, books about poets and poetry, and the volumes *upon publication*. These must be sent direct to my address, 27 Ellsworth Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

To the following publishers I am indebted for permission to use selections chosen from the magazines, and which they are issuing in book form for the poets:

The Macmillan Co.: "Sunset Balconies," in *The Pilgrim Kings: Greco and Goya and Other Poems of Spain*, by Thomas Walsh; "Joy," "The Cloud," "Testament," and "The Answer," in

Rivers to the Sea, by Sara Teasdale; "Hannah Armstrong," and "Washington McNeeley," in *Spoon River Anthology*, by Edgar Lee Masters.

Mitchell Kennerley: "La Gitana," in *Processionals*, by John Curtis Underwood; "Prayer for Peace," in *Prayer for Peace and Other Poems*, by William Samuel Johnson; "Passages from a Poem: The New World," in *The New World*, by Witter Bynner.

Houghton Mifflin Co.: "Sea Iris," by H. D., in *Some Imagist Poets: An Anthology*. "The Bombardment," by Amy Lowell, in *Some Imagist Poets: An Anthology*. "The Barberry Bush" in *Afternoons of April*, by Grace Hazard Conkling.

Harper and Brothers: "Gayheart: A Story of Defeat," in *Poems*, by Dana Burnet.

Yale University Press: "The Maker of Images," in *Poems*, by Brian Hooker.

Henry Holt & Co.: "The Death of the Hired Man," in *North of Boston*, by Robert Frost.

John Lane Co.: "For the Dedication of a Toy Theatre," in *The House that Was*, by Benjamin R. C. Low.

The John C. Winston Co.: "A Cyprian Woman: Greek Folk Song," and "God and the Strong Ones," in *The Factories and Other Poems*, by Margaret Widdemer.

Sherman, French & Co.: "A Statue in a Garden," in *The Sharing*, by Agnes Lee.

ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS

INVOCATION

O Thou whose equal purpose runs
In drops of rain or streams of suns,
And with a soft compulsion rolls
The green earth on her snowy poles;
O Thou who keepest in thy ken
The times of flowers, the dooms of men,
Stretch out a mighty wing above —
Be tender to the land we love!

If all the huddlers from the storm
Have found her hearthstone wide and warm;
If she has made men free and glad,
Sharing, with all, the good she had;
If she has blown the very dust
From her bright balance to be just,
Oh, spread a mighty wing above —
Be tender to the land we love!

When in the dark eternal tower
The star-clock strikes her trial hour,
And for her help no more avail
Her sea-blue shield, her mountain-mail,
But sweeping wide, from gulf to lakes,
The battle on her forehead breaks,
Throw Thou a thunderous wing above —
Be lightning for the land we love!

Atlantic Monthly

Wendell Phillips Stafford.

CRADLE SONG

I

Lord Gabriel, wilt thou not rejoice
When at last a little boy's

1

Cheek lies heavy as a rose,
And his eyelids close?

Gabriel, when that hush may be,
This sweet hand all heedfully
I'll undo, for thee alone,
From his mother's own.

Then the far blue highways paven
With the burning stars of heaven
He shall gladden with the sweet
Hasting of his feet —

Feet so brightly bare and cool,
Leaping, as from pool to pool;
From a little laughing boy
Splashing rainbow joy!

Gabriel, wilt thou understand
How to keep his hovering hand? —
Never shut, as in a bond
From the bright beyond? —

Nay, but though it cling and close
Tightly as a climbing rose,
Clasp it only so,— aright,
Lest his heart take fright.

*(Dormi, dormi, tu:
The dusk is hung with blue.)*

II

Lord Michael, wilt not thou rejoice
When at last a little boy's
Heart, a shut-in murmuring bee,
Turns him unto thee?

Wilt thou heed thine armor well,—
To take his hand from Gabriel
So his radiant cup of dream
May not spill a gleam?

He will take thy heart in thrall,
Telling o'er thy breastplate, all
Colors, in his bubbling speech,
With his hand to each.

*(Dormi, dormi tu.
Sapphire is the blue;
Pearl and beryl, they are called,
Chrysoprase and emerald,
Sard and amethyst.
Numbered so, and kissed.)*

Ah, but find some angel word
For thy sharp, subduing sword!
Yea, Lord Michael, make no doubt
He will find it out:

*(Dormi, dormi tu!)
His eyes will look at you.*

III

Last, a little morning space,
Lead him to that leafy place
Where Our Lady sits awake,
For all mothers' sake.

Bosomed with the Blessèd One,
He shall mind her of her Son,
Once so folded from all harms,
In her shrining arms.

(In her veil of blue,
Dormi, dormi tu.)

So; — and fare thee well.—
Softly,— Gabriel . . .
When the first faint red shall come,
Bid the Day-star lead him home,
For the bright World's sake,—
To my heart, awake.

Scribner's Magazine Josephine Preston Peabody

THE HAUNTING FACE

On the Portrait of a Child Lost in the *Lusitania*

Dear boy of the seraphic face,
With brow of power and mouth of grace,
And deep, round eyes, set far apart,
So that the mind should match the heart!

Not Raffael's leaning cherub had
More beauty than this winsome lad,
Nor Andrea's little John more joy
Than dimpled in this darling boy.

What mother could so happy be
As not to covet such as he?
What childless passer could forego
The smiling of that Cupid's bow?

Here promise spoke in every curve;
Thè wit to see, the heart to serve;
In fine proportions here did reign
An open nature, sweet and sane.

What wonder fancy vied with hope
To read his radiant horoscope,

And find within his future deed
The rescue of some mighty need:—

A patriot to save the State;
A bard to take the sting from Fate;
A prophet men should know not of
To lift the fainting world of love!

Mourn those— and mourn not with despair—
Who find life's last adventure fair,
But let your treasured tears be spilled
For noble presage unfulfilled.

Mine fall unbidden as I look
Here upon Youth's unfinished book,
And with the loss my heart is torn
As Heaven had withdrawn the morn.

Ah, could I know why over me
His spirit has such potency,
Then might I know how love began
And stays, the mystery of Man.

Child of the future! Beauty's flower!
His gentle image should have power
The conscience of a realm to wring
And haunt the pillow of a King.

New York Evening Post

Robert Underwood Johnson

THE BACCHANTE TO HER BABE

Scherzo

Come, sprite, and dance! The sun is up,
The wind runs laughing down the sky
That brims with morning like a cup.

Sprite, we must race him,
We must chase him —
You and I!
And skim across the fuzzy heather —
You and joy and I together
Whirling by!

You merry little roll of fat! —
Made warm to kiss, and smooth to pat,
And round to toy with, like a cub;
To put one's nozzle in and rub
And breathe you in like breath of kine,
Like juice of vine,
That sets my morning heart a-tingling,
Dancing, jingling,
All the glad abandon mingling
Of wind and wine!

Sprite, you are love, and you are joy,
A happiness, a dream, a toy,
A god to laugh with,
Love to chaff with,
The sun come down in tangled gold,
The moon to kiss, and spring to hold.

There was a time once, long ago,
Long — oh, long since . . . I scarcely know.
Almost I had forgot . . .
There was a time when you were not,
You merry sprite, save as a strain,
The strange dull pain
Of green buds swelling
In warm, straight dwelling
That must burst to the April rain.
A little heavy I was then
And dull — and glad to rest. And when
The travail came

In searing flame . . .
But, sprite, that was so long ago! —
A century! — I scarcely know.
Almost I had forgot
When you were not.

So, little sprite, come dance with me!
The sun is up, the wind is free!
Come now and trip it,
Romp and skip it,
Earth is young and so are we.
Sprite, you and I will dance together
On the heather,
Glad with all the procreant earth,
With all the fruitage of the trees,
And golden pollen on the breeze,
With plants that bring the grain to birth,
With beast and bird,
Feathered and furred,
With youth and hope and life and love,
And joy thereof —
While we are part of all, we two —
For my glad burgeoning in you!

So, merry little roll of fat,
Made warm to kiss and smooth to pat
And round to toy with, like a cub,
To put one's nozzle in and rub,
My god to laugh with,
Love to chaff with,
Come and dance beneath the sky,
You and I!
Look out with those round wondering eyes,
And squirm, and gurgle — and grow wise!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Eunice Tietjens

THE MUSICMAKER'S CHILD

A maiden, waiting for a man to take her:
Then, for the love of his blue eyes,
She wandered after Weir the musicmaker.

I know the burden of the tide,
I catch the cry and moan of every breaker,
I read the secrets of the sands —
I, the child of Weir the musicmaker.

In the white hush before the storm,
I hear a heavy calling from the ocean —
The souls of men who drowned at sea,
Awearry of its restless, flowing motion.

“I am choked with sand,”
Says Jan the fisher.
“A pearl in each hand,”
Says Jan the fisher.

“One for the earth,
My grave to be;
One for the priest
Will pray for me.”

And Michael of the Wild Rocks, his bright beard
streaming,
“Give me Christian burial, and a stone above my
head!
For I've a wife,” says he, “and my babe is on her
knee;
And she has naught to weep on but a' memory of the
dead.”

Old Fergus lies sleeping, and calls in his sleep,
His white hair all matted with weeds of the sea:

“ I have Shawn and Colom who watch for me —
Shall my two sons not call me from out the deep? ”

And the soul of Peter Day,
That young, young lad,
Whose quick, warm heart
Was all the wealth he had,

“ O dear Lord God,” he prays,
“ There on the shore
Was a girl used to walk
Who’ll never walk there more.

“ It’s in church and holy ground
That Janet lies:
For my grave next hers,
I will give up Paradise.”

Lord God has heeded Peter Day;
He has thrown his body on the white sand stretches:
And they have laid him by a grave
That’s two years overgrown with docks and vetches.

“ Is it not strange,” they say in Culm,
“ That he alone came in upon the breaker? ”
I smile my wise smile to myself —
I, the child of Weir the musicmaker.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Miriam Allen de Ford

TO IMAGINATION

Suggested by Maxfield Parrish’s “ Air Castles ”

O beauteous boy a-dream, what visions sought
Of pictures magical thy eyes unfold,
What triumphs of celestial wonders wrought,

What marvels from a breath of beauty rolled!
Skyward and seaward on the clouds are scrolled
A mystic imagery of castled thought,
A thousand worlds to lose,— or win and mold,—
A radiant iridescence swiftly caught
Of ever-changing glory, fancy-fraught.

Blue wonder of the sea and luminous sky,—
A thousand wonders in thy dreamlit face,—
Eyes that beheld afar the turrets high
Of Ilium, and the transient mortal grace
Of Deirdre's sadness, all the conquering race
Of Athens,— eyes that saw Eden's beauty lie
In passionate adoration — visions trace
Across the tender brooding of the sigh
That wrecked a city and made chieftains die.

Forward not backward turns the mystic shine
Of those far-seeing orbs that track the gleam —
The fleecy marvel of the cloud is line
On line the wizard tracery of a dream.
O lad, who buildest not of things that seem,
Beyond what bounds of visioning divine
Came that far smile, from what long-strayed sunbeam
Caught thou the radiance, from what fostering vine
The power to build and mold the deep design?

Knowest thou the secret that thy brush would tell,
Is all the dream a bubbled splendor white,
Beyond those castles cloud-bound, does there dwell
The eternal silence of the dark — or light?
Will thy hand hold the pen which shall indict
The symbolled mystery — write the final knell
Of rainbow fancy — is the distant sight
A nothingness encircled by the spell
Of gleaming bubbles wrought of beauty's shell?

In vain to question, where the mystery
Of Youth's short golden dream is lord and king.
The eyes that farthest gaze in ecstasy,
Were never meant to paint the immortal thing
They see, nor understand the joy they bring.
The misty baubles of the sky and sea
Sail on. Dream still, bright-visions boy, and fling
The glittering mantle of thy thoughts that flee,
Weaving us evermore thy shining pageantry.

The Poetry Journal

Dorothea Lawrence Mann

HERITAGE

SLEEP, SLEEP, MY BABY, SLEEP!

Thou art fairer than the lilies that grow beside the
pool,
As dew upon the lilies on my breast thy lips are cool;
Thy breath hath caught the fragrance of the winds
that love to stir
Beneath the budding branches of my bed of lavender.

Like the nectarines that ripened upon the southern
wall
Thy rosy cheeks how sweet they are, how softly round,
and small;
And thine eyes are like the flower whose name I do not
know
That in the shady corner of my garden used to grow.

SLEEP, SLEEP, MY BABY, SLEEP!

Oh! they broke into my garden, they brought no holy
priest,

No sacrament they offered me, they made no marriage feast;
Yet the Wedding Guest of Cana beside me must have been,
Or whence this living water in the red wine-cup of sin?

I have eaten the wild honey stored by the wandering bees,
Have crushed my fallen roses and breathed attar from the lees,
Found a shade-tree in the desert and in the midnight hills
Have drunk reviving liquor from life's old forbidden stills.

SLEEP, SLEEP, MY BABY, SLEEP!

For they drove me from my garden; an exile past recall,
A goodly heritage I found beyond that garden wall.
Heir of an ancient line am I, as old as history,
The exiles of the Ages leave their legacies to me.

Mine is the alabaster box whose costly spikenard
poured
Upon the weary feet of Him whom Mary owned her Lord.
Its treasured secrets are mine own; its mystic seal
I keep;
I break it, empty it in song,— to hush a child to sleep.

SLEEP, SLEEP, MY BABY, SLEEP!

Here is the seed Eve took with her when weeping she
was sent
From the Garden of the Rivers in endless banishment.

This stain upon the cover is a sign upon it laid
By an unremembered woman, the far mysterious maid
Of the country East of Eden,— Cain's dark kiss upon
her fell.
And this vial, once was Hagar's, filled with tears of
Ishmael.
Here is a song of Bathsheba's, the lowly Hittite's
bride,
She sang it to King David's son, the nameless one,
who died.

SLEEP, SLEEP, MY BABY, SLEEP!

These are the words the Master spake, memorial
of her,
The wasteful one of Magdala who spilled her precious
myrrh.
Here are withered berries perfumed with the Pas-
sion-Flower's breath,
And saving drops distilled from the poison-plants of
Death.

Ah! at last, at last, thou'rt sleeping; thy Mother
too would rest;
And should neither of us waken, it may be it were
best.
Thou art fairer than the lilies,—thine eyes have
caught the blue
Of the little wind-blown flower that in my garden
grew.

The Bellman

Theresa Virginia Beard

A SPRING SYMPHONY

Allegro con Moto

The touch of the springtime has broken the ice of the
pond —

It laughs and it sighs

The trees of the bank and the clouds that go sailing
beyond

See themselves in its eyes.

A shimmer of topaz by day and of silver by night
It trembles for joy at the touch of the wind and the
light.

Birds dip their wings there and ripples to melody
start.

Is it the springtime — or you — whose imperious
wand

Has broken the ice of my heart?

Andante Appassionato

Through the dark you sought and found me
There is no word for us to speak —
Only your arms that close around me,
Only your cheek against my cheek,
Slowly toward each other turning
Sure as the skies turn. Look, there slips
A star from heaven — and now 'tis burning
Here, love . . . upon our lips.

Scherzo — Finale, Presto

Love me for a lifetime, love me for a day,
Little do I care.
Light across the meadows laughing comes the May,
Spring is in the air.
Little lambs like daisies dot the fields with white,

The silliest sheep that grazes feels the world's delight.
We are two white butterflies on the wind astray,
 Flying — who knows where?
Skies are blue above us, earth is green below,
 Golden is the sun —
Golden as the cowslips where in merry flow
 Little rivers run —
Golden as the beating of wild wings agleam,
Golden as our meeting, golden as our dream —
Wild lover, child lover, kiss me now and go,
 Ere the dream is done

The Bellman

Amelia Josephine Burr

PETER QUINCE AT THE CLAVIER

I

Just as my fingers on these keys
Make music, so the self-same sounds
On my spirit make a music, too.

Music is feeling, then, not sound;
And thus it is that what I feel,
Here in this room, desiring you,

Thinking of your blue-shadowed silk,
Is music. It is like the strain
Waked in the elders by Susanna:

Of a green evening, clear and warm,
She bathed in her still garden, while
The red-eyed elders, watching, felt

The basses of their beings throb
In witching chords, and their thin blood
Pulse pizzicati of Hosanna.

II

In the green water, clear and warm,
 Susanna lay.
 She searched
 The touch of Springs,
 And found
 Concealed imaginings.
 She sighed,
 For so much melody.

Upon the bank, she stood
 In the cool
 Of spent emotions.
 She felt, among the leaves,
 The dew
 Of old devotions.

She walked upon the grass,
 Still quavering.
 The winds were like her maids,
 On timid feet,
 Fetching her woven scarves,
 Yet wavering.

A breath upon her hand
 Muted the night.
 She turned —
 A cymbal crashed,
 And roaring horns.

III

Soon, with a noise like tambourines,
 Came her attendant Byzantines.

They wondered why Susanna cried
 Against the elders by her side;

And as they whispered, the refrain
Was like a willow swept by rain.

Anon, their lamps' uplifted flame
Revealed Susanna and her shame.

And then, the simpering Byzantines,
Fled, with a noise like tambourines.

IV

Beauty is momentary in the mind —
The fitful tracing of a portal;
But in the flesh it is immortal.

The body dies; the body's beauty lives,
So evenings die, in their green going,
A wave, interminably flowing.
So gardens die, their meek breath scenting
The cowl of Winter, done repenting.
So maidens die, to the auroral
Celebration of a maiden's choral.

Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings
Of those white elders; but, escaping,
Left only Death's ironic scraping.

Now, in its immortality, it plays
On the clear viol of her memory,
And makes a constant sacrament of praise.

Others: A Magazine of the New Verse
Wallace Stevens

JOY

I am wild, I will sing to the trees,
I will sing to the stars in the sky,

I love, I am loved, he is mine,
Now at last I can die!

I am sandaled with wind and with flame,
I have heart-fire and singing to give,
I can tread on the grass or the stars,
Now at last I can live!

Reedy's Mirror

Sara Teasdale

BALLAD OF AMARYLLIS IN THE SHADE

Were it not better done — the time being Spring —
Grim poet, the iron of whose Cromwellian lyre
Is sistered with so soft a lyric string,
To cast dry wisdom crackling on the fire,
To follow the green pathways of desire,
Where April flutters like a flying maid —
Though others to the topmost stars aspire —
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade?

To rule wouldst thou? — to be the sorry king
Of this poor kingdom of the fool and liar
We call the world; or, a still stranger thing,
Wouldst swink and sweat, and house thee in the
mire,
And sell thy strong soul for a captive's hire,
While tyrants eat, and hear sweet music played?
Were it not better done — what need inquire? —
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade?

While all is still new blossom and young wing,
And life's a flame still mounting higher and higher,
While still Youth's gold is thine to flaunt and fling,
Heed not dim counsels of some shrivelled sire;
Spake he but sooth, upon the funeral pyre

One dream shall linger as his ashes fade —
Of Love's plumed feet aflame through brake and
brier,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade.

ENVOI

My Prince, what better dream should man require
To close his eyes? And I have heard it said
That Death's a garden where we but retire —
"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade."

Puck

Richard Le Gallienne

SUNSET BALCONIES

For me no winter twilight falls
But brings a dream of gold,
Since well I know their dear white walls
Are gleaming as of old;
I know that down arcaded square
And narrow street they still are there
Dolores, Pilar, Mercedes,
Reclining in the balconies.

Mercedes, who belies the name
Of her sweet patroness renowned
As Queen of Mercies, shrined in flame,
At Barcelona crowned;
And Pilar, little face of rose,
Whose Virgin on the pillar glows
At Saragossa; there they rest,
Their dark eyes golden with the west.

Though the seven swords of silver press,
In high Granada's shrine
Her velvet-mantled patroness
Of Mother-Grief divine,

Dolores only smiles to scan
The sunset on her spangled fan,
 Whose sparkle lights again the grace
 That memory treasures of her face.

Scribner's Magazine

Thomas Walsh

LA GITANA

None of the girls of Ronda have feet as fine as mine,
That glimmer and glance through the whirl of the
 dance as fireflies blaze and shine,
Seen in some shadowy rambla outside of a gay café.
None of the girls in Ronda can dance down death,
 my way.

Carmen and fat Conchita can sell themselves for
 shoes,
Black as their souls with the heels of red, such as the
 Cubans use.
They can sell themselves for their stockings, their
 spider webs of silk,
And their feet like their brows are brazen, but mine
 are white as milk.

For mine was a Northern mother my gypsy father
 found
In a brothel in Biscaya. And love in 'drink he
 drowned.
So I grew up in the gutter, slinking and wild to be
Alone, alive, in the open, sunlit, and flushed and free,
Naked in running rivers. So I must dance to-day
Where the eyes of the men are upon my face and
 flesh like beasts of prey.

And the tongues of the tawdry women they tear my
 life apart

And they smear my name with their women's shame
as their teeth would tear my heart,

As they'd rip the flesh away from my face and the
bodice from my breasts.

And the wave of life is around me. I am lifted on its
crests.

I am lifted high on its surges; and the light it lends
my eyes

Is the strength of moon and sunrise and the splendor
of the skies.

I am caged in their snarling city, but between its
shadowy bars

I see the loom of to-morrow and the altar lights of
stars.

Savage, violent, virgin; like a trainer in their cage,
They snarl at my looks like lashes, these women
marred with age,

These men that my mind has mastered; and I rule
their restless lives

With my feet that flicker through shadows like the
bickering light of knives.

I dance and they bow before me. Barefoot I turn,
I tread

On the throbbing hearts of the living and the ashes
of the dead.

I dance till I stop, where he stands apart, till I hold
his love and hate:

Master and man and the bravest heart, sultan and
slave and mate.

The Forum

John Curtis Underwood

PATTERNS

I walk down the garden paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.
I walk down the patterned garden paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.
With my powdered hair and jewelled fan,
I too am a rare
Pattern. As I wander down
The garden paths.

My dress is richly figured,
And the train
Makes a pink and silver stain
On the gravel, and the thrift
Of the borders.
Just a plate of current fashion,
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes.
Not a softness anywhere about me,
Only a whale-bone and brocade.
And I sink on a seat in the shade
Of a lime tree. For my passion
Wars against the stiff brocade.
The daffodils and squills
Flutter in the breeze
As they please.
And I weep;
For the lime tree is in blossom
And one small flower has dropped upon my bosom.

And the splashing of waterdrops
In the marble fountain
Comes down the garden paths.
The dripping never stops.
Underneath my stiffened gown

Is the softness of a woman bathing in a marble basin,
A basin in the midst of hedges grown
So thick, she cannot see her lover hiding,
But she guesses he is near,
And the sliding of the water
Seems the stroking of a dear
Hand upon her.

What is Summer in a fine brocaded gown!
I should like to see it lying in a heap upon the
ground.
All the pink and silver crumpled up on the ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran along the
paths,
And he would stumble after,
Bewildered by my laughter.
I should see the sun flashing from his sword hilt and
the buckles on his shoes.

I would choose
To lead him in a maze along the patterned paths,
A bright and laughing maze for my heavy-booted
lover,
Till he caught me in the shade,
And the buttons of his waistcoat bruised my body as
he clasped me,
Aching, melting, unafraid.
With the shadows of the leaves and the sundrops,
And the plopping of the waterdrops,
All about us in the open afternoon —
I am very like to swoon
With the weight of this brocade,
For the sun sifts through the shade.

Underneath the fallen blossom
In my bosom,
Is a letter I have hid.

It was brought to me this morning by a rider from
the Duke.

"Madam, we regret to inform you that Lord
Hartwell

Died in action Thursday sen'night."

As I read it in the white, morning sunlight,
The letters squirmed like snakes.

"Any answer, Madam," said my footman.

"No," I told him.

"See that the messenger takes some refreshment.

"No, no answer."

And I walked into the garden,

Up and down the patterned paths,

In my stiff, correct brocade.

The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly in
the sun,

Each one.

I stood upright too,

Held rigid to the pattern

By the stiffness of my gown.

Up and down I walked,

Up and down.

In a month he would have been my husband.

In a month, here, underneath this lime,

We would have broken the pattern;

He for me, and I for him,

He as Colonel, I as lady,

On this shady seat.

He had a whim

That sunlight carried blessing.

And I answered, "It shall be as you have said."

Now he is dead.

In Summer and in Winter I shall walk

Up and down

The patterned garden paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.
The squills and daffodils
Will give place to pillared roses, and to asters, and
to snow.
I shall go
Up and down,
In my gown.
Gorgeously arrayed,
Boned and stayed.
And the softness of my body will be guarded from
embrace
By each button, hook, and lace.
For the man who should loose me is dead,
Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,
In a pattern called a war.
Christ! What are patterns for?

The Little Review

Amy Lowell

ULYSSES IN ITHACA

Ithaca, Ithaca, the land of my desire!
I'm home again in Ithaca, beside my own hearth-fire.
Sweet patient eyes have welcomed me, all tenderness
and truth,
Wherein I see kept sacredly the visions of our
youth —
Yet sometimes, even as I hear the calm
Deep breathing of Penelope at rest
Beside me — cravingly my empty palm
Curves to the memory of Calypso's breast.
Ah, wild immortal mistress! With a smile
You crowned my passion as a goddess can.
I would not, if I might, regain your isle —
Nor would I lose remembrance, being man.

Ithaca, Ithaca, the wind among the trees,
The peasant singing at his toil, the murmuring of
 bees,
The minstrel plucking at the harp when cups are
 on the board,
The measure of the martial dance, the rhythmic shield
 and sword —
But oh, the sword-song broken in the beat,
The sword-song that I heard by Simois!
The high fierce cry of battle's crimson heat —
Whatever else I hear, I lose not this.
No, nor that unimaginable song
When through my straining limbs the cord cuts far.
Pallas, I thank thee that the bonds were strong —
Yet was the siren's music worth the scar!

Ithaca, Ithaca, and peace when day is done;
Life like a weary eagle folding wings at set of sun.
The round of homely duties, the temperate delight,
The simple pleasure of the day, the quiet rest at
 night —

But I have known the thrill of danger's face;
Have launched my spirit as a spear is cast.
The world and hell have been my living-place,
Who choose to die in Ithaca at last.
Odysseus had foregone the wanderer's part —
But, mighty Zeus! how good it is to know
That I have held a goddess to my heart
And fought heroic giants, long ago!

The Bellman

Amelia Josephine Burr

SONG

To-day I have fled from the Mountain; and never
 again

As a god shall I roam by the fountain or sing in the
glen.

The new gods be mute, if they heard me; nor glory
nor fire

Hath leapt from my music and stirred me, so broken
my lyre.

I cried to Latona who bore me — she answered me
not:

Diana hath perished before me, and dark is the spot
Where silent the laurel-maid broodeth forgiving but
cold —

O Clytië, once so forsaken . . . dost weep as of old?

Yea, Daphne I left in the meadow, unmoved of my
pain.

To me she is sunlight and shadow, star-sweetness and
rain:

(But, all through the years when I loved her, who
never loved me,

Such, then, was the pain my forgetting had meted to
thee?)

I could not remember thee only, with her at my
side —

Yet I might have pitied thee lonely, and made for
thy pride

Brief kindness, to spare thee thy sighing; or wreaths
for thy brow . . .

O Clytië, Clytië, Clytië, where art thou now?

Boston Transcript

Ruth Guthrie Harding

THE NEW PLATONIST

Circa 1640

Our loves as flowers fall to dust;
The noblest singing hath an end;

No man to his own soul may trust,
Nor to the kind arms of his friend;
Yet have I glimpsed by lonely tree,
Bright baths of immortality.

My faultless teachers bid me fare
The cypress path of blood and tears,
Treading the thorny wold to where
The painful Cross of Christ appears;
'Twas on another, sunnier hill,
I met you first, my miracle.

The painted windows burn and flame
Up through the music-haunted air;
These were my gods — and then you came,
With flowers crowned and sun-kissed hair,
Making this northern river seem
Some laughter-girdled Grecian stream.

When the fierce foeman of our race
Marshals his lords of lust and pride,
You spring within a moment's space,
Full-armed and smiling to my side.
O golden heart! The love you gave me,
Alone has saved, and yet will save me.

Perchance we have no perfect city
Beyond the wrack of these our wars,
Till Death alone in sacred pity
Wash with long sleep our wounds and scars;
So much the more I praise in measure
The generous gods for you, my treasure.

The New Republic

Cuthbert Wright

A CYPRIAN WOMAN: GREEK FOLK SONG

Under dusky laurel leaf,
Scarlet leaf of rose,
I lie prone, who have known
All a woman knows.

Love and grief and motherhood,
Fame and mirth and scorn,
These are all shall befall
Any woman born.

Jewel-laden are my hands,
Tall my stone above —
Do not weep that I sleep,
Who was wise in love:

Where I walk a shadow gray
Through gray asphodel,
I am glad, who have had
All that Life could tell.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Margaret Widdemer

FROM A CAR-WINDOW

Pines, and a blur of lithe young grasses;
Gold in a pool, from the western glow;
Spread of wings where the last thrush passes —
And thoughts of you as the sun dips low.

Quiet lane, and an irised meadow . . .
(*How many summers have died since then?*) . . .
I wish you knew how the deep'ning shadow
Lies on the blue and green again!

Dusk, and the sweep of field and hollow
Etched in gray when a star appears:
Sunset, . . . twilight, . . . and dark to follow, . . .
And thoughts of you thro' a mist of tears.

The Smart Set

Ruth Guthrie Harding

WE WHO HAVE LOVED

We who have loved, alas! may not be friends,
Too faint, or yet too fierce the stifled fire,—
A random spark — and lo! our dead desire
Leaps into flame, as though to make amends
For chill, blank days, and with strange fury rends
The dying embers of Love's funeral pyre.
Electric, charged anew, the living wire
A burning message through our torpor sends.
Could we but pledge with loyal hearts and eyes
A friendship worthy of the fair, full past,
Now mutilate, and lost beyond recall,
Then might a Phoenix from its ashes rise
Fit for a soul flight; but we find, aghast,
Love must be nothing if not all in all!

The Smart Set

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

CAVE TALK

What are you doing there by the shore?

— I'm pushing out my boat.

I mean to follow the sun across
To islands far remote.

It may be I shall find a land

Where fruits and spices grow;

Fairer women, stronger men,

And mountains topped with snow.

— Nay, go not forth across the wave,
Where ghosts and monsters be.
What fairer folk can heart desire
Than my sweet cubs and me?
And who shall bring us fish and flesh
When you are gone away?
Come, spread the net and string the bow —
But fare not far astray!

What are you scratching there on the rock?

— I'm carving pictures here —
Feathered bird and otter furred,
To bide for many a year.
When a thousand moons have waxed and waned
And I am dust and smoke,
Men shall behold my handiwork
And praise the master-stroke.

— O sluggard, leave your idle ways —
Behold our bitter dearth!
We shiver in the frosty wind
And crouch upon the earth.
Go, strip the otter and her cubs
For coats and kirtles fine,
And pluck the feathered bird to strew
A bed for me and mine.

What are you doing out in the dark?

— I count the stars in the sky,
And wonder if they are the souls
Of such as you and I;
And if the bear and the lean gray wolf
Have souls like yours and mine,
That go to feed the milky way
Or make the great stars shine.

— O dreamer, what are the stars to you
And the souls of wolf and bear?
The gray wolf prowls about the rock
And sniffs upon the air;
His eyes are shining in the dark
Like stars above the sea!
Build high the fire before the cave
To guard my cubs and me.

What do you see that stare so hard?

— A face all smooth and white,
And breasts and shoulders smooth and round
And soft in the flickering light.
I muse how wondrous women are
And how unlike to men. . . .
I saw white arms in the sea at dawn . . .
Long since . . . and never again. . . .

— You love me not, O stranger man,
Who talk of women and men,
Of white arms in the sea at dawn . . .
You love me never again!
You sit and dream the while I wait—
And the little ones all asleep . . .
Oh, if you love me a little, man,
Kiss me . . . or I shall weep!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Joseph Warren Beach

THE CHINESE NIGHTINGALE

A Song in Chinese Tapestries
Dedicated to S. T. F.

“How, how,” he said. “Friend Chang,” I said,
“San Francisco sleeps as the dead—
Ended license, lust and play:

Why do you iron the night away?
Your big clock speaks with a deadly sound,
With a tick and a wail till dawn comes round.
While the monster shadows glower and creep,
What can be better for man than sleep? ”

“ I will tell you a secret,” Chang replied;
“ My breast with vision is satisfied,
And I see green trees and fluttering wings,
And my deathless bird from Shanghai sings.”
Then he lit five fire-crackers in a pan.
“ Pop, pop!” said the fire-crackers, “ cra-cra-crack!”
He lit a joss-stick long and black.
Then the proud gray joss in the corner stirred;
On his wrist appeared a gray small bird:
And this was the song of the gray small bird:

“ Where is the princess, loved forever,
Who made Chang first of the kings of men? ”

And the joss in the corner stirred again;
And the carved dog, curled in his arms, awoke,
Barked forth a smoke-cloud that whirled and broke.
It piled in a maze round the ironing-place,
And there on the snowy table wide
Stood a Chinese lady of high degree,
With a scornful, witching, tea-rose face . . .
Yet she put away all form and pride,
And laid her glimmering veil aside
With a childlike smile for Chang and for me.

The walls fell back, night was aflower,
The table gleamed in a moonlit bower,
While Chang, with a countenance carved of stone,
Ironed and ironed, all alone.
And thus she sang to the busy man Chang:
“ Have you forgotten . . .

Deep in the ages, long, long ago,
I was your sweetheart, there on the sand —
Storm-worn beach of the Chinese land?
We sold our grain in the peacock town
Built on the edge of the sea-sands brown —
Built on the edge of the sea-sands brown . . .

“ When all the world was drinking blood
From the skulls of men and bulls,
And all the world had swords and clubs of stone,
We drank our tea in China, beneath the sacred spice-
trees,
And heard the curled waves of the harbor moan.
And this gray bird, in Love's first spring,
With a bright bronze breast and a bronze-brown wing,
Captured the world with his carolling.
Do you remember, ages after,
At last the world we were born to own?
You were the heir of the yellow throne —
The world was the field of the Chinese man
And we were the pride of the sons of Han.
We copied deep books, and we carved in jade,
And wove white silks in the mulberry shade.” . . .

“ I remember, I remember
That Spring came on forever,
That Spring came on forever.”
Said the Chinese nightingale.

My heart was filled with marvel and dream
Though I saw the western street-lamps gleam,
Though dawn was bringing the western day,
Though Chang was a laundryman, ironing away . . .
Mingled there, with the streets and alleys,
The railroad-yard, and the clock-tower bright,
Demon-clouds crossed ancient valleys;

Across wide lotos-ponds of light
I marked a giant firefly's flight.

And the lady, rosy-red,
Opened her fan, closed her fan,
Stretched her hand toward Chang, and said:
"Do you remember,
Ages after,
Our palace of heart-red stone?
Do you remember
The little doll-faced children
With their lanterns full of moon-fire,
That came from all the empire
Honoring the throne?—
The loveliest fête and carnival
Our world had ever known?
The sages sat about us
With their heads bowed in their beards,
With proper meditation on the sight.
Confucius was not born;
We lived in those great days
Confucius later said were lived aright . . .
And this gray bird, on that day of Spring,
With a bright-bronze breast, and a bronze-brown
wing,
Captured the world with his carolling.
Late at night his tune was spent.
Peasants,
Sages,
Children,
Homeward went,
And then the bronze bird sang for you and me.
We walked alone, our hearts were high and free.
I had a silvery name, I had a silvery name,
I had a silvery name — do you remember
The name you cried beside the tumbling sea?"

Chang turned not to the lady slim —
He bent to his work, ironing away;
But she was arch and knowing and glowing.
And the bird on his shoulder spoke for him.

“ Darling . . . darling . . . darling . . . darling . . . ”
Said the Chinese nightingale.

The great gray joss on a rustic shelf,
Rakish and shrewd, with his collar awry,
Sang impolitely, as though by himself,
Drowning with his bellowing the nightingale's cry:
“ Back through a hundred, hundred years
Hear the waves as thy climb the piers,
Hear the howl of the silver seas,
Hear the thunder!
Hear the gongs of holy China
How the waves and tunes combine
In a rhythmic clashing wonder,
Incantation old and fine:

‘ Dragons, dragons, Chinese dragons;
Red fire-crackers, and green fire-crackers,
And dragons, dragons, Chinese dragons.’ ”

Then the lady, rosy-red,
Turned to her lover Chang and said:
“ Dare you forget that turquoise dawn
When we stood on our mist-hung velvet lawn,
And worked a spell this great joss taught
Till a God of the Dragons was charmed and caught?
From the flag high over our palace-home
He flew to our feet in rainbow-foam —
A king of beauty and tempest and thunder
Panting to tear our sorrows asunder,
We mounted the back of that royal slave
With thoughts of desire that were noble and grave.

We swam down the shore to the dragon-mountains,
We whirled to the peaks and the fiery fountains.
To our secret ivory house we were borne.
We looked down the wonderful wing-filled regions
Where the dragons darted in glimmering legions.
Right by my breast the nightingale sang;
The old rhymes rang in the sunlit mist
That we this hour regain —
Song-fire for the brain.
When my hands and my hair and my feet you kissed,
When you cried for your heart's new pain,
What was my name in the dragon-mist,
In the rings of the rainbowed rain? ”

“ Sorrow and love, glory and love,”
Said the Chinese nightingale.
“ Sorrow and love, glory and love,”
Said the Chinese nightingale.

And now the joss broke in with his song:
“ Dying ember, bird of Chang,
Soul of Chang, do you remember? —
Ere you returned to the shining harbor
There were pirates by ten thousand
Descended on the town
In vessels mountain-high and red and brown,
Moon-ships that climbed the storms and cut the skies.
On their prows were painted terrible bright eyes.
But I was then a wizard and a scholar and a priest;
I stood upon the sand;
With lifted hand I looked upon them
And sunk their vessels with my wizard eyes,
And the stately lacquer-gate made safe again.
Deep, deep below the bay, the sea-weed and the spray,
Embalmed in amber every pirate lies,
Embalmed in amber every pirate lies.”

Then this did the noble lady say:

“ Bird, do you dream of our home-coming day
When you flew like a courier on before
From the dragon-peak to our palace-door,
And we drove the steed in your singing path —
The ramping dragon of laughter and wrath;
And found our city all aglow,
And knighted this joss that decked it so?
There were golden fishes in the purple river
And silver fishes and rainbow fishes.

There were golden junks in the laughing river,
And silver junks and rainbow junks:
There were golden lilies by the bay and river,
And silver-lilies and tiger-lilies,
And tinkling wind-bells in the gardens of the town
By the black lacquer-gate

Where walked in state

The kind king Chang

And his sweet-heart mate . . .

With his flag-born dragon

And his crown of pearl . . . and . . . jade;

And his nightingale reigning in the mulberry shade,

And sailors and soldiers on the sea-sands brown,

And priests who bowed them down to your song —

By the city called Han, the peacock town,

By the city called Han, the nightingale town,

The nightingale town.”

Then sang the bird, so strangely gay,

Fluttering, fluttering, ghostly and gray,

A vague, unravelling, answering tune,

Like a long unwinding silk cocoon;

Sang as though for the soul of him

Who ironed away in that bower dim:

“ I have forgotten
Your dragons great,

Merry and mad and friendly and bold.
 Dim is your proud lost palace-gate.
 I vaguely know
 There were heroes of old,
 Troubles more than the heart could hold,
 There were wolves in the woods
 Yet lambs in the fold,
 Nests in the top of the almond tree . . .
 The evergreen tree . . . and the mulberry tree . . .
 Life and hurry and joy forgotten
 Years on years I but half-remember . . .
 Man is a torch, then ashes soon,
 May and June, then dead December,
 Dead December, then again June.
 Who shall end my dream's confusion?
 Life is a loom, weaving illusion . . .
 I remember, I remember
 There were ghostly veils and laces . . .
 In the shadowy, bowery places . . .
 With lovers' ardent faces
 Bending to one another,
 Speaking each his part.
 They infinitely echo
 In the red cave of my heart.
 'Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart!'
 They said to one another.
 They spoke, I think, of perils past.
 They spoke, I think, of peace at last.
 One thing I remember:
 Spring came on forever,
 Spring came on forever,"
 Said the Chinese nightingale.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Vachel Lindsay*

SPRING

Hey, old world, old lazy-bones, wake to the Spring-tune!

The music of the spheres is quickened to a jig —
Wobble a one-step along your flashing orbit, with the
moon for your light-tripping partner!

Shove your staid bonnet over your ear, proper old
lady,

And sway along the streets, tipsy with the Spring!

Here are the young men, gay in their festive lids,
Carolling vigorously the joy within them!

What matter if the tune slide up and down?

Spring is alive, and the maidens tremble to you, as
you to them.

I thrill with it too —

I long to hie me to His Honor the Mayor,

And slap him vigorously on the back, disturbing the
proper set of his derby,

And shout, Wake up, old chap, it's Spring —

Let the solemn judge shrug off the ermine, and join
the revellers!

Let the pompous financier sing a naughty trio with
his wife and the placid chauffeur!

And this to the Police Commissioner —

Furnish the foremost pair of your marching guardians
of the peace with mandolins and guitars,

And let the ranks behind decorously do the toe dance.

Oh, the quickening of the world!

The push of the agile leaves, the fluttering mating
of birds,

The delicious unquiet of the love-hungry earth!

The awakening spirit is everywhere;
Nothing escapes; nothing can resist dancing to its
absurd and delightful melody.

The Masses

Clement Wood

NEEDLE TRAVEL

I sit at home and sew,
I ply my needle and thread,
But the trip around the garment's hem
Is not the path I tread;
My stitches neat,
With their rhythmic beat,
Keep time to very different feet,
On a different journey sped.

Now, glad heart
Tip-toe, tip-toe,
They must not hear you,
They must not know,
They must not follow where you go.

Bare, brown feet on the dusty road,
Unbound body free of its load,
Limbs that need no stinging goad
Step, step out on the dusty road.

Friends to greet on the jolly road,
Lopeing rabbit, and squatting toad,
Beetle, trundling along with your load;
Hey, little friends;
Good-day, good-morrow,
You see me to-day,
You forget me to-morrow.

Time to chase you across the road,
Lopeing rabbit, and poke you, toad,

Upset you, beetle with your load;
Hey, little friends,
Good-day.

Bare, brown feet in the shelving pool,
Unbound body, relaxed and cool,
Limbs lying bare and beautiful;
Hey, green pool,
Good-day, good-morrow,
You hold me to-day,
You forget me to-morrow.

Time to float in you, rapt and cool,
Swim the rapids above you, pool,
Dive in your waters bountiful;
Hey, sweet friend,
Good-day.

I sit at home and sew,
I ply my needle and thread,
But the trip around the garment's hem
Is not the path I tread.

The Masses

Margaret French Patton

THE FAIRY FORT

As I went by the fairy fort,
I heard a laughing wee voice say,
"Whisht! Be these humans rale at all?
I'll not believe it, nay!"

"Aye; but ye see the crayturs plain." —
"But seein' niver makes it true,
No more than not to see be proof.
'Tis what they think and do.

“ They chase unrale things all day long,—
Money and aise and fame and power,—
With niver time to pipe and dream,
Or gossip with a flower.

“ They just have faith in what they see;
And they be blind as mid-day owls,—
Except the little childher dear,
And some with childher-sowls.

“ Such stupid things they be, and quare!
I’ll not believe in them, not I!
Come, let us pipe a rale, true lilt,
And lave the crayturs by!”

As I went by the fairy fort,
I heard a piping sweet and small,—
I wonder, are the Wee Folk real,
Or am I real at all?

The Bellman

Abbie Farwell Brown

SONG

Ebb on with me across the sunset tide
And float beyond the waters of the world,
The light of evening slipping from thy side,
Thy softened voice in waves of silence furred.

Flow on into the flaming morning wine,
Drowning the land in color. Then on high
Rise in thy candid innocence and shine
Like to a poplar straight against the sky.

Boston Transcript

Edward J. O'Brien

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A TOY THEATRE

You banished fairies and lean outlawed elves,
Immured in dusty books on closet shelves;
You exorcised young spirits that have lain,
Cooped-up with cobwebs, in a cynic's brain;
You goblins and goodfellows, mischief mites
That drank the cream and teased the dog o' nights;
You godmothers; you witches on old brooms;
You prancing princes (coal-black hair, and plumes),
Maidens, magicians, ogres, Jack-in-vines,
Con your enchantments, furbish up your lines,
Make ready for revival — not so fast! —
You shall be summoned when the play is cast.
And you, grown old too early, you whose eyes
Have lost the wonder of the truly wise;
You scoffers armed with "science," and a laugh,
Who know the world and scorn the better half;
You, also, looking backward with regret,
Who catch a glimmer of late childhood yet;
And you who never wandered, skimped indeed,
Beyond the borders of the hard world's need;
But most, you children, holding in your hearts
The ways of highest heaven, best of arts,
Be seated here. Yon curtain is the mind:
Let logic slip, and — laughter is behind.
Ay, laughter, and brave deeds, and hopes come true,—
The old sweet world of fancy, made for you.
But mark you, disenchantment's nigh at hand;
Whoever questions will not understand.
Look to 't: and, as you love us, we entreat,
Put off your cares; a smile will buy your seat.
Ho! actors! come, make ready there within:—
Have up the curtain; let the play begin!

Scribner's Magazine

Benjamin R. C. Low

THE COURTYARD PIGEONS

Dear birds, that flutter happily
Against the grey stone wall,
That hides the joyous sun from me,
Do you not hear my call?
Each weary day when you go past
To strut and perch up there,—
Or when you soar away so fast,
I watch you,—and I care:
For, in your iridescent flight,
My eyes have learned to see
How, in this strange and man-made night,
One thing, at least, goes free.
And do you know what you have taught
In low and cooing cries?
Though much is gone, they have not bought
The part of me that flies!

Boston Transcript

Caroline Giltinan

THE BARBERRY BUSH

Threading the wood, if I might see
A hamadryad leave her tree,
Or Pan with dripping honeycomb
Luring a nymph away from home,
Eager to ask some friendly faun
What way Proserpina had gone,
Or catch an accent, pungent, wild,
Of garrulous Hermes, like a child
I grieved to miss them. Everything
Was hushed: no creature cared to sing,
Nor memory of song sufficed:
The earth had grown unparadised.

But where a barberry in flower
Had tossed against the sun a shower
Of pendent blossoms, golden shapes
Clustered like small immortal grapes
Grown for a baby Bacchus, all
The air turned rich and musical
With honeyed little changing chimes
Only a bee makes when he climbs
A bell-shaped bloom, and being stout,
Shakes pollen-dust and music out.
Whether the barberry had made
A compact with the winds, afraid
To lose her sweets if wind should blow,
Or what she offered, can I know?
But all her essence hovered there
Diffused in aromatic air
That glittered like a living wine
Her soul exhaled, besieging mine
With beauty, making me at home
Within the windless delicate dome
Of vaulted fragrance over her.
Some poignancy of mint or myrrh,
Rosemary-whim, lavender-lure,
Or balm of bruised balsam pure,
Some whiff of fern, fennel, or rue,
Tang of the wild grass steeped in dew,
Had Hermes flung her from mid-flight
As benison for his delight?
For incense-strange and spiced was she,
A pensioner of Araby,
Dreaming her dream of wingéd feet
And cloud-lost laughter bitter-sweet.
Yet not for Hermes did each urn
Of hidden honey yield in turn
Its amber to the pilgrim bees.
Their god is Pan, the god of trees,

Who pipes for them all blossom-news,
And knows what melody to use
For ripe wild-grape and apple-tree,
And you in bloom, O Barberry!
Was that your *motif* that I heard
His veery sing, in which recurred
Honey and spices, grape-bloom mist,
Young leaves in evening amethyst,
With ringing of thin topaz bells
Like small close-clustered asphodels?

So sang Pan's veery, so sang he,
That all the world was Thessaly,
And any cedar might avail
To hold an answering nightingale.
The mosses by the oak-tree's root
Caressed a gleaming naked foot,
But quick as light the nymph was gone,
I glimpsed the brown pursuing faun
And heard the chiming of their glee.
Proserpina eluded me,
But from your blossoms showered down
I guessed the color of her gown —
What else but color of the sun?
And singing veery there was none
Until into my mood you flowered,
Illumining the wood unbowered.

Now kindly Pan forevermore
Be mindful of you! May he store
Your honey in Arcadian jars;
Summon back Hermes from the stars
Into your zone of spicy zest —
A little Orient in the West!
Jeweled with bees, gilded with bloom,
You shall hold court within your room

If once he pipe beside the door,
The Master Improvisator!
Thither may he resort, content
To find you richly redolent,
And make you music all your own,
So river-sweet in reedy tone,
It shall inspire at evening hush
His brown immortal veery-thrush.

Century Magazine *Grace Hazard Conkling*

GREEN SYMPHONY

I

The glittering leaves of the rhododendrons
Balance and vibrate in the cool air;
While in the sky above them
White clouds chase each other.

Like scampering rabbits,
Flashes of sunlight sweep the lawn;
They fling in passing
Patterns of shadow,
Golden and green.

With long cascades of laughter,
The mating birds dart and swoop to the turf:
'Mid their mad thrillings
Glints the gay sun behind the trees.

Down there are deep blue lakes:
Orange blossom droops in the water.

In the tower of the winds,
All the bells are set adrift:
Jingling
For the dawn.

Thin fluttering streamers
Of breeze lash through the swaying boughs,
Palely expectant
The earth receives the slanting rain.

I am a glittering raindrop
Hugged close by the cool rhododendron.
I am a daisy starrng
The exquisite curves of the close-cropped turf.

The glittering leaves of the rhododendron
Are shaken like blue green blades of glass,
Flickering, cracking, falling:
Splintering in a million fragments.

The wind runs laughing up the slope
Stripping off handfuls of wet green leaves,
To fling in people's faces.
Wallowing on the daisy-powdered turf,
Clutching at the sunlight,
Cavorting in the shadow.

Like baroque pearls,
Like cloudy emeralds,
The clouds and the trees clash together;
Whirling and swirling,
In the tumult
Of the spring,
And the wind.

II

The trees splash the sky with their fingers,
A restless green rout of stars.

With whirling movement
They swing their boughs

About their stems:
Planes on planes of light and shadow
Pass among them,
Opening fanlike to fall.

The trees are like a sea;
Tossing;
Trembling,
Roaring,
Wallowing,
Darting their long green flickering fronds up at the
sky,
Subsiding,
Spotted with white blossom-spray.

The trees are roofs:
Hollow caverns of cool blue shadow
Solemn arches
In the afternoons.
The whole vast horizon
In terrace beyond terrace,
Pinnacle above pinnacle,
Lifts to the sky
Serrated ranks of green on green.

They caress the roofs with their fingers,
They sprawl about the river to look into it;
Up the hill they come
Gesticulating challenge:
They cower together
In dark valleys;
They yearn out over the fields.

Enamelled domes
Tumble upon the grass,
Crashing in ruin
Quiet at last.

The trees lash the sky with their leaves,
Uneasily shaking their dark green manes.

III

Far let the voices of the mad wild birds be calling
me,
I will abide in this forest of pines.

When the wind blows
Battling through the forest,
I hear it distantly,
Like the crash of a perpetual sea.

When the rain falls,
I watch silver spears slanting downwards
From the pale river-pools of sky,
Enclosed in dark fronds.

When the sun shines,
I weave together distant branches till they enclose
mighty circles,
I sway to the movement of hooded summits,
I swim leisurely in deep blue seas of air.

I hug the smooth bark of stately red pillars
And with cones carefully scattered
I mark the progression of dark dial-shadows
Flung diagonally downwards through the afternoon.

This turf is not like turf;
It is a smooth dry carpet of velvet,
Embroidered with brown patterns of needles and
cones.

These trees are not like trees:
They are innumerable feathery pagoda-umbrellas,

Stiffly ungracious to the wind,
Teetering on red-lacquered stems.

In the evening I listen to the winds' lispings,
While the conflagrations of the sunset flicker and
clash behind me,
Flamboyant crenelations of glory amid the charred
ebony boles.

In the night the fiery nightingales
Shall clash and trill through the silence:
Like the voices of mermaids crying
From the sea.

Long ago has the moon whelmed this uncompleted
temple.
Stars swim like gold fish far above the black arches.

Far let the timid feet of dawn fly to catch me:
I will abide in this forest of pines:
For I have unveiled naked beauty,
And the things that she whispered to me in the dark-
ness,
Are buried deep in my heart.

Now let the black tops of the pine-trees break like a
spent wave,
Against the grey sky:
These are tombs and memorials and temples and altars
sunkindled for me.

The Little Review

John Gould Fletcher

SERENADE

The Moon puts on her silver veil
And shawl of lace: and with far lutes
And violins in many a dale
The thrushes blow their woodland flutes.

Oh, and with many a ghostly cheer,
Under the moon the forest heaves
And sways with ecstasy to hear
The eery laughter of the leaves.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse William Griffith

SEA IRIS

Weed, moss-weed
root tangled in sand,
sea iris, brittle flower,
one petal like a shell
is broken,
and you print a shadow
like a thin twig.

Fortunate one,
scented and stinging,
rigid myrrh-bud,
camphor-flower,
sweet and salt — you are wind
in our nostrils.

II

Do the murex-fishers
drench you as they pass?
Do your roots drag up color
from the sand?
Have they slipped gold under you;
rivets of gold?

Band of iris-flowers
above the waves,
you are painted blue,

painted like a fresh prow
 stained among the salt weeds.

The Little Review

H. D.

BIRCHES

When I see birches bend to left and right
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay.
Ice-storms do that. Often you must have seen them
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning
After a rain. They click upon themselves
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust —
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the
load
And they seem not to break; though once they are
bowed

So low for long they never right themselves:
You may see their trunks arching in the woods
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.
But I was going to say when truth broke in
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm,
(Now am I free to be poetical?)
I should prefer to have some boy bend them
As he went out and in to fetch the cows —

Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,
Whose only play was what he found himself,
Summer or winter, and could play alone.
One by one he subdued his father's trees
By riding them down over and over again
Until he took the stiffness out of them
And not one but hung limp, not one was left
For him to conquer. He learned all there was
To learn about not launching out too soon
And so not carrying the tree away
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise
To the top branches, climbing carefully
With the same pains you use to fill a cup
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.
And so I dream of going back to be.
It's when I'm weary of considerations,
And life is too much like a pathless wood
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping
From a twig's having lashed across it open.
I'd like to get away from earth awhile
And then come back to it and begin over.
May no fate willfully misunderstand me
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:
I don't know where it's likely to go better.
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,
But dipped its top and set me down again.
That would be good both going and coming back.
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

Atlantic Monthly

Robert Frost

HILLS

I never loved your plains! —
Your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes
And pleachéd alleys.

I want my hills! — the trail
That scorns the hollow.—
Up, up the ragged shale
Where few will follow,

Up, over wooded crest
And mossy boulder
With strong thigh, heaving chest,
And swinging shoulder,

So let me hold my way,
By nothing halted,
Until, at close of day,
I stand, exalted,

High on my hills of dream —
Dear hills that know me!
And then, how fair will seem
The lands below me,

How pure, at vesper-time,
The far bells chiming!
God, give me hills to climb,
And strength for climbing!

Scribner's Magazine

Arthur Guiterman

THE CLOUD

I am a cloud in the heaven's height,
The stars are lit for my delight,
Tireless and changeful, swift and free,
I cast my shadow on hill and sea —
But why do the pines on the mountain's crest
Call to me always, " Rest, rest " ?

I throw my mantle over the moon
And I blind the sun on his throne at noon,
Nothing can tame me, nothing can bind,
I am a child of the heartless wind —
But oh the pines on the mountain's crest
Whispering always, " Rest, rest."

Harper's Magazine

Sara Teasdale

THE MIRAGE

Across the Bay are low-lying cliffs,
Where stand fishermen's cottages:
I can barely distinguish them with the naked eye.
But to-day the cliffs are lifted, escarpt,
Perpendicular, mysterious, inaccessible,
And those sordid dwellings have become
The magnificent fortified castles of Sea-kings.

North American Review

Nathan Haskell Dole

FIRE CASTLES

Fast falling rain and every hill in mist
Makes even my very saddest thoughts grow sadder,
And every sad thought lengthens my long list,
As, moaning over old things that make me madder,

I sit and sulk over some unkind word
And weep as if I had not wept before,
And think of words about me I have heard,
And with old thoughts grieve over them some more.
But soon, if I get up, or sit and gaze,
Telling myself stories of joyous thought
Before the warm and cheery, singing blaze,
Now all my bad thoughts in a trap are caught;
And if I gaze at castles in the fire,
Then all the while to gladness I grow nigher.

The Little Review

Arvia MacKaye

VISTAS

As I walked through the dream-peopled streets
Of the wind-rustling, elm-shaded city
Where all of the houses were friends
And the trees were all lovers of her,
The spell of its old enchantment
Was woven again to subdue me
With magic of flickering shadows,
Blown branches and leafy stir.

Street after street, as I passed,
Lured me and beckoned me onward,
Releasing like flowery fragrance
Remembrance and hope on the air.
At the end of each breeze-blurred vista
She seemed to be watching and waiting,
With leaf shadows over her gown
And sunshine gilding her hair.

For there was a dream that the kind God
Withheld, while granting us many.—
But surely, I think, we shall come

Sometime, at the last, she and I,
To the heaven He keeps for all tired souls,
The quiet suburban gardens
Where He Himself walks in the evening
 Beneath the rose-dropping sky,
And watches the balancing elm-trees
With a sob of delight for their beauty,
And hears through their lofty arches
 The night breeze ruffle by.

The Smart Set

Odell Shepard

SUN-BROWNEO WITH TOIL

Sun-browned and worn with toil, he leaned awhile
On his bright spade, and looked into the West.
His eyes were soft with thought. St. Francis came,
Noiseless, and stood beside, then gently said:
“Brother, what seest thou?” Deep he drew breath
Of long contentment. “When yon evening light
Touches my cottage roof-tree — lo, see there
How flames the thatch beneath the glowing rays —
I love to look across the reddened world
And thank my God, Who keeps me; love to muse
And through the circling hours and changing years,
As days tread slow on days, He works for me.
I see yon shaggy hillside, grown with vines;
His own all-sedulous Hand doth mold each bud
And twine each tendril round its destined stay.
How soft the pastures roll! He greens them o'er
With countless grass tips, each His utter care,
As are the swinging stars. The chestnuts spread
Wide-armed and dark — He builds their buttressed
 limbs
Against the storm, and when they groan and sway
They call to Him for succor. And the birds!

How far and free they ride the weightless air,
And fall and soar and circle — ah, they feel
In swiftest onrush of their dizzy flight
His Hand beneath them. And yon waving wheat
That ripples all its shining blades with joy
Beneath the summer's winds — He bids it grow,
It, and the clustered vines, to furnish forth
His Holy Table! So mine evening thoughts
Run on and on, thus mingled; all the world
Speaking of God, my Lord, and when the West
Flames like a chalice, and its flooding rays
Frame the fair sun, poised ere he veils his light,
Methinks the whole vast world is figured there.
God is its Sun! and it but gleams to show
In myriad forms, the One Eternal Fair
That bade it be." He paused, and could no more.
Then Francis prayed, his eyes besieging heaven.
"O God, My Father, I do give Thee praise,
That Thou hast spoken to these simple hearts,
What pride and troubled learning faint to know.
They search the spheres for light: this man of toil,
Sees Thee, O Light, in all Thy common world!
And where Thy love hath placed him, finds his peace."

Catholic World

Edward F. Garesché, S. J.

JULY

It must be summer: but of such a calm
Doth Winter weave his dream of cloaking snow.
Of attar'd airs that are, no air's ablow;
And yet from somewhere, as it were a balm,
Blows incense slowly. Slowly, like a psalm
Or slowly-said responses, slips the stream:
A slim and silvery minnow does it seem,
'Mid grasses grasping, in the Meadow's palm.

No bird need sing to-day, and no bird sings:
This stillness is enough: it is to me
The muted prelude to Eternity;
A summing up of hushed and ended things;
The balancing of Nature's books, who creeps
Close to a stone, and in her own shade sleeps.

*The Midland, A Magazine
of the Middle West*

Mahlon Leonard Fisher

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I marked the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Atlantic Monthly

Robert Frost

HYMN TO THE DAIRYMAIDS ON BEACON STREET

Sweetly solemn see them stand,
Spinning churns on either hand,
Neatly capped and aproned white
Airy fairy dairy sight.
Jersey priestesses they seem
Miracling milk to cream.

Cream solidifies to cheese
By Pasteural mysteries,
And they give, within their shrine,
Their communion in kine.

Incantations pure they mutter
O'er the golden minted butter
And (no layman hand can pen it)
See them gloat above their rennet.

By that hillside window pane
Rugged teamsters draw the rein.
Doff the battered hat and bow
To these acolytes of cow.

Genuflect, ye passersby!
Muse upon their ritual high —
Milk to cream, yea, cream to cheese
White lacteal mysteries!
Let adorers sing the word
Of the smoothly flowing curd.
Yea, we sing with bells and fife
This is the whey, this is the Life.

Boston Transcript

Christopher Morley

PASSAGES FROM A POEM: THE NEW WORLD

I

Celia was laughing. Hopefully I said:
“ How shall this beauty that we share,
This love, remain aware
Beyond our happy breathing of the air?
How shall it be fulfilled and perfected?
If you were dead
How then should I be comforted? ”

But Celia knew instead:
“ He who takes comfort here, shall find it there.”
A halo gathered round her hair.
I looked and saw her wisdom bare
The living bosom of the countless dead . . .
. . . And there
I laid my head.

Again, when Celia laughed, I doubted her and said:
“ Life must be led
In many ways more difficult to see
Than this immediate way
For you and me.

We stand together on our lake's edge, and the mystery
Of love has made us one, as day is made of night and
night of day.
Aware of one identity
Within each other, we can say:
' I shall be everything you are, ' . . .
We are uplifted till we touch a star.
We know that overhead
Is nothing more austere, more starry, or more deep to
understand
Than is our union, human hand in hand.

. . . But over our lake come strangers—a crowded
launch, a lonely sailing boy.
A mile away a train bends by. In every car
Strangers are travelling, each with particular
And unkind preference like ours, with privacy
Of understanding, with especial joy
Like ours. Celia, Celia, why should there be
Distrust between ourselves and them, disunity?
. . . How careful we have been
To trim this little circle that we tread,
To set a bar
To strangers and forbid them! Are they not as we,
Our very likeness and our nearest kin?
How can we shut them out and let stars in?"

She looked along the lake. And when I heard her
speak,
The sun fell on the boy's white sail and her white
cheek.
"I touch them all through you," she said. "I cannot
know them now
Deeply and truly as my very own, except through you,
Except through one or two
Interpreters.
But not a moment stirs
Here between us, binding and interweaving us,
That does not bind these others to our care."

The sunlight fell in glory on her hair . . .
And then said Celia, radiant, when I held her near:
"They who find beauty who there, shall find it here."
And on her brow,
When I heard Celia speak,
Cities were populous
With peace and oceans echoed glories in her ear
And from her risen thought
Her lips had brought,

As from some peak
Down through the clouds, a mountain-air
To guide the lonely and uplift the weak.

“Record it all,” she told me, “more than merely
this,
More than the shine of sunset on our heads, more than
a kiss,
More than our rapt agreement and delight
Watching the mountain mingle with the night. . . .
Tell that the love of the two incurs
The love of multitudes, makes way
And welcome for them, as a solitary star
Brings on the great array.
Go make a lovers’ calendar,”
She said, “for every day.”

And when the sun had put away
His dazzle, over the shadowy firs
The solitary star came out. . . . So on some night
To eyes of youth shall come my light
And hers.

II

“A stranger might be God,” the Hindus cry.
But Celia says, importunate:
“The stranger must be God, and you and I.”

III

Once in a smoking-car I saw a scene
That made my blood stand still. . . .
While the sun smouldered in a great ravine,
And I, with elbow on the window-sill,
Was watching the dim ember of the west,
Half-heard, but poignant as a bell
For fire, there came a moan; the voice of one in hell.

I turned. Across the car were two young men,
Yet hardly more than boys,
French by their look, and brothers,
And one was moaning on the other's breast.
His face was hid away. I could not tell
What words he said, half English and half French.

I only knew
Both men were suffering, not one but two.

And then that face came into view,
Gaunt and unshaved, with shadows and wild eyes,
A face of madness and of desolation. And his cries,
For all his mate could do,
Rang out, a shrill and savage noise,
And tears ran down the stubble of his cheek.

The other face was younger, clean and sad.
With the manful, stricken beauty of a lad
Who had intended always to be glad.

. . . The touch of his compassion, like a mother's,
Pitied the madman, soothed him and caressed.

And then I heard him speak:

In a low voice: "MON FRÈRE, MON FRÈRE!
CALME-TOI! Right here's your place."

And, opening his coat, he pressed
Upon his heart the wanderer's face
And smoothed the tangled hair.

After a moment peaceful there
The maniac screamed — struck out and fell
Across his brother's arm. Love could not quell
His anger. Wrists together high in air
He rose and with a yell
Brought down his handcuffs toward his brother's
face —

But his hands were pinned below his waist,
By a burly, silent sheriff, and some hideous thing was
bound,

Around his arms and feet,
And he was laid upon the narrow seat.
And then that sound,
That moan
Of one forsaken and alone!
"Seigneur! le createur du ciel et de la terre!
Forgotten me, forgotten me!"

And when the voice grew weak
The brother leaned again, embraced
The huddled body. But a shriek
Repulsed him: "Non! Détache-moi! I don't care
For you. Non! Tu es l'homme qui m'a trahi!
Non! Tu n'es pas mon frère."

But as often as that stricken mind would fill
With the great anguish and the rush of hate,
The boy, his young eyes older, older,
Would curve his shoulder
To the other's pain and hold that haunted face close
to his face
And say: "Oh, wait!
You will know me better by and by.
Mon pauvre petit, be still —
Right here's your place."

The seeing gleam, the blinded stare,
The cry:
"Non, tu n'es pas mon frère!"

I saw myself, myself as blind
As he. For something smothers
My reason. And I do not know my brothers . . .
But every day declare:
"Non, tu n'es pas mon frère!"

IV

I know a fellow in a steel-mill who, intent
Upon his labors and his happiness, had meant

In his own wisdom to be blest,
Had made his own unaided way
To schooling, opportunity,
Success. And then he loved and married. And his
 bride,
After a brief year, died.
I went to him to see
If I might comfort him. The comfort came to me.

“David,” I said, “under the temporary ache
There is unwonted nearness with the dead.”
I felt his two hands take
The sentence from me with a grip
Forged in the mills. He told me that his tears were
 shed
Before her breath went. After that, instead
Of grief, she came herself. He felt her slip
Into his being like a miracle, her lip
Whispering on his, to slake
His need of her.—“And in the night I wake
With wonder and I find my bride
And her embrace there in our bed,
Within my very being!—not outside.

. . . “We have each other more, much more,”
He said, “now than before.
This very moment while I shake
Your hand, my friend,
Not only I,
But she is touching you and laughs with me because I
 cried
For her . . . People would think me crazy if I told.
But something in what you said made me bold
To let you meet my bride!”

It was not madness. David's eye
Was clear and open-seeing.

His life
Had faced in death and understood in his young wife,
As I when Celia died,
The secret of God's being.

v

Celia, perhaps a few
Whom I shall tell of you
Will see with me your beauty who are dead,
Will hear with me your voice and what it said!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Witter Bynner*

THE MAKER OF IMAGES

Sunbeam and storm-cloud over the wonderful
Sea, whereon ships labor and mariners
Hope and despair, while safe in haven
Weavers of dream by the wayside wander

Whose hands know not the oar, nor their eyes endure
Insurgent ocean. Nevertheless, they live
Not vainly, if at heart their dreams be
One with the heart of the world forever.

Long since, an unknown Maker of Images
Walked where the shore looms high before Pergamon
Fronting the sea. And while he dreamed there,
Suddenly over the bright horizon

Fell darkness. Birds cried out, flying heavily
Down the wind. Blue gloom, swallowing sail by sail,

Swung landward. The tall meadow-grasses
Swayed like the mane of a beast in anger

Arousing. . . . Then one glare, and a thunderbolt
Cracked, and the world went out into colorless
Ruin of rain, and sky and headland
Blent with the spray of the plunging ocean.

Meanwhile, amazed, the Maker of Images
Clung to the cliff. Then rose; and at eventide,
Through dew-sweet fields and rain-washed wood-
land
Wandered, as one having seen a vision,

Homeward, without speech. And for many days
Carved on the new-raised altar of Pergamon
What he had seen: yet not the unmeaning
Welter of cloud over storm-torn water,

But warfare of white gods, the Olympians,
Against the Earth-Born: Zeus, thunder-panoplied,
Pallas, and Ares, and Poseidon
Ranging the van of his windy legions,—

While underneath, vain Giants in agony
Piled mountains; and alone, understanding all,
Foam-bosomed Aphrodite smiled down
Quietly, out of the heights above them.

Storms pass. Untold suns, glooms beyond number-
ing,
Vanish. The unchanging pageant elaborates,
And kingdoms fail, and strange commanders
Govern imperial generations

Of momentary dust; and the pyramid
Follows the prince where, emulous, tremulous,

Like motes along the moonbeams dancing
Into the dark, the Enchanter changes

Men, and the deeds of men. Yet through centuries
Gone, since before that altar, adoringly

With arms upraised, the Pergamæans
Gazed, and grew stronger of heart beholding,

Their dreams remain. Still, still, as a thousand
years

Embody June, so now and forevermore

New lamps, new eyes, one light undying
Hold, and reveal in a thousand rainbows.

All gods of all times fight for us, laugh with us;
Forgotten angels cool our delirium;

Vague monsters from primeval caverns
Widen the wondering eyes of children;

And knights of old, high-hearted adventurers,
Ride errant with us, making a tournament

Of toil; and new-hung moons remember
Passion and pang of imagined lovers

Whose perfumed souls in blossomy silences
Hunger, forlorn: Adonis, Endymion,

Brynhild, Elaine, Ysolde, Helen,—
Names like the touch of lips that loved them,—

And brazen-handed heroes who sang as they
Charged home against impregnable destiny

Clang trumpets in our wars; and saints leave
Lilies of peace by the lonely highway.

Pray therefore that, ourselves being treasureers
Of beauty brought from Eden, ephemeral

Husbands of ageless Dawn, our dreams too
Mould for a moment the gold immortal

Not fouled by unclean hands, nor unworthily
Shapen for gain; nor scorned, while idolaters
Of deities unborn unwisely
Gather barbarian toys of tinsel.

To flatter purblind eyes. But remembering
The beautiful old gods, and the champions
Of storied wars, and sylvan horn-calls
Waking mysterious elfin laughter,—

We, in our own hour Makers of Images,
Charm storm and day-dream into such harmony
As men of deeds, beholding, long for,
Forging the world into forms of heaven.

The Yale Review

Brian Hooker

THE HOME OF HORACE

1912

The cold Licenza through the valley brawls;
Unchanged the forest rustles on the hill;
The ploughman to his lagging oxen calls
Amid the selfsame vines; and murmuring still
Adown the hollow rock the fountain falls

To yield the wandering herd its welcome chill.
Each sound to him so long familiar grown
Even now the poet's loving ear had known,
Could he but stand again within these walls
Which once the kindly gods made all his own.

Poor poet! who so dreaded lest his book
Might come to be at last a schoolroom bore.
How would he mourn to see his cherished nook
Laid bare, a prey for our myopic lore!
Sweet peace has fled, and prying eyes may look
On crumbling step and tessellated floor.
Stripped to the garish light of common day,
The sheltering mould of ages torn away,
Now lie the little rooms, where once he took
Long draughts of ease and let his fancy stray.

Languid Mæcenæ left the roaring town
To sip the Sabine in this friendly vale;
Here Vergil, white of soul, oft sat him down
To hear old Cervius spin his moral tale;
Pert Davus, heedless of a growing frown,
Plied here his argument without avail;
While each new moon would rustic Phidyle stand
To offer holy meal with pious hand,
Pleasing her tiny gods with rosemary crown
To bless the increase of her master's land.

O! that far hence, in some dim Sabine glade,
These stones, half buried in the kindly loam,—
Unnoted, undiscovered, unsurveyed,—
Might but afford the owl a darkling home!
There might the thrush still warble undismayed,
The timid woodland creatures boldly roam
Through broken arch and plundered portico
Which heard the poet's footstep long ago;

That so no pang might touch thee, gentle Shade,
This worse than ruined house of thine to know!

Scribner's Magazine

George Meason Whicher

SISTER MARY VERONICA

The soft-shod nuns have laid the last fold straight
In her last raiment, telling their slow beads
With measured memories of her faithful deeds,
And prayers for her soul's sake, importunate.
Now they are gone, gray shadows, to the call
Of a far vesper bell; and foot and head,
Two pallid tapers tall —
Glimmering, gaunt, thick stifled with the gloom
Of wan dusk deep'ning to the naked room —
Guard her, a short day dead.

White and austere and virginal she lies:
Pale brow, pale fallen lids, hair meetly drest;
Straight shoulders never burdened, mother-wise,
Of weary little bodies sleep-possessed;
Meek mouth uncurved of kisses, folded eyes;
Thin hands light linked across a shallow breast;
Beyond desire, past sorrow and past surprise,
Mute, passionless, at rest.

Strange, as I watch, a faint soft flame of youth
Brightens upon her, slowly, wondrously,
And lends her magic dower . . .
A look of vision and of prophecy.
Not curve of cheek and color of fine rose,
Not curl nor fleeting dimple — none of those,
But the warm beauty and the tender ruth
Of April sunlight on an autumn flower
One brief, miraculous hour.

Lo, what at last are dust and age and death!
Time cannot touch the innermost spirit . . . See —
Half smiling, confident of joy to be,
Sure of her heritage, with bated breath
Biding her destiny,

She waits, a slim girl wistful of the truth,
Life still a dream — Love still a mystery!

Boston Transcript

Nancy Byrd Turner

THE ADVENTURER

He did not come in the red dawn,
He did not come at noon,
And all the long bright highway
Lay lonely to the moon.

And never more, we know now,
Will he come wandering down
The breezy hollows of the hills
Into the quiet town.

For he has heard a voice cry
A starry-faint "Ahoy!"
Far up the wind, and followed
Unquestioning after joy.

But we are long forgetting
The quiet way he went,
With looks of love and gentle scorn
So sweetly, subtly blent.

We cannot cease to wonder,
We two who loved him, how
He fares along the windy ways
His feet must travel now.

But we must draw the curtain
And fasten bolt and bars
And talk, here in the firelight,
Of him beneath the stars.

The Bellman

Odell Shepard

FLAMMONDE

The man Flammonde, from God knows where,
With firm address and foreign air,—
With news of nations in his talk
And something royal in his walk,—
With glint of iron in his eyes,
But never doubt, nor yet surprise,
Appeared, and stayed, and held his head
As one by kings accredited.

Erect, with his alert repose
About him, and about his clothes,
He pictured all tradition hears
Of what we owe to fifty years.
His cleansing heritage of taste
Paraded neither want nor waste;
And what he needed for his fee
To live, he borrowed graciously.

He never told us what he was,
Of what mischance, or other cause,
Had banished him from better days
To play the Prince of Castaways.
Meanwhile he played surpassing well
A part, for most, unplayable;
In fine, one pauses, half afraid
To say for certain that he played.

For that, one may as well forego
Conviction as to yes or no;
Nor can I say just how intense
Would then have been the difference
To several, who, having striven
In vain to get what he was given,
Would see the stranger taken on
By friends not easy to be won.

Moreover, many a malcontent
He soothed and found munificent;
His courtesy beguiled and foiled
Suspicion that his years were soiled;
His mien distinguished any crowd,
His credit strengthened when he bowed;
And women, young and old, were fond
Of looking at the man Flammonde.

There was a woman in our town
On whom the fashion was to frown;
But while our talk renewed the tinge
Of a long-faded scarlet fringe,
The man Flammonde saw none of that,
But what he saw we wondered at —
That none of us, in her distress,
Could hide or find our littleness.

There was a boy that all agreed
Had shut within him the rare seed
Of learning. We could understand,
But none of us could lift a hand.
The man Flammonde appraised the youth,
And told a few of us the truth;
And thereby, for a little gold,
A flowered future was unrolled.

There were two citizens who fought
For years and years, and over nought;
They made life awkward for their friends,
And shortened their own dividends.
The man Flammonde said what was wrong
Should be made right; nor was it long
Before they were again in line,
And had each other in to dine.

And these I mention are but four
Of many out of many more.
So much for them. But what of him —
So firm in every look and limb?
What small satanic sort of kink
Was in his brain? What broken link
Withheld him from the destinies
That came so near to being his?

What was he, when we came to sift
His meaning, and to note the drift
Of incommunicable ways
That make us ponder while we praise?
Why was it that his charm revealed
Somehow the surface of a shield?
What was it that we never caught?
What was he, and what was he not?

How much it was of him we met
We cannot ever know; nor yet
Shall all he gave us quite atone
For what was his, and his alone;
Nor need we now, since he knew best,
Nourish an ethical unrest:
Rarely at once will nature give
The power to be Flammonde and live.

We cannot know how much we learn
From those who never will return,
Until a flash of unforeseen
Remembrance falls on what has been.
We've each a darkening hill to climb;
And this is why, from time to time
In Tilbury Town, we look beyond
Horizons for the man Flammonde.

The Outlook

Edwin Arlington Robinson

GAYHEART

A STORY OF DEFEAT

I

Gayheart came in June, I saw his heels
Go through the door, and broken heels they were.
His eyes were big, and blue, and young. He said,
“Could you direct me to the Basement, Sir?”

I knew the Basement; I had grubbed there once
Before a client tumbled in my net
And brought me riches. It was coffin-cold
And on the bare walls seeped a moldy sweat.

'Twas next the kitchen, too, and had the breath
Of cheap things cooking — but I led him down.
The stairs dropped naked through the clammy dark —
He paused, and gasped, as men do when they drown.

“Is it down there?” I turned and took his arm
(Thin as a boy's it was; all skin and bone);
I said: “The dark is just a pleasant cloak
To veil you off, and keep your thoughts alone.

“A Boarding-House is all-inquisitive;
You're safer here.” “How did you know,” he
said,

“That I would want to be alone? Am I
An open book to be so simply read?”

We stumbled down until I felt the door
Beneath my fingers. Then I struck a light —
The room grinned at us like an ugly face
Caught in a heart-beat from the cloak of night.

The boy's breath cracked his lips. I saw his soul
Stand in his eyes, and look, and shrink again,
Sick with the moment's shattered visionings,
And on his face went the slow feet of pain.

"It strikes you bleak, eh? Come, it's not so bad.
The gas won't whimper if you turn it low.
The bed is lame, but friendly. Here's a desk
To scribble at." He said: "I write, you know.

"I've come to be a writer." And he smiled,
As boys do when they say their heart's desire;
"I'm from the South — a paper took me on,
But that's just keeping fagots in my fire."

He smiled again, for he had all his youth
To smile from. "My real work," he said, "will be
To sketch the city — not in prosy books,
But in its native, living poetry.

"Cities were made for measures and for rhyme,
They have an ancient minstrelsy of feet,
And rivers sweep their shipping like a song,
And there is endless music in a street

"Endless, I say, and never caught by man.
Your books? Ah, how they walk, walk, walk, with
words;
But verse runs on light feet, as Cities do —
O God, I've dreamed it till it hurts like swords

"Not to be writing; but I've got to learn,
Learn, learn it all — the streets, the parks, the
ships,
The subway and the skyscrapers!" He stopped
And brushed his hand across his trembling lips.

“Excuse me, sir. You were the first kind soul
I’d spoken to — the rest are like the tomb.”
He smiled and touched my hand; and then I turned,
Leaving him standing in his wistful room.

II

June passed, and weather came that seared our flesh.
The soft streets crawled; old men dropped down
and died;

Within the House our summer tempers snarled,
And every night the lady boarder cried.

Her alcove shouldered mine — and so I knew.
She came at six, her feet as slow as lead
Dragged through her door, and cried till supper-time.
I never saw her but her eyes were red.

Poor Gayheart whitened slowly, till his face
Was like the paper that he scribbled on.
But he had youth, and some vague bravery
That held him taut until his task was done.

He rasped our nerves, though, with his restless ways,
His restless, silent ways. . . . He never seemed
To see us when we passed him in the hall —
His eyes were distant with the thing he dreamed.

He bolted dinner like a dog, as though
He feared his fate would snatch him unaware
With all his dreams unproved — then, starting up,
Would grope the shadowed hallway to the stair,

And down to his eternal folderol,
His spitting gaslight and his scratching pen,
Until we cursed him for his industry,
His being different from the ruck of men.

Then one dead night when all the stars did sweat
He plucked my sleeve, and smiled, and drew me
down
His damned black stairs. Then, while the clogged
jet whined,
He read me what he'd written of the Town.

It struck me wonderful. It had the ache
Of rush-hour traffic in it, and the swing
Of wheels, as though he'd listened in a street,
A crowded street where life ran thundering. . . .

It made me think of going to my work;
Of men in crowds, and women's faces drawn
With painted lines, and shops and ships and spires
And skyscrapers that reached up for the dawn.

And then beneath the step of rhyme I heard
The boy's soul speaking. . . . And I knew that he
Had spent himself like dust among the crowd
To catch the heart-beat for his poetry.

His voice went out like flame. I found myself
Shocked by the still, small room. To me it seemed
Great throngs had passed with various noise. He
said:
"That's just the gateway to the thing I've
dreamed!"

III

There is a street's end, where the coasters sleep,
And there, at twilight, purple waters run,
And o'er their breast the crimson-coated day
Trails the last silver of the fallen sun.

A wall is there, for men to dream upon;
And so young Gayheart went, with all his scars

Unhealed . . . and saw the lights sown through the
dusk,
And his tall city in a cloak of stars.

Tier upon tier the golden windows burned,
As though men sought new freedom in the skies;
And somehow, lured by starlight and by dawn,
Built his blind cities up to paradise!

Afar the bridges spun their silver webs,
The mellow whistles talked along the stream;
But Gayheart leaned athirst upon a stone,
Hurt with the shining beauty of his dream.

And he was like a child with wistfulness,
Holding his hands out through the summer night,
Where in the dusk the great, clean towers flared,
Like swords thrust up in some red battle-light!

And then he turned, all dumb with his desire,
And stumbled through still streets, until he found
The great bridge trembling underfoot and heard
The trains go by him with a tempest sound.

Black, shapeless forms came shrieking with bright
eyes;
The sea-wind rolled like drums against his ears,
And he was singing, singing as he trod,
And in his eyes were sudden, smarting tears.

The tallest spire enraptured him! He strode
Under the roofed bridge, where the newsboys cry,
And out into that little breathing-space
From whence the windows go into the sky.

And there he sought a bench and sat him down,
Between two snoring vagabonds, who lay

Sprawled on their faces, . . . but his wakefulness
Was like a lamp within him till the day.

.
What did it mean? the stone flung like a song?
The desk-light brothering the star? The whole
Up-sweep of roofs that is our native-land —
What meaning had it, and what secret soul?

He sat with upturned eyes, as young men do,
Until the lamp upon his face grew wan;
He saw his nation toiling in its House,
Its tall, strange House that reached up for the
dawn!

And dreaming, saw the Elder Worlds asleep
In their low houses, beautiful with Time. . . .
The vagrant at his left side groaned and breathed,
Lifting a face of cumulative grime —

“What’s in yer gizzard, lad, that twists ye so?
I know! You’re one of them wot’s got a brain!
Now me —” His brother raised a blowzy head:
“Aw, hell!” he snarled, and fell asleep again.

Across the roofs the first, faint gold of dawn
Streaked the dun heavens, and the Day Men took
The windows of the sleepless, so that life
Went smoothly like a never-written book.

And Gayheart shook the cramps from his dull limbs,
Rose and went up the paper’s curling stair
Until he reached the City Room. The Staff,
Half stripped of cloth, already sweated there.

But he dropped at his crazy, limping desk,
In the dim corner where the cubs are kept,

And wrote: "*America is wakefulness!*"
- And fell face upon the words, and slept.

IV

Gayheart's book came back, and back again,
And still he mailed it out, with little lies
To cloak its failure — but I think we saw
The naked, frightened soul behind his eyes.

The lady boarder knew. I heard her say
A cruel thing: "Your book is home," she said,
"For Sunday dinner." But he passed her by
Without the slightest turning of his head.

She hated him. . . . And so mid-autumn fell,
With no abating coolness. Each new sun
Was like a murderer let out of locks,
And life went sickly, praying to be done.

A night fell when all sleep was vain. . . . I rose
And stumbled to the windowful of stars,
That was my share of heaven. . . . There I stood
Letting the soft night seep into my scars.

The window opened on a little court,
And suddenly a feeble thrust of flame
Stabbed like a pettish dagger through the dark,
Out of the night a ragged breathing came.

. . . I saw the Basement boarder stooping down,
His lean face bloodied with the touch of light.
A tongue of fire licked his hands . . . and died,
Brief as the flutter of a star in flight.

Somehow I sensed a tragedy. . . . The gloom
Was like a grave, the light leaped up no more.

I turned and groped down through the breathless
house;
Until I saw him crouching by his door.

He stood there, staring at his empty hands
As though they'd done his dearest dream to death;
The palms were soiled and smeared with paper ash;
There was a reek of whisky on his breath.

"What's this?" I said. He raised his head and
smiled
With a deep drunkenness that touched his soul.
"I'll tell you what it is! I've been a fool —
The sort of fool that makes a dream his goal.

"I've worked my heart out; done a decent thing —
And no one wants it! No one wants to look
Beneath the surface of this world of ours.
It's all damned artifice. . . . I've burned my book."

Even to me the thing seemed tragical —
As though he'd set a torch to half himself.
"What!" I cried, "burned your splendid poetry?
Laid yourself out like that upon a shelf?"

"What will you do?" "I'll do as other men;
Harness my talent as a modern should.
I'll do the obvious with all my age —
The cheap, the counterfeit, the understood!

"I've a new job this night; a fine, new job —"
He spat into the shadows of the place —
"Verse-making on a magazine! The sort
That wears a painted simper on its face.

"I'm rich . . . and drunk. I had to drink or scream,
And drink goes deep with me; . . . get me to bed.

I've slaughter on my soul — and verse to make.
My editor wants — something light — he said —

“Something that's brisk and — funny!” There he
stood,

With those raw, suffering eyes and stared at me,
Until I near cried out. He was so white!

And older . . . older than a man should be.

I swear whole ages crumbled in his face,
For he had dreamed, and dreams are ancient things,
Bearing a harsher reckoning than Time
When once despair has crumbled up their wings.

I got him stripped and into bed at last,
The poor, spent lad! He lay there still and stark,
His smudged hands clenched across his shallow chest,
And moaned once as I crept out through the dark.

.
Success came to him swiftly; made him drunk.
He gulped life as a drunkard gulps his bowl,
Forgetting all his splendid futile dreams —
He was an altered person to his soul.

He fattened and grew flushed; he learned to sneer;
His verses ran like swift, malignant flame,
Smirching the thing they touched and burning on
To wipe the pathway for his striding fame.

He left the Basement then; soared up two flights
With braggart wings, bought furniture and prints,
Nonsense, we called it! — and to crown the show
Decked out his trappings in a flowered chintz.

But that phase passed. His true self's tide flowed
back,
We saw him drowning in his own strange deeps;

A crawling restlessness crept from his eyes,
The sort of serpent thing that never sleeps.

A month or two he clung to his gay nest,
Beat his wings breathlessly within a shell,
Made himself live with all his flaunted things,
Grim as a tortured convict in a cell.

And then his self's self conquered. . . . One May
night

When earth was breathing fragrance to its core,
And open windows drank the breath of Spring,
He came and stood within my open door.

"Please," he said, "would you mind?" . . . And
there he stopped,
Sucking his cheeks in like a timid boy.

"I've gone back to the Basement. . . . I've gone
back!

The other room made life seem just a toy.

"And that's not right. . . . There's something more
to life

Than turning it to playthings. . . . I've gone back,
To find my book again, to do the work
I'd planned to do according to my knack."

"Your book," I said, "your book? You burned it,
boy!"

He flinched. "I know. I feel its ashes still
Here on my hands. That's what I want of you —
I know that you can help me if you will."

His tone was light, and yet I heard him breathe
As men do in the ache and grip of strife.

I rose and went with him. Again he said,
"There's something more than toys to make of
life."

The Basement, with its yellow tooth of light,
Grinned at us like a long-familiar face,
Whose daily wont of ugliness, revealed,
Mounts to a sin within the moment's space.

Its gaping door still breathed the winter's chill,
Its single window level with the street
Flickered with fragments of the passing world,
Hummed with whispered drudgery of feet.

And yet to him its very barrenness
Was like a savage penance. Standing there
He bruised himself upon its ugliness
Until the sweat stood out beneath his hair.

"I asked you down," he said, "to help me think,
To help remember." Once again the sweat
Stood out on him, and as I looked I knew
It was his soul had made his body wet.

He gripped me with the hunger of his eyes,
Hard as a knife his glance was, hard as steel.
"How did it go? — My book? I've thought and
thought
Until my brain is like a going wheel."

I stared at him in sudden choking pain.
"Boy!" I said. "For my life—" He cried,
"You must!"

It's all behind a door inside your mind;
It's there, if you will brush aside the dust!

"My own mind's locked against me. Now and then
A line comes back, a bare crumb at the most.

My plan, my meaning — all the soul within
Peers with faded features of a ghost."

"It was the Town," I said, "in all its guise.
The Town! It was the crowds along the street;
Faces and spires and stately ships and dreams,
Desires, and winnings, and I think — defeat."

"Defeat," he gasped, "defeat!" And then he
dropped
Down at his palsied desk and bowed his head
Upon his arms. . . . I felt my flesh grow cold
As though that gesture meant a man struck dead.

"Oh," he said, from the prison of his arms,
"What god would wreck a man with one mistake?
Give him two selves and to each self a sword
So he's half slain or ever he's awake!"

He raised his haggard face. "In every man
There is division of the dust and dream,
And Youth is just the crossing of the swords
Before he takes his place within the scheme.

"The Town's a citadel for all things flesh,
And yet a man might storm it with a song,
Played he not traitor to himself . . . I quit,
And oh, it was the quitting that was wrong!

"I was so lonely for a thing to love,
A single look, a passing word of praise —
I was as near to triumph as a smile,
And now defeat, defeat for all my days!

"Cities are cruel things," he whispered then,
"Their slaves are Failure, and their gods Defeat."
In at the window came a thrust of wind,
Bearing the weary music of the street . . .

He leaped up with an oath, snapped off the light,
An instant, unforgettable, there gleamed
His white face. . . . Then a whisper through the
dark,

“ I would to God that I had never dreamed.”

.
The years go slowly in a boarding-house,
Sharpened with neither passions nor despairs;
Time seems to falter in those dim, gray halls —
The days are only footsteps on the stairs.

The Basement yawned for tenants, but none came;
It seemed completer for its emptiness.
Gayheart had been its last . . . To me the room
Still wore the mantle of his soul's distress.

I never saw his face but once again;
It was a sharp cold midnight in the fall;
Broadway lay flaming like a polished sword,
As though one night were given to flame its all.

The theatres, bright-mouthed, poured forth a stream
Of pallid faces that the glare struck dead.
The street crawled, and the noise went up to God
In formless cries, like some great need unsaid.

The buffet of false brightness swept the night
With rosy blushes to the firmament.
Here ran the riot of a hoarded world,
Here life was only reckoned to be spent!

And here, carved in that graceless art of fire,
Stood Gayheart's name, a star's height o'er the
street.

His words came back to me as clear as bells,
“ *Their slaves are Failure, and their gods Defeat!* ”

Was this defeat, then? Was his fame defeat?
I knew the sort of comic thing he'd done.
Had he forgot those ashes on his hands?
Had he by hard forgetting played and won?

Then suddenly I saw him in the crowd,
Beneath that scarlet flaunting of his name.
A smooth, smug mask of flesh was on him now;
He was the very creature of his fame.

His boyishness had died. . . . His hard, clean youth
Was gone forever 'neath a whelm of clay.
Yet as I looked I saw him lift his head,
And all his grossness seemed to fall away.

His hungry look went straight to Heaven's throne,
High up into the folded book of stars,
And on his face I saw the Quest again —
He was the seeker, fainting with his scars!

One glimpse and he was gone, . . . a soul blown on
And lost at last beneath those painted skies.
Yet he still lives! There never dawns a day
But I behold him in the City's eyes.

The North American Review Dana Burnet

TO A GENTLEMAN REFORMER

Keep it — your torn and rotting decency,
Your antique toga with its quaint misfit.
Keep it — the world has little use for it,
Or swaddled truths too bashful to be free.
This is no age for sick humility,
Or queasy goodness without strength enough

To dare the keen and hungry edge of love,
Or Fear that wraps itself in chastity.

Hide in its crumbling folds. How should you know
That virtue may be dirty and can grow

Furtive and festering in a mind obscene.
How should you know the world's glad, vulgar heart,
The sensual health that is the richest part
Of Life: so frankly carnal — and so clean.

The Masses

Louis Untermeyer

OLD KING COLE

In Tilbury Town did Old King Cole
A wise old age anticipate,
Desiring, with his pipe and bowl,
No Khan's extravagant estate;
No crown annoyed his honest head,
No fiddlers three were called or needed;
For two disastrous heirs instead
Made music more than ever three did.

Bereft of her with whom his life
Was harmony without a flaw,
He took no other for a wife,
Nor sighed for any that he saw;
And if he doubted his two sons,
And heirs, Alexis and Evander,
He might have been as doubtful once
Of Robert Burns and Alexander.

Alexis, in his early youth,
Began to steal — from old and young.
Likewise Evander, and the truth
Was like a bad taste on his tongue.
Born thieves and liars, their affair

Seemed only to be tarred with evil —
The most insufferable pair
Of scamps that ever cheered the devil.

The world went on, their fame went on,
And they went on — from bad to worse;
Till, goaded hot with nothing done,
And each accoutred with a curse,
The friends of Old King Cole, by twos,
And fours, and sevens, and elevens,
Pronounced unalterable views
Of doings that were not of heaven's.

And having learned again whereby
Their baleful zeal had come about,
King Cole met many a wrathful eye
So kindly that its wrath went out —
Or partly out. Say what they would,
He seemed the more to court their candor;
But never told what kind of good
Was in Alexis and Evander.

And Old King Cole, with many a puff
That haloed his urbanity,
Would smoke till he had smoked enough,
And listen most attentively.
He beamed as with an inward light
That had the Lord's assurance in it;
And once a man was there all night,
Expecting something every minute.

But whether from too little thought,
Or too much fealty to the bowl,
A dim reward was all he got
For sitting up with Old King Cole.
"Though mine," the father mused aloud,
"Are not the sons I would have chosen,

Shall I, less evilly endowed,
By their infirmity be frozen?

“ They’ll have a bad end, I’ll agree,
But I was never born to groan;
For I can see what I can see,
And I’m accordingly alone.
With open heart and open door,
I love my friends, I like my neighbors;
But if I try to tell you more,
Your doubts will overmatch my labors.

“ This pipe would never make me calm,
This bowl my grief would never drown.
For grief like mine there is no balm
In Gilead, or in Tilbury Town.
And if I see what I can see,
I know not any way to blind it
Nor more if any way may be
For you to grope or fly to find it.

“ There may be room for ruin yet,
And ashes for a wasted love;
Or, like One whom you may forget,
I may have meat you know not of.
And if I’d rather live than weep
Meanwhile, do you find that surprising?
Why, bless my soul, the man’s asleep!
That’s good. The sun will soon be rising.”

Scribner's Magazine Edwin Arlington Robinson

LINCOLN

April 15, 1865–1915

O thou that on this April day
Went down the bitter road to death,

While freedom stumbled on her way,
Her beacon blown out with a breath —

Look back upon thy people now!
Behold the work thy hands have wrought,—
The conquest of thy bleeding brow,
The harvest of thy sleepless thought.

From sea to sea, from palm to pine,
The day of lord and slave is done;
The wind will float no flag but thine;
The long-divided house is one.

More proudly will Potomac wind
Past thy pure temple to the sea;
But, ah! the hearts of men will find
No marble white enough for thee!

Washington Evening Star

Wendell Phillips Stafford

TO EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Ever since you revealed to me
Spoon River,
I have understood what Keats
Meant us to feel
In his sonnet on Chapman's Homer;
But your river is broader than the Pacific,
And the glass you have swung down to our eyes
Has made visible most of Heaven,
And more of Hell,
And all of Charity.

The critics are still squinting,
And humming and hawing.
“Is this poetry, or is it prose?”

Life must be branded . . . for the market!
Art must be labelled like a mummy!

And what of Truth?

Spoon River

Has flooded their pigeonholes

And blurred their formulas.

They will revenge themselves

By making you a fade.

Critics, remember Chanticleer!

He did not crow — in the sun;

He cannot crow it out.

The rhymers are still mumbling,

And invoking Euterpe.

“ This is not poetry, nor is it prose.”

Art must be shapely, gemmed . . . a reliquary!

Life must be tuneful, like a caged canary!

And what of Truth?

Spoon River

Has risen and spreads on,

Threatening their mincing gait.

They console themselves

With: “ Any one can do this.”

Rhymers, remember Walter Simmons!

I, one of you, agree with him:

“ I didn't have the brains.”

I glory in the lyric masters of our Past.

But you have swept through my heart

On a river whose rhythm is Life:

Its waves have marched through my soul

To a music whose Art is Beauty:

You have buffeted and choked me,

And left me bruised . . . but at peace!

For both blow and balm

Issued from the hands of Truth:
She is the genius of your power.
I glory in the lyric masters of our Past;
But you have made for me a glory of our Present.
The scholar in me has always leaned
To the quiet Gray;
The lover of the open, of its message
To the simple Wordsworth;
The idealist, the dreamer,
To Shelley:
But I would sooner have written
The admission of Fiddler Jones
Than the "Elegy,"
Or the vision of Faith Matheny
Than the "Intimations."
Shelley would have crowned you
With his crown.

As the Nile to Egypt,
So Spoon River to the New World!

Reedy's Mirror

Richard Butler Glaenzer

WASHINGTON McNEELY

Rich, honored by my fellow citizens,
The father of many children, born of a noble mother,
All raised there
In the great mansion-house, at the edge of town.
Note the cedar-tree on the lawn!
I sent all the boys to Ann Arbor, all of the girls to
Rockford,
The while my life went on, getting more riches and
honors —
Resting under my cedar tree at evening.

The years went on.
I sent the girls to Europe;
I dowered them when married.
I gave the boys money to start in business.
They were strong children, promising as apples
Before the bitten places show.
But John fled the country in disgrace.
Jenny died in child-birth —
I sat under my cedar tree.
Harry killed himself after a debauch,
Susan was divorced —
I sat under my cedar tree.
Paul was invalided from over study,
Mary became a recluse at home for love of a man —
I sat under my cedar tree.
All were gone, or broken-winged or devoured by life —
I sat under my cedar tree.
My mate, the mother of them, was taken —
I sat under my cedar tree,
Till ninety years were tolled.
O maternal Earth, which rocks the fallen leaf to sleep!

Reedy's Mirror

Edgar Lee Masters

THE VINEGAR MAN

The crazy old Vinegar Man is dead! He never had
missed a day before!
Somebody went to his tumble-down shed, by the
Haunted House, and forced the door.
There in the litter of his pungent pans, the murky
mess of his mixing place,—
Deep, sticky spiders and empty cans — with the same
old frown on his sour old face.

“ Vinegar-Vinegar-Vinegar Man!
Face-us-and-chase-us-and-catch-if-you-can!
Pepper for a tongue! Pickle for a nose!
Stick a pin in him and vinegar flows!
Glare-at-us-swear-at-us-catch-if-you-can!
Ketch-up-and-chow-chow-and-Vinegar-Man!”

Nothing but recipes and worthless junk; greasy old
records of paid and due;
But, down in the depths of a battered trunk, a queer,
quaint valentine torn in two —
Red hearts and arrows, and silver lace, and a prim,
dim, ladylike script that said —
(Oh, Vinegar Man, with the sour old face!)—“ With
dearest love, from Ellen to Ned!”

“ Steal-us-and-peel-us-and-drown-us-in-brine!
He pickles his heart in ”— *a valentine!*
“ Vinegar for blood! Pepper for his tongue!
Stick a pin in him and ”— *once he was young!*
“ Glare-at-us-swear-at-us-catch-if-you-can!”—
“ With dearest love ”— to the Vinegar Man!

Dingy little books of profit and loss (died about Sat-
urday, so they say)
And a queer, quaint valentine, torn across . . . torn,
but it never was thrown away!
“ With dearest love from Ellen to Ned ”—“ Old Pep-
per Tongue! Pickles his heart in brine!”
The Vinegar Man is a long time dead: he died when
he tore his valentine.

The Smart Set

Ruth Comfort Mitchell

HANNAH ARMSTRONG

I wrote him a letter asking him for old times' sake
To discharge my sick boy from the army;

But maybe he couldn't read it.
Then I went to town and had James Garber,
Who wrote beautifully, write him a letter;
But maybe that was lost in the mails.
So I travelled all the way to Washington,
I was more than an hour finding the White House.
And when I found it they turned me away,
Hiding their smiles. Then I thought:
"Oh, well, he ain't the same as when I boarded him
And he and my husband worked together
And all of us called him Abe, there in Menard."
As a last attempt I turned to a guard and said:
"Please say it's old Aunt Hannah Armstrong
From Illinois, come to see him about her sick boy
In the army."
Well, just in a moment they let me in!
And when he saw me he broke in a laugh,
And dropped his business as president,
And wrote in his own hand Doug's discharge,
Talking the while of the early days,
And telling stories.

Reedy's Mirror

Edgar Lee Masters

BEYOND THE WAR

I

Now seres the planet like a leaf
On burnt and shaken Ygsdrasil.
What voice have we for this wide ill?
How shall we mourn when God in grief
Bows for a world he made and lost
At love's eternal cost?

'Tis not that brides shall turn to stone,
And mothers bend with bitter cry
Cursing the day they did not die
When daring death they bore a son,
And waifs shall lift their thin hands up
For famine's empty cup;

'Tis not that piled in bleeding wounds
These fathers, sons, and brothers moan,
Or torn upon the seas go down
Glad that the waves may hide their wounds;
Not that the lips that knew our kiss
Are parched and black, but this:

That thou must pause, O vaulting Mind,
Untrammelled leaper in the sun;
Pause, stricken by the spear of one,
The savage thou hadst left behind;
Fall, gibber, fade, and final pass,
Less than returning grass:

That Hate shall end what Love began,
And strip from Life her human boast,—
The Maker's whitest dream be lost,
The dream he trusted to the Man,
The Man who upright rose and stared
Farther than eagle dared:

That now the red lust blinds the eye
That bore the vision, held the star;
And where Life's fossil recreants are
Another bone and skull shall lie,
While she to dust must stoop again
To build her more than men.

II

But as the blackest marble's lit
With struggles of a birthless dawn,—

Nay, as behind her door undrawn
Hell forges key that opens it,
And souls that troop to light and breath
Cast habit then of death;

Our dark, this dark, wears still a gleam.
O God, thou wilt not turn thine eyes
For comfort to thine other skies,—
Some other star that saved thy dream,—
Until, her gory fiends fordone,
Night wrestles to the sun!

Canst find no cheer in this, that o'er
Our moaning, reeking battle dew,
And redder than the blood we lose,
More hot and swift, in surge before
War's shriek and smoke, goes up as flame
The scarlet of our shame?

Stripped and unchristianed in a day,
Made naked by one blast of war,
Bare as the beast we know we are,
Not less shame marks the man, and they
Who wear with blush the fang and claw
May yet make love their law.

For "honor" lift we dripping hands.
For "home" we loose the storm of steel
Till over earth Thy homeless reel.
For "country!"—Thine are all the lands.
We pray, but thou hast seen our dead
Who knew not why they bled.

So warm were they, with destinies
Like straining stars that lustrously
Bore Goethes, Newtons not to be.

(“ Long live the king! ”) So warm were these
That dropped, and the cold moon alone
May count them, stone by stone.

Ah, Courage, what slain dreams of men
Thy blind, brave eyes here shut upon!
Let reckoners to come outrun
This unstanch'd loss. Dumb until then,
We wet Eternity with tears;
The aching score is hers.

III

O, brothers of the lyre and reed,
Lend not a note to this wild fray,
Where Christ still cries in agony
“ They know not, Father, *thou* dost bleed! ”
Cast here no song, like flower prest
To Slaughter's seething breast.

But be the minstrel breath of Peace;
For her alone lift up your lyre,
Mad with the old celestial fire,
Or on our earth let music cease,
While keep we day and night the long
Dumb funeral of song.

And if among ye one should rise,
Blind garlander of armored crime,
Trailing the jungle in a rhyme,
Let him be set 'neath blackened skies
By mourning doors, and there begin
The last chant of our sin.

Long gone the warrior's dancing plume
That played o'er battle's early day;
Now must this song be laid away,

Child-relic, that was glory's bloom;
And Man who cannot sing his scars,
Is he not done with wars?

Ay, hearts deny the feet of haste,
And as they muster, oh, they break!
Hate's loudest fife no more can wake
In them the lust to kill and waste,
And madly perish, fool on fool,
That Might, the brute, may rule.

We hope! Love walks thee yet, O Earth!
Through thy untunable days she glows
A bowed but yet untrampled rose,
Wearing the fearless flush of birth,—
Yea, in our songless shame doth see
Thyself her harp to be!

Ye ages turning men to mould,
The past be thine, the future ours!
God hear us! There are infant powers
Stronger than giant sins of old!
To all the hells that are and were
Man rises challenger.

Tho' now at final Autumn seem
Our world with blood and ashes wound,
Unfaltering Spring shall choose her ground;
Man shall rebuild with bolder dream,
The god astir in every limb,
And earth be green for him.

And Peace shall cast afar her seed,
Shall set the fields where skulls have lain
With altar herb for every pain,

With myrtle and with tunèd reed,
Till stars that watch have sign to sing
A sister's flowering.

Scribner's Magazine

Olive Tilford Dargan

A VISION OF SPRING

(Late Winter, 1915)

In the night, at the sound of winter thunder,
As I brooded upon my wounded planet
From my country beyond the reddened waters,
All my thoughts were at once of spring returning.
Broken rain from the gulf upon my window
Passed down shadowy ways and there was silence.

Out of quietness light arose within me
Shedding luminous magic on the darkness;
Moon on moon from a cloud of vanished Aprils
Lit my heart with a dream of springs remembered.
Unborn beauty in flowers not yet risen
Waved before me in bright immortal pastures
Till alone of the year's four worlds of wonder
Spring seemed tender and I forgot the others.
Only spring could assuage my grieving planet
Scourged with graves of the young men darkly fallen
In long harrowing straightness on the meadows.
None seemed healing beside the blossom season;
When grass rises again (I thought) these furrows
Will lie hidden forever under beauty;
On each sleeper a loveliness arising
Soon shall cover his deep unwhispered trouble,
None will signal of anguish from these trenches,
None find sorrow among the roots of roses;
One thing only is needed, rainbowed springtime;

Peace flows out of it, all its ways are peaceful.
So I longed for the time of apple blossoms,
All my dreams were upon the blowing lilacs.

But some whirlwind that held the winter's secret
Rose and lifting the frozen days as curtains
Showed me Time as an upper sky of crystal
Flushed with images yet to be reflected.

There past lightnings I saw the coming season
Fill with shapes of the things to be unfolded;
But no healing was there; I saw none solaced,
Saw no comfort uplifted by the snowdrop.
Nothing beautiful rose but close above it
Shadows thwarted its mercy for the gazer.

By the crocus and by the valley-lily
Stood the sorrowful, stood the broken-hearted.

There they drank who had thirsted from the autumn
Bitter widowings poured among the gardens.
By the rivers were trystings kept with ashes.
There I saw but I could not reach the children
Turned from happiness, looking to the trenches;
Saw them taste of the grindings of false anger,
Saw behind them the granite eyes of hunger,
Saw things terrible born among the roses.

All was barren as ever in the winter,
Earth embattled against the mourning heavens,
One star warring against the many lonely,
Nothing comforted, nothing unendangered.

And I thought that I heard the spring cry round me,
All about me the voice of springtime crying:
"I am barren, barren, for Love has left me,
I am nothing without his breath to warm me.
My beloved was mine among the lilies

Timeless dawns before these heavens gathered.
There he found me and sealed me with his kisses,
There I gave him the worlds unstained, unwarring.
But earth's children, the wilful children scorned him
Whom I call and desire until the daybreak.
I fly sorrowful then until his coming,
I pour solace to none of all the mournful,
Till earth's children, the children sad receive him.
I have sorrow, sorrow, till Love's returning."

Then at last from a deep behind the whirlwind
One still wisdom arose and shook my spirit
And I knew, if the golden spring comes loveless,
Earth shall moan but the bitter moons flow empty.

Though old mockeries plant the thorny truces,
All the fruitage of steel repose has fallen.
Love comes weaponless, all-forgiving, tender,
Olive-filleted for the peace enduring.

O, that endlessly earth would stream the heavens
With one music of all-assenting welcome.
Strong, miraculous then would spring reveal him,
Swift Love walking on the wavings of the crocus,
Holding tenderly, holding safe the broken.

Dove-low waters among the kindled willows
Then would lift to anoint a dust unsaddened,
Piercing cries of the spirit from the marshes
Melt with chorusings sweet upon the hillsides,
Harplike mysteries called through glowing orchards,
Shy, invisible laughters from the thickets.
All that uttered the dream while earth turned heedless
Then with freshets of song would cool its fever.

Unbelievably then would Love inhabit
All green places within the heart, outpouring

Spring with thunder of all her myriad fountains
In one cup for the healing of the nations.
Till in visionings all, as on a mountain,
Would with trembling above the fallen blindness
Look on Love and discern him as the sunlight,
Rayed with dreams, and above the treading glory
Out of opening heavens the dove descending.

The New Republic

Ridgely Torrence

THE LAUGHTERS

Spring!
And her hidden bugles up the street.
Spring — and the sweet
Laughter of winds at the crossing;
Laughter of birds and a fountain tossing
Its hair in abandoned ecstasies.
Laughter of trees.
Laughter of shop-girls that giggle and blush;
Laughter of the tug-boat's impertinent fife.
Laughter followed by a trembling hush —
Laughter of love, scarce whispered aloud.
Then, stilled by no sacredness or strife,
Laughter that leaps from the crowd;
Seizing the world in a rush.
Laughter of life. . . .

Earth takes deep breaths like a man who had feared
 he might smother,
Filling his lungs before bursting into a shout. . . .
Windows are opened — curtains flying out;
Over the wash-lines women call to each other.
And, under the calling, there surges, too clearly to
 doubt,
Spring, with the noises

Of shrill, little voices;
Joining in "Tag" and the furious chase
Of "I-spy," "Red Rover" and "Prisoner's Base";
Of the roller-skates whir at the sidewalk's slope,
Of boys playing marbles and the girls skipping rope.
And there, down the avenue, behold,
The first true herald of the Spring —
The hand-organ gasping and wheezily murmuring
Its tunes ten-years old. . . .
And the music, trivial and tawdry, has freshness and
magical swing.
And over and under it,
During and after —
The laughter
Of Spring! . . .

And lifted still
With the common thrill,
With the throbbing air, the tingling vapor,
That rose like strong and mingled wines;
I turn to my paper,
And read these lines:
*"Now that the Spring is here,
The war enters its bloodiest phase. . . .
The men are impatient. . . .
Bad roads, storms and the rigors of the winter
Have held back the contending armies. . . .
But the recruits have arrived.
And are waiting only the first days of warm
weather. . . .
There will be terrible fighting along the whole line —
Now that Spring has come."*

I put the paper down. .
Something struck out the sun — something unseen;
Something arose like a dark wave to drown

The golden streets with sickly green.
Something polluted the blossoming day
With the touch of decay.
The music thinned and died;
People seemed hollow-eyed.
Even the faces of children, where gaiety lingers,
Sagged and drooped like banners about to be furled —
And Silence laid its bony fingers
On the lips of the world . . .
A grisly quiet with the power to choke;
A quiet that only one thing broke;
One thing alone rose up thereafter . . .
Laughter!
Laughter of streams running red.
Laughter of evil things in the night;
Vultures carousing over the dead;
Laughter of ghouls.
Chuckling of idiots, cursed with sight.
Laughter of dark and horrible pools.
Scream of the bullets' rattling mirth,
Sweeping the earth.
Laugh of the cannon's poisonous breath. . . .
And over the shouts and the wreckage and crumbling
The raucous and rumbling
Laughter of death.
Death that arises to sing,—
Hailing the Spring!

The Masses

Louis Untermeyer

GOD AND THE STRONG ONES

“We have made them fools and weak!” said the
Strong Ones:

“We have bound them, they are dumb and deaf and
blind,

We have crushed them in our hands like a heap of
crumbling sands,

We have left them naught to seek or find:

They are quiet at our feet!" said the Strong Ones,

"We have made them one with wood and stone and
clod;

Serf and laborer and woman, they are less than wise
or human! —"

"I shall raise the weak," saith God.

"They are stirring in the dark!" said the Strong
Ones,

"They are struggling, who were moveless like the
dead,

We can hear them cry and strain hand and foot
against the chain,

We can hear their heavy upward tread —

What if they are restless?" said the Strong Ones,

"What if they have stirred beneath the rod?

Fools and weak and blinded men, we can tread them
down again —"

"Shall ye conquer Me?" saith God.

"They are evil and are brutes!" said the Strong Ones,

"They are ingrates of the ease and peace we give,

We have stooped to them in grace and they mock us
to our face —

How shall we give light to them and live?

They are all unworthy grace!" said the Strong Ones,

"They that cowered at our lightest look and nod —"

*"This that now ye pause and weigh of your grace
may prove one day*

Mercy that ye need!" saith God.

"They will trample us and bind!" said the Strong
Ones:

“ We are crushed beneath the blackened feet and
hands!

All the strong and fair and great they will crush
from out the State,

They will whelm it like the weight of pressing
sands —

They are maddened and are blind!” said the Strong
Ones,

“ Black decay has come where they have trod —

They will break the world in twain if their hands are
on the rein —”

“ *What is that to Me?* ” saith God.

“ *Ye have made them in their strength, who were
Strong Ones,*

*Ye have only taught the blackness ye have known;
These are evil men and blind? Ay, but molded to
your mind!*

How can ye cry out against your own?

Ye have held the light and beauty I have given

*Far above the muddied ways where they must plod,
Ye have builded this your lord with the lash and with
the sword —*

Reap what ye have sown! ” saith God.

The Masses

Margaret Widdemer

ON THE PORCH

As I lie roofed in, screened in,
From the pattering rain,
The summer rain —
As I lie
Snug and dry,
And hear the birds complain:

Oh, billow on billow,
Oh, roar on roar,
Over me wash
The seas of war.
Over me — down — down —
Lunges and plunges
The huge gun with its one blind eye,
The armored train,
And, swooping out of the sky,
The aeroplane.
Down — down —
The army proudly swinging
Under gay flags,
The glorious dead heaped up like rags,
A church with bronze bells ringing,
A city all towers,
Gardens of lovers and flowers,
The round world swinging
In the light of the sun:
All broken, undone,
All down — under
Black surges of thunder. . . .

Oh, billow on billow,
Oh, roar on roar,
Over me wash
The seas of war. . . .

As I lie roofed in, screened in,
From the pattering rain,
The summer rain —
As I lie
Snug and dry,
And hear the birds complain.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Harriet Monroe

MEN HAVE WINGS AT LAST

(Air-Craft and the War)

“ Wolf, Wolf-stay-at-home,
Prowler,— scout,
Clanless and castaways,
And ailing with the drought,
Out from your hidings,— hither to the call;
Lift up your eyes to the high wind-fall!
Lift up your eyes from the poisoned spring;
Overhead,— overhead! The dragon Thing,
— What should it bring?
— Poising on the wing? ”

“ Wolf, Wolf, Old one, I saw it, even I.
Yesterday, yesterday, the Thing came by
Prowling at the outpost of the last lean wood,
By the gray waste ashes where the minster stood;
And out through the cloister where the belfry fronts
The market-place and the town was once;
High,— high above the bright wide square
And the folk all flocking together, unaware,
The Thing-with-the-wings came there.

Brother Vulture saw it
And called me, as it passed:
*‘ Look and see, look and see,—
Men have wings at last.’*

“ By the eyeless belfry I saw it, overhead,
Poised like a hawk,— like a storm unshed.
Near the huddled doves there, from the shattered
cote,
I watched too. . . . And it smote!

“ Not a threat of thunder,— not an armèd man,
Where the fury struck, and the fleet fire ran.—

But girl-child, man-child, mothers and their young,
Newborn of woman, with milk upon its tongue;
Nursling where it clung.

“ Not a talon reached they, yet, the lords of prey!
But left the red dregs there, rent and cast away;
Fled from the spoils there, scattered things accurst:

—— It was not for hunger;
It was not for thirst.

“ From the eyeless belfry,
Brother Vulture laughed:
*‘ This is all we have to see
For his master-craft?
— Old ones, and lean ones,
Never now to fast,
Men have wings at last!’*

“ Brought they any tidings for us from the Sun? ”

“ No, my chief, not one.”

“ Left they not a road-sign, how the way was won? ”

“ No, my chief, none.

But girl-child, man-child, creature yet unborn,
Doe and fawn together so, weltering and torn,
Newborn of woman where the flag-stones bled;
(Better can the vultures do, for the shamèd dead.)
Road-dust sobbing where the lightning burst —

It was not for hunger;
It was not for thirst.”

“ Brought they not some token that the stars look
on? ”

——“ No, my chief, none.”

“ Never yet a message from the highways overhead? ”

——“ Brother, I have said.”

“ Old years, gray years, years of growing things,
We have toiled and kept the watch with our wonder-
ings;
But to see what thing should be, when that Men had
wings.

“ Sea-mark, sea-wall,— ships above the tide;
Mine and mole-way under-earth, to have its hidden
pride; —
Not enough, not enough; more and more beside!

“ Bridle for our proud-of-mane,— then the triple yoke;
Ox-goad and lash again, and bonded fellow-folk!
Not enough; not enough; — for his master-stroke.
Thunder trapped and muttering and led away for
thrall;
Lightnings leashed together then, at his beck and call;
Not enough; not enough; — for his Wherewithal!

“ He must look with evil eye
On the spaces of the sky:
He must scheme, and try! —
While all we, with dread and awe,
Sheathing and unsheathing claw,
Watch apart, and prophesy
That we never saw.—

“ Wings, to seek his more-and-more
Where we knew us blind;
Wings to make him conqueror,
With his master-mind;
Wings, that he out-watch,— out-soar,
Eagle and his kind!

“ Lo, the dream fulfilled at last! — And the dread out-
grown,
Broken, as a bird's heart; — fallen as a stone

. . . What was he, to make afraid?
— Hating all that he had made?
— Hating all his own.

“ Scatter to your strongholds, till the race is run.
Doe and fawn together, so, soon it will be done.
Never now, never now, Ship without a mast,
In the harbors of the Sun, do you make fast!
 But the floods shall cleanse again
 Every blackened trail of Men,—
 Men with wings, at last!”

Boston Transcript

Josephine Preston Peabody

SURE, IT'S FUN!

What fun to be a soldier!

—Everykid.

Sure, it's fun to be a soldier! Oh, it's fun, fun, fun,
Upon an iron shoulder-blade to tote a feather gun;
To hike with other brave galoots in easy-going army-
 boots;
To pack along a one-ounce sack, the commissary on
 your track;
To tramp, tramp, tramp, to a right-and-ready camp!
Fun? — Sure, it's fun, just the finest ever, son!

Yes, it's fun to be a soldier! Oh, it's fun, fun, fun,
To loaf along a level road beneath a cloudless sun
Or over fields of golden grain, kept cool by puffs of
 wind and rain;
Then richly, more-than-fully, fed, to stretch upon a
 downy bed
And sleep, sleep, sleep, while the stay-at-homes weep!
Fun? — Sure, it's fun, just the finest ever, son!

Oh, it's fun to be a soldier! Oh, it's fun, fun, fun,
To catch the silly enemy and get 'em on the run;
To here and there blow off a head with just a bit of
chuckling lead;

To bayonet a foolish bloke at hide-and-seek in trench
and smoke;

To shoot, shoot, shoot, till they've got no legs to scoot!
Fun? — sure, it's fun, just the finest ever, son!

God, it's fun to be a soldier! Oh, it's fun, fun, fun,
To lie out still and easy when your day's sport's done;
With not a thing to worry for, nor anything to hurry
for;

Not hungry, thirsty, tired, but a hero much-admired,
Just dead, dead, dead, like Jack and Bill and Fred!
Fun? — Sure, it's fun, just the finest ever, son!

Boston Transcript

Richard Butler Glaenger

HARVEST MOON: 1914

Over the twilight field,
The overflowing field,—
Over the glimmering field,
And bleeding furrows with their sodden yield
Of sheaves that still did writhe,
After the scythe;
The teeming field and darkly overstrewn
With all the garnered fulness of that noon —
Two looked upon each other.
One was a Woman men had called their mother;
And one, the Harvest-Moon.

And one, the Harvest-Moon,
Who stood, who gazed

On those unquiet gleanings where they bled;
Till the lone Woman said:

“ But we were crazed . . .
We should laugh now together, I and you,
We two.
You, for your ever dreaming it was worth
A star’s while to look on and light the Earth;
And I, forever telling to my mind,
Glory it was, and gladness, to give birth
To humankind!
Yes, I, that ever thought it not amiss
To give the breath to men,
For men to slay again:
Lording it over anguish but to give
My life, that men might live
For this.
You will be laughing now, remembering
I called you once Dead World, and barren thing,
Yes, so we named you then,
You, far more wise
Than to give life to men.”

Over the field, that there
Gave back the skies
A scattered upward stare
From blank white eyes,—
The furrowed field that lay
Striving awhile, through many a bleeding dune
Of throbbing clay, but dumb and quiet soon,
She looked; and went her way —
The Harvest-Moon.

Boston Transcript Josephine Preston Peabody

THE WIND IN THE CORN

Summer silence dreaming downward with the cawing
of the crow,

Where the woodlands mount in billows, where the
clearings bask and glow,

And the wind, the wind that hovers all the scented
hills between,

Ripples the embattled cornfields, dashes, slashes
through the green.

Here and thither, yon and hither, as the long leaves
slat and slither,

As the breathings fall and rise, as the shadow flows
and flies,

Wind from the embattled ages that have come and gone
nowhither,

A wind in the corn that cries:

“Oft of old your fathers hearkened in our rustle on
the breeze

“To the song of all the future, to the fruitful cen-
turies.

“From the soil whence we were born,

“From the land where ye were born,

“Shall a foeman reap the harvest in the sowers’ spite
and scorn?”

Oh, eastward out of Shasta to Monadnock and the
morn

Cries the wind in the corn!

“Sprang we by the settler’s cabin, with the pioneers
went forth

“By the wash of southern rivers, through the lake-
land of the North.

“Axe and rifle win our pathway, at their call the wild
departs,

“ And we wave from furrows hallowed by the blood of warrior hearts.

“ Here and thither, yon and hither, wend the fighters keen and lither,

“ And the forest falls and dies, and the lurking savage flies.

“ Has their hardihood departed like the wind that blows nowhither?

“ The wind in the corn that cries;

“ Fair and broad the fields they planted; robber hands are overseas.

“ What but naked steel ensureth peace to riches like to these?

“ From the soil whence we were born,

“ From the land where ye were born,

“ Shall a sword destroy the harvest in the sowers' spite and scorn? ”

Oh, from Lusk to Opelousas and the marish lands forlorn

Cries the wind in the corn!

“ We that nerved your fathers' sinews, we that nourished armèd men,

“ Shall we feed unwarlike traders when assault intends again?

“ Learn from us — our bannered armies marshalled in their long array —

“ Naught but trained and ordered legions can abide the fateful day.

“ Call them hither, call them thither, lest your manhood shrink and wither,

“ Lest your storied empire dies, lest your name, your honor flies —

“ Empty name and empty honor — like the wind that blows nowhither,

“ The wind in the corn that cries;

“ Past are ancient times and simple when each hour
could face its need.

“ Greatness greatly dealing gathers forces equal to
the deed!

“ From the soil whence we were born,

“ From the land where ye were born,

“ Shall the skilful sword be lacking, shall your weak-
ness be a scorn? ”

Oh, from Navesink to Napa through the great peaks
rent and torn

Cries the wind in the corn!

Scribner's Magazine

E. Sutton

BATTLE SLEEP

Somewhere, O sun, some corner there must be

Thou visitest, where down the strand

Quietly, still, the waves go out to sea

From the green fringes of a pastoral land.

Deep in the orchard-bloom the roof-trees stand,

The brown sheep graze along the bay,

And through the apple-boughs above the sand

The bees' hum sounds no fainter than the spray.

There through uncounted hours declines the day

To the low arch of twilight's close,

And, just as night about the moon grows gray,

One sail leans westward to the fading rose.

Giver of dreams, O thou with scatheless wing

Forever moving through the fiery hail,

To flame-seared lids the cooling vision bring,

And let some soul go seaward with that sail!

Century Magazine

Edith Wharton

THE BOMBARDMENT

Slowly, without force, the rain drops into the city. It stops a moment on the carved head of Saint John, then slides on again, slipping and trickling over his stone cloak. It splashes from the lead conduit of a gargoyle, and falls from it in turmoil on the stones in the Cathedral square. Where are the people, and why does the fretted steeple sweep about in the sky? Boom! The sound swings against the rain. Boom, again! After it, only water rushing in the gutters, and the turmoil from the spout of the gargoyle. Silence. Ripples and mutters. Boom!

The room is damp, but warm. Little flashes swarm about from the fire-light. The lustres of the chandelier are bright, and clusters of rubies leap in the Bohemian glasses on the *étagère*. Her hands are restless, but the white masses of her hair are quite still. Boom! Will it never cease to torture, this iteration! Boom! The vibration shatters a glass on the *étagère*. It lies there formless and glowing, with all its crimson gleams shot out of pattern, spilled, flowing red, blood-red. A thin bell-note pricks through the silence. A door creaks. The old lady speaks: "Victor, clear away that broken glass." "Alas! Madame, the Bohemian glass!" "Yes, Victor, one hundred years ago my father bought it—" Boom! The room shakes, the servitor quakes. Another goblet shivers and breaks! Boom!

It rustles at the window-pane, the smooth, streaming rain, and he is shut within its clash and murmur. Inside is his candle, his table, his ink, his pen, and his dreams. He is thinking, and the walls are pierced with beams of sunshine, slipping through young green.

A fountain tosses itself up at the blue sky, and through the spattered water in the basin he can see copper carp, lazily floating among cold leaves. A wind-harp in a cedar-tree grieves and whispers, and words blow into his brain, bubbled, iridescent, shooting up like flowers of fire, higher and higher. Boom! The flame-flowers snap on their slender stems. The fountain rears up in long broken spears of disheveled water and flattens into the earth. Boom! And there is only the room, the table, the candle, and the sliding rain. Again, Boom!—Boom!—Boom! He stuffs his fingers into his ears. He sees corpses, and cries out in fright. Boom! It is night, and they are shelling the city! Boom! Boom!

A child wakes and is afraid, and weeps in the darkness. What has made the bed shake? “Mother, where are you? I am awake.” “Hush, my Darling, I am here.” “But, Mother, something so queer happened, the room shook.” Boom! “Oh! What is it? What is the matter?” Boom! “Where is Father? I am so afraid.” Boom! The child sobs and shrieks. The house trembles and creaks. Boom!

Retorts, globes, tubes, and phials lie shattered. All his trials oozing across the floor. The life that was his choosing, lonely, urgent, goaded by a hope, all gone. A weary man in a ruined laboratory, that was his story. Boom! Gloom and ignorance, and the jig of drunken brutes. Diseases like snakes crawling over the earth, leaving trails of slime. Wails from people burying their dead. Through the window he can see the rocking steeple. A ball of fire falls on the lead of the roof, and the sky tears apart on a spike of flame. Up the spire, behind the lacings of stone, zig-zagging in and out of the carved tracings, squirms the fire.

It spouts like yellow wheat from the gargoyles, coils round the head of Saint John, and aureoles him in light. It leaps into the night and hisses against the rain. The Cathedral is a burning stain on the white, wet night.

Boom! The Cathedral is a torch, and the houses next to it begin to scorch. Boom! The Bohemian glass on the *étagère* is no longer there. Boom! A stalk of flame sways against the red damask curtains. The old lady cannot walk. She watches the creeping stalk and counts. Boom! — Boom! — Boom!

The poet rushes into the street, and the rain wraps him in a sheet of silver. But it is threaded with gold and powdered with scarlet beads. The city burns. Quivering, spearing, thrusting, lapping, streaming, run the flames. Over roofs, and walls, and shops, and stalls. Smearing its gold on the sky the fire dances, lances itself through the doors, and lips and chuckles along the floors.

The child wakes again and screams at the yellow-petaled flower flickering at the window. The little red lips of flames creep along the ceiling beams.

The old man sits among his broken experiments and looks at the burning Cathedral. Now the streets are swarming with people. They seek shelter, and crowd into cellars. They shout and call, and over all, slowly and without force, the rain drops into the city. Boom! And the steeple crashes down among the people. Boom! Boom, again! The water rushes along the gutters. The fire roars and mutters. Boom!

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse Amy Lowell

THE PYRES

Pyres in the night, in the night!
And the roaring yellow and red.
Trooper, trooper, why so white?
We are out to gather our dead.
We have brought dry boughs from the bloody wood
And the torn hill-side;
We have felled great trunks, wet with blood
Of brothers that died;
We have piled them high for a flaming bed,
Hemlock and ash and pine for a bed,
A throne in the night, a throne for a bed —
And we go to gather our dead.

There where the oaks loom, dark and high,
Over the somber hill,
Body on body, cold and still,
Under the stars they lie.
There where the silver river runs,
Careless and calm as fate,
Mowed, mowed by the terrible guns,
The stricken brothers wait.
There by the smoldering house, and there
Where the red smoke hangs on the heavy air,
Under the ruins, under the hedge,
Cheek by cheek at the forest-edge;
Back to breast, three men deep,
Hearing not bugle or drum,
In the desperate trench they died to keep,
Under the starry dome they sleep,
Murmuring, "Brothers, come!"

This way! I heard a call
Like a stag's when he dies.

Under the willows I saw him fall.
Under the willows he lies.
Give me your hand. Raise him up.
Lift his head. Strike a light.
This morning we shared a crust and a cup.
He wants no supper to-night.
Take his feet. Here the shells
Broke all day long,
Moaning and shrieking hell's
Bacchanalian song!
Last night he helped me bear
Men to hell's fêting.
To-morrow, maybe, somewhere,
We, too, shall lie waiting.

Pyres in the night, in the night!
Weary and sick and dumb,
Under the flickering, faint starlight
The drooping gleaners come.
Out of the darkness, dim
Shadowy shadow-bearers,
Dragging into the bale fire's rim
Pallid death-farers.

Pyres in the night, in the night!
In the plain, on the hill.
No volleys for their last rite.
We need our powder — to kill.
High on their golden bed,
Pile up the dead!

Pyres in the night, in the night!
Torches, piercing the gloom!
Look! How the sparks take flight!
Stars, stars, make room!

Smoke, that was bone and blood!

Hark! The deep roar.

It is the souls telling God

The glory of WAR!

The Outlook

Hermann Hagedorn

SING, YE TRENCHES!

Sing, ye trenches bloody-lipped!

Sing! For into you has slipped

Lycidas, dead ere his prime.

All ye cruel trenches, sing!

Under frost and under rime

All his body beautiful,

All his body wonderful,

Low hath lain. Now, cunningly,

April, with sweet mystery,

Molds the trenches horror-lipped

Into chalices of spring.

Who would not sing for Lycidas?

See, across the hideous gashes

Soft green fire of April flashes,

Starred with windflowers delicate;

Gemmed with purple violet;

Roseate with crimson glow

Where again his pulses blow

In young clover. For his sake

See the budding crocus break

Into flame; and hear the grass,

Green-tongued, sing for Lycidas!

Sing, ye gaping wounds of earth!

Tomb-like, ye have taken him,

Cradled him, distillèd him;

Womb-like, ye have brought to birth
Myriad flowers and fragrances.
Requiemed with spring he lies.
God, who took unto His heart
All his throbbing, vital part,
Sowed his body in the earth.
Let the trumpets of the grass
Pæan shout for Lycidas!

The Outlook

Helen Coale Crew

1915

Hang the hills with black,
And blacken the early violets with the blood of the
young:

What want we with a Spring of fragrant farmlands,
Gardens, smokes of the brush,
And healing rains?

Let the birds, the winds and the sea
Sing no more the loves of mating, and the marriage
chants of Spring . . .

But mournfully pipe dirges of broad-cast tragic death.

What want we with the Spring?

We have cast in roaring foundries the dark-bored
steel,

And like gods have snatched the chemical might of the
Earth,

And devised a killing and a crime . . .

Out of the murder of our hearts, we have wrought
great havoc . . .

Sinking of ships at sea, and the toppling of cities,
And the mowing of living hosts!

What want we with the Spring?

Patiently the millions wrought:
With sacrificial hands, and suffering vision,
Chaos became a city, a ship, a school . . .

Up was lifted the child, and the young mind scrutinized

That not a life might be lost . . .

How unfold these buds? how grow these possibilities?

Steadily the gates of pain were battered,
And the gates of darkness assailed,
And the waste of the spirit striven with.

And the young went forth crying: Spring! Spring!
Hope dawns! A glory!

We are shaping a marvel in the skies!

Man becomes god: this is the morning and the first
day of Creation!

Spring?

The hosts contend together:

Cities are become dust-heaps:

The young god, the Creator,

Has turned fury and fiend, the Destroyer . . .

Strange sowing of seed goes on:

This is the year when we sow the Earth with the flesh
of the young men . . .

Black! black! black!

We have blasted away in a day,

Our own children,

Our own creation . . .

We have gone mad, killing the young,

Slaying the hope of the world . . .

Now youth leaves his dream and his toil and his
quickenng love
To kill or to die . . .
O short-lived generation!
Debauch of blood!
Folly and sin!

No more of it!
Take away Spring, and give over the planet to a
moon's death, a frozen death:

Our Earth deserves extinction,
With her rotten breed of men . . .

So I cried, and in rage and grief went forth through
the city,
The New-World City of Peace . . .

I passed a prison . . .
Broken men decayed in the damp
I passed a mill . . .
Children and pale women peered wistfully from the
windows . . .
I passed a hospital . . .
Human wreckage sunned there beside the morgue.
I walked through stinking slums . . .
Children nosed in the garbage.

Then I went to the home of a friend,
And found darkness . . .
Husband and wife were slowly slaying each other:
Slaying with love.

The woman whispered to me:
"God! Could I go to the war — go to the war and
be killed!"

Then I looked in my own breast,
And I said: What war is this I am bitter against?
Behold, the lyddite of my soul that destroys peace
about me,
Behold, the bayonet of my hate, and the shrapnel of
my bestiality:
The contending armies of lusts and shames and in-
trigues:
The sentries of dark sins: the spies of despisal . . .
In this little world of Self I saw the big:
In my own breast I found war and disaster and ship
sinking,
The death of faith and of hope . . .
Behold, in myself I found Man:
Who since the beginning has been this advancing con-
flict . . .
Ever thus . . .

Then is it marvel no peace is on Earth?
Where is the Man of Peace?
Shall I be crushed then by the obvious horror of blood
and carrion?
By wholesale carnage?

Dark in the world of darkness, I left the city:
And then I saw,
O ancient and new miracle . . .
Resistless, laughing at death, overruling decay,
Earth silently lifted life . . .
Impassive and calm lay the heaps of the hills,
And steadily rising,
Green pierced through, and the soil steamed, and the
birds nested.
There was the farmer-boy plowing,
And there the young wife airing the house,

And close to the handled mud the absorbed faces of
children . . .

Lo, thought I, Earth holds to her hope!

Then I greeted the hills . . .

O let them be mantled with green, I said,
And let beauty hang from the boughs . . .

Increase the laughter of children,
String the cities with color and glory,

Lift a music . . .

Once were the heavens a blackness,

Then blazed a sun forth . . .

In the Earth's blackness, O tragic struggler, roll forth
your splendid sun

Fight darkness with light,

Destruction with creation.

Have cities toppled and ships been sunk?

Build! Build!

Is youth slain?

Beget new children of flesh and toil:

Beget a new self of splendor . . .

Have hopes died?

Kindle new ones . . .

Has man fallen?

You, man, arise!

The Enemy

James Oppenheim

THE WHITE SHIPS AND THE RED

With drooping sail and pennant

That never a wind may reach,

They float in sunless waters

Beside a sunless beach.

Their mighty masts and funnels
Are white as driven snow,
And with a pallid radiance
Their ghostly bulwarks glow.

Here is a Spanish galleon
That once with gold was gay,
Here is a Roman trireme
Whose hues outshone the day.
But Tyrian dyes have faded
And prows that once were bright
With rainbow stains wear only
Death's livid, dreadful white.

White as the ice that clove her
That unforgotten day,
Among her pallid sisters
The grim *Titanic* lay.
And through the leagues above her
She looked, aghast, and said:
"What is this living ship that comes
Where every ship is dead?"

The ghostly vessels trembled
From ruined stern to prow;
What was this thing of terror
That broke their vigil now?
Down through the startled ocean
A mighty vessel came,
Not white, as all dead ships must be,
But red, like living flame!

The pale green waves about her
Were swiftly, strangely dyed,
By the great scarlet stream that flowed
From out her wounded side.

And all her decks were scarlet
And all her shattered crew.
She sank among the white ghost ships
And stained them through and through.

The grim *Titanic* greeted her
“And who art thou?” she said;
“Why dost thou join our ghostly fleet
Arrayed in living red?
We are the ships of sorrow
Who spend the weary night,
Until the dawn of Judgment Day,
Obscure and still and white.”

“Nay,” said the scarlet visitor,
“Though I sink through the sea
A ruined thing that was a ship
I sink not as did ye.
For ye met with your destiny
By storm or rock or fight,
So through the lagging centuries
Ye wear your robes of white.

“But never crashing iceberg
Nor honest shot of foe,
Nor hidden reef has sent me
The way that I must go.
My wound that stains the waters,
My blood that is like flame,
Bear witness to a loathly deed,
A deed without a name.

“I went not forth to battle,
I carried friendly men,
The children played about my decks,
The women sang — and then —

And then — the sun blushed scarlet
And Heaven hid its face,
The world that God created
Became a shameful place!

“ My wrong cries out for vengeance,
The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in Hell. My dying scream
Has reached Jehovah's ear.
Not all the seven oceans
Shall wash away the stain;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
I am the brand of Cain.”

When God's great voice assembles
The fleet on Judgment Day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
In sea and strait and bay.
Though they have lain for ages
Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver.
But one — shall be like blood.

New York Times Magazine

Joyce Kilmer

THE RETURN OF AUGUST

Darkly a mortal age has come and gone
And man grown ancient in a single year.
August! The summer month is blasted sere
With memories earth bleeds to dream upon.

To dream upon! Ah, were we dreaming then
Ere Europe, blindfold, lulled in holiday,
Harkened the sudden thunder through her play
And fumbling held her breath to hark again,

Or is this blighted year our dream? — How swift
The blackening tempest fell! How vast, through fire
And cloud of Belgium's rape, a planet's ire
Flared on that pall of shame, while through the rift

The livid sorrows racked our sympathies!
For still thought burned unclouded: Right and wrong
Strove for the palm as in an epic song;
And so we poured our succor overseas,

Neutral in act but never in our souls,
Yet guarding the brave goal of peace. Till soon —
Slow-warping to the waning year's blind moon —
The tide ebbed back, and in the freezing shoals

We stared upon the dead — the dead, whose mothers
Suckled them still in dreams. Stark mid the stench
And yellow choke that reeked from shell and trench
They lay together there — mere boys, and brothers.

Were *these* the epic hosts of Wrong and Right
Whose clash had whirled us in their spirits' war?
These silent boys! What had they battled for
To lie such still bedfellows in the night?

Must breath of dying brothers wake the brass
That thrills the call to arms? Shall ghostly lips
Summon the living to the dark eclipse
And all their dearest shout to see them pass

Merely for this: That these who might have shared
A simple handclasp share a bloodied sod? —
So for a while we gazed and questioned God:
A haunted while: for dimly as we stared

Far off we heard the multitudinous cry
Of mangled Poland like a cry in sleep,

And, Serbia fever-panting, and the deep
Half-breathed self-doubt of prisoned Germany,

And still far tidings blew, but that first spark
Of August splendor burned in them no more;
Pity and sorrow palled, and custom wore
A deeper callus and a blur more dark,

Till sudden — the *Lusitania!* Lightnings shot
The unhallowed message, and a shuddering fire
Leapt from our long-charred hearts — a glowing spire,
And Europe's sword swung nearer to the knot

That ties the bonds of peace. And now — And now
The summer steals again toward winter's sleep.
The reaping time draws near — ah, *what* to reap?
And spring, that lurks beyond, comes hither — how?

.

Still, O my Country, while we may, look back!
The blighted year cries from the charnel grass:
*Must breath of dying brothers wake the brass
That thrills the call to arms?* — A blood-sered track

Leads backward to that other August day
Prowled by the still unglutted Minotaur;
But we, who watch to slay that beast of War,
Shall we hunt *him* or those he mangles? — Say:

For reason has its ire more just than hate;
Imagination has its master hour,
And pity its foil, and mother-love its power
Mightier than blood-lust and more obdurate.

My Country! poised in forward visioning,
With pity, love and reason let us pray

Our lives shall serve to cleanse this August day! —

The summer wanes: the ploughman comes with spring.

The Independent

Percy Mackaye

PRAYER FOR PEACE

Now these were visions in the night of war:
I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,
Sent down a previous plague on humankind,
A black and tumorous plague that softly slew
Till nations and their armies were no more —
 And there was perfect peace . . .
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,
Decreed the Truce of Life: — Wings in the sky
Fluttered and fell; the quick, bright ocean things
Sank to the ooze; the footprints in the woods
Vanished; the freed brute from the abattoir
Starved on green pastures; and within the blood
The death-work at the root of living ceased;
And men gnawed clods and stones, blasphemed and
 died —
 And there was perfect peace . . .
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,
Bowed the free neck beneath a yoke of steel,
Dumbed the free voice that springs in lyric speech,
Killed the free art that glows on all mankind,
And made one iron nation lord of earth,
Which in the monstrous matrix of its will

Moulded a spawn of slaves. There was One Might —
And there was perfect peace . . .
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,
Palsied all flesh with bitter fear of death.
The shuddering slayers fled to town and field
Beset with carrion visions, foul decay,
And sickening taints of air that made the earth
One charnel of the shrivelled lines of war.
And through all flesh that omnipresent fear
Became the strangling fingers of a hand
That choked aspiring thought and brave belief
And love of loveliness and selfless deed
Till flesh was all, flesh wallowing, styed in fear,
In festering fear that stank beyond the stars —
And there was perfect peace . . .
But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,
Spake very softly of forgotten things,
Spake very softly old remembered words
Sweet as young starlight. Rose to heaven again
The mystic challenge of the Nazarene,
That deathless affirmation: — Man in God
And God in man willing the God to be . . .
And there was war and peace, and peace and war,
Full year and lean, joy, anguish, life and death,
Doing their work on the evolving soul,
The soul of man in God and God in man.
For death is nothing in the sum of things,
And life is nothing in the sum of things,
And flesh is nothing in the sum of things,
But man in God is all and God in man,
Will merged in will, love immanent in love,
Moving through visioned vistas to one goal —

The goal of man in God and God in man,
And of all life in God and God in life —
The far fruition of our earthly prayer,
“Thy will be done!” . . . There is no peace!

The Forum

William Samuel Johnson

SONNETS WRITTEN IN THE FALL OF 1914

I

Awake, ye nations, slumbering supine,
Who round enring the European fray!
Heard ye the trumpet sound? “The Day! the
Day!

The last that shall on England’s empire shine!
The Parliament that broke the Right Divine
Shall see her realm of reason swept away,
And lesser nations shall the sword obey —
The sword o’er all carve the great world’s design!”

So on the English Channel boasts the foe
On whose imperial brow death’s helmet nods.
Look where his hosts o’er bloody Belgium go,
And mix a nation’s past with blazing sods!
A kingdom’s waste! a people’s homeless woe!
Man’s broken Word, and violated gods!

II

Far fall the day when England’s realm shall see
The sunset of dominion! Her increase
Abolishes the man-dividing seas,
And frames the brotherhood on earth to be!
She, in free peoples planting sovereignty,
Orbs half the civil world in British peace;
And though time dispossess her, and she cease,
Rome-like she greatens in man’s memory.

Oh, many a crown shall sink in war's turmoil,
And many a new republic light the sky,
Fleets sweep the ocean, nations till the soil,
Genius be born and generations die,
Orient and Occident together toil,
Ere such a mighty work man rears on high!

III

Hearken, the feet of the Destroyer tread
The wine-press of the nations; fast the blood
Pours from the side of Europe; in full flood
On the septentrional watershed
The rivers of fair France are running red!
England, the mother-eyrie of our brood,
That on the summit of dominion stood,
Shakes in the blast: heaven battles overhead!

Lift up thy head, O Rheims, of ages heir
That treasured up in thee their glorious sum;
Upon whose brow, prophetically fair,
Flamed the great morrow of the world to come;
Haunt with thy beauty this volcanic air
Ere yet thou close, O Flower of Christendom!

IV

As when the shadow of the sun's eclipse
Sweeps on the earth, and spreads a spectral air,
As if the universe were dying there,
On continent and isle the darkness dips,
Unwonted gloom, and on the Atlantic slips;
So in the night the Belgian cities flare
Horizon-wide; the wandering people fare
Along the roads, and load the fleeing ships.

And westward borne that planetary sweep,
Darkening o'er England and her times to be,

Already steps upon the ocean-deep!

Watch well, my country, that unearthly sea,
Lest when thou thinkest not, and in thy sleep,
Unapt for war, that gloom enshadow thee!

v.

I pray for peace; yet peace is but a prayer.

How many wars have been in my brief years!

All races and all faiths, both hemispheres,
My eyes have seen embattled everywhere
The wide earth through; yet do I not despair
Of peace, that slowly through far ages nears,
Though not to me the golden morn appears;
My faith is perfect in time's issue fair.

For man doth build on an eternal scale,

And his ideals are framed of hope deferred;
The millennium came not; yet Christ did not fail,
Though ever unaccomplished is His word;
Him Prince of Peace, though unenthroned, we hail,
Supreme when in all bosoms He be heard.

VI

This is my faith, and my mind's heritage,

Wherein I toil, though in a lonely place,

Who yet world-wide survey the human race
Unequal from wild nature disengage

Body and soul, and life's old strife assuage;

Still must abide, till heaven perfect its grace,

And love grown wisdom sweeten in man's face,
Alike the Christian and the heathen rage.

The tutelary genius of mankind

Ripens by slow degrees the final State,

That in the soul shall its foundations find
And only in victorious love grow great;
Patient the heart must be, humble the mind,
That doth the greater births of time await!

VII

Whence not unmoved I see the nations form
From Dover to the fountains of the Rhine,
A hundred leagues, the scarlet battle-line,
And by the Vistula great armies swarm,
A vaster flood; rather my breast grows warm,
Seeing all peoples of the earth combine
Under one standard, with one countersign,
Grown brothers in the universal storm.

And never through the wide world yet there rang
A mightier summons! O Thou who from the side
Of Athens and the loins of Cæsar sprang,
Strike, Europe, with half the coming world allied,
For those ideals for which, since Homer sang,
The hosts of thirty centuries have died.

New York Times Magazine

George Edward Woodberry

THE FRUIT SHOP

Cross-ribboned shoes; a muslin gown,
High-waisted, girdled with bright blue;
A straw poke bonnet which hid the frown
She puckered her little brows into
As she picked her dainty passage through
The dusty street. "Ah, Mademoiselle,
A dirty pathway, we need rain,
My poor fruits suffer, and the shell

Of this nut's too big for its kernel, lain
Here in the sun it has shrunk again.
The baker down at the corner says
We need a battle to shake the clouds;
But I am a man of peace, my ways
Don't look to the killing of men in crowds.
Poor fellows with guns and bayonets for shrouds!
Pray, Mademoiselle, come out of the sun.
Let me dust off that wicker chair. It's cool
In here, for the green leaves I have run
In a curtain over the door, make a pool
Of shade. You see the pears on that stool —
The shadow keeps them plump and fair.”
Over the fruiterer's door the leaves
Held back the sun, a greenish flare
Quivered and sparked the shop, the sheaves
Of sunbeams, glanced from the sign on the eaves,
Shot from the golden letters, broke
And splintered to little scattered lights.
Jeanne Tourmont entered the shop, her poke
Bonnet tilted itself to rights,
And her face looked out like the moon on nights
Of flickering clouds. “Monsieur Popain, I
Want gooseberries, an apple or two,
Or excellent plums, but not if they're high;
Haven't you some which a strong wind blew?
I've only a couple of francs for you.”
Monsieur Popain shrugged and rubbed his hands.
What could he do, the times were sad.
A couple of francs and such demands!
And asking for fruits a little bad.
Wind-blown indeed! He never had
Anything else than the very best —
He pointed to baskets of blunted pears
With the thin skin tight like a bursting vest,
All yellow, and red, and brown, in smears.

Monsieur Popain's voice denoted tears.
He took up a pear with tender care,
And pressed it with his hardened thumb.
"Smell it, Mademoiselle, the perfume there
Is like lavender, and sweet thoughts come
Only from having a dish at home.
And those grapes! They melt in the mouth like wine,
Just a click of the tongue, and they burst to honey.
They're only this morning off the vine,
And I paid for them down in silver money.
The Corporal's widow is witness, her pony
Brought them in at sunrise to-day.
Those oranges — Gold! They're almost red.
They seem little chips just broken away
From the sun itself. Or perhaps instead
You'd like a pomegranate, they're rarely gay.
When you split them the seeds are like crimson spray.
Yes, they're high, they're high, and those Turkey figs
They all come from the south, and Nelson's ships
Make it a little hard for our rigs.
They must be forever giving the slips
To the cursed English, and when men clips
Through powder to bring them, why dainties mount
A bit in price. Those almonds now —
I'll strip off that husk — when one discounts
A life or two in a nigger row
With the man who grew them, it does seem how
They would come dear; and then the fight
At sea perhaps, our boats have heels
And mostly they sail along at night,
But once in a way they're caught; one feels
Ivory's not better nor finer — why peels
From an almond kernel are worth two sous.
It's hard to sell them now," he sighed,
"Purses are tight, but I shall not lose.
There's plenty of cheaper things to choose."

He picked some currants out of a wide
Earthen bowl. "They make the tongue
Almost fly out to suck them, bride
Currants these are; they were planted long
Ago for some new Marquise, among
Other great beauties, before the Château
Was left to rot. Now the Gardener's wife,
He that marched off to his death at Marengo,
Sells them to me; she keeps her life
From snuffing out, with her pruning knife.
She's a poor old thing, but she learnt the trade
When her man was young, and the young Marquis
Couldn't have enough garden. The flowers he made
All new! And the fruits! But 'twas said that he
Was no friend to the people, and so they laid
Some charge against him, a cavalcade
Of citizens took him away; they meant
Well, but I think there was some mistake.
He just potted round in his garden, bent
On growing things; we were so awake
In those days for the New Republic's sake.
He's gone, and the garden is all that's left
Not in ruin, but the currants and apricots,
And peaches, furred and sweet, with a cleft
Full of morning dew, in those green glazed pots,
Why, Mademoiselle, there is never an eft
Or worm among them, and as for theft,
How the old woman keeps them I cannot say,
But they're finer than any grown this way."
Jeanne Tourmont drew back the filigree ring
Of her striped silk purse, tipped it upside down
And shook it, two coins fell with a ding
Of striking silver, beneath her gown
One rolled, the other lay, a thing
Sparked white and sharply glistening
In a drop of sunlight between two shades.

She jerked the purse, took its empty ends
And crumpled them toward the centre braids.
The whole collapsed to a mass of blends
Of colors and stripes. "Monsieur Popain, friends
We have always been. In the days before
The Great Revolution my aunt was kind
When you needed help. You need no more;
'Tis we now who must beg at your door,
And will you refuse?" The little man
Bustled, denied, his heart was good,
But times were hard. He went to a pan
And poured upon the counter a flood
Of pungent raspberries, tanged like wood.
He took a melon with rough green rind
And rubbed it well with his apron tip.
Then he hunted over the shop to find
Some walnuts cracking at the lip,
And added to these a barberry slip
Whose acrid, oval berries hung
Like fringe and trembled. He reached a round
Basket, with handles, from where it swung
Against the wall, laid it on the ground
And filled it, then he searched and found
The francs Jeanne Tourmont had let fall.
"You'll return the basket, Mademoiselle?"
She smiled, "The next time that I call,
Monsieur. You know that very well."
'Twas lightly said, but meant to tell.
Monsieur Popain bowed, somewhat abashed.
She took her basket and stepped out.
The sunlight was so bright it flashed
Her eyes to blindness, and the rout
Of the little street was all about.
Through glare and noise she stumbled, dazed.
The heavy basket was a care.
She heard a shout and almost grazed

The panels of a chaise and pair.
The postboy yelled, and an amazed
Face from the carriage window gazed.
She jumped back just in time, her heart
Beating with fear. Through whirling light
The chaise departed, but her smart
Was keen and bitter. In the white
Dust of the street she saw a bright
Streak of colors, wet and gay,
Red like blood. Crushed but fair,
Her fruit stained the cobbles of the way.
Monsieur Popain joined her there.

“Tiens, Mademoiselle,
c'est le Général Bonaparte, partant pour la
Guerre!”

The Yale Review

Amy Lowell

THE PARADOX

'Tis evanescence that endures;
The loveliness that dies the soonest has the longest
life.
The rainbow is a momentary thing,
The afterglows are ashes while we gaze,
And those soft flames of song
That burn amid the hawthorn-scented bushes of the
May
Expire before the sense can fix them.
The motes of moonlight steal across the tender dusk,
And faëry flutings wander from the haunted hills,
And tremble and are gone,
All bloom and fire,
All light and color, scent and sound —
All passion, which is kin to these —

Die almost in the instant of their birth.
They die, and yet they live forever,
For by their very poignance they are thrust
Deeper into the texture of that eternal stuff
Which is the soul,
And grow to unity with it; and there
The loveliness which dies the soonest always lives.

New York Evening Sun

Don Marquis

OVER NIGHT, A ROSE

That over night a rose could come
I, one time did believe,
For when the fairies live with one,
They wilfully deceive.
But now I know this perfect thing
Under the frozen sod
In cold and storm grew patiently
Obedient to God.
My wonder grows, since knowledge came
Old fancies to dismiss;
And courage comes. Was not the rose
A winter doing this?
Nor did it know, the weary while,
What color and perfume
With this completed loveliness
Lay in that earthy tomb.
So maybe I, who cannot see
What God wills not to show,
May, some day, bear a rose for Him
It took my life to grow.

Boston Transcript

Caroline Giltinan

HARVEST

There was a schooner came ashore this fall;
A graceful thing flung on the bar and slain,
With draggled gear, her stays about her trucks
Like blown hair, . . . and her beauty all in vain.

She floundered through the spray with crumpled
wings,
A gray bird smothered in a leaping doom.
We huddled there at dawn to see her die,
A circle of white faces in the gloom.

There was a cold light reaping in the east,
A slow scythe cutting at the field of stars,
And wind to beat a strong man down. We stood
Watching five dots that specked her tossing spars.

Five human souls. . . . We saw the sea reach up
And pluck at them with great white-fingered
hands —

Three times the life-boat thrust against the surf;
The sea laughed loud . . . and broke it on the
sands.

So there was nothing more to do. The end
Came as the sun burst through its iron clouds.
The racked ship staggered, reeled, and disappeared —
The flung spume served the dead men as their
shrouds.

And then, clear-voiced, the village church-bell sang
Above the wind and sea. . . . We had forgot
What day it was. Now suddenly we turned
Together toward the house where death is not.

No word was spoken, yet we all went in
To the still aisles and knelt upon the floor.

A man was there, a drunkard and a thief,
One who had never been in church before.

He kneeled beside us, twisting his red hands,
A startled glory in his sodden eyes. . . .
I thought of five men silent in the sea
That one might bring his soul to paradise.

Harper's Magazine

Dana Burnet

THE NIGHT COURT

“Call Rose Costara!”

Insolent, she comes.

The watchers, practised, keen, turn down their
thumbs.

The walk, the talk, the face,—that sea-shell tint,—
It is old stuff; they read her like coarse print.

Here is no hapless innocence waylaid.

This is a stolid worker at her trade.

Listening, she yawns; half smiling, undismayed,

Shrugging a little at the law's delay,

Bored and impatient to be on her way.

It is her eighth conviction. Out beyond the rail

A lady novelist in search of types turns pale.

She meant to write of them just as she found them,

And with no tears or maudlin glamour round them,

In forceful, virile words, harsh, true words, without
shame,

Calling an ugly thing, boldly, an ugly name;

Sympathy, velvet glove, on purpose, iron hand.

But *eighth conviction!* All the phrases she had
planned

Fail; “sullen,” “vengeful,” no, she isn't that.

No, the pink face beneath the hectic hat

Gives back her own aghast and sickened stare
With a detached and rather cheerful air,
And then the little novelist sees red.
From her chaste heart all clemency is fled.
“Oh, loathsome! venomous! Off with her head!
Call Rose Costara!” But before you stop,
And shelve your decent rage,
Let's call the cop.

Let's call the plain-clothes cop who brought her in.
The weary-eyed night watchman of the law,
A shuffling person with a hanging jaw,
Loose-lipped and sallow, rather vague of chin,
Comes rubber-heeling at his Honor's rap.
He set and baited and then sprung the trap —
The *trap* — by his unsavory report.
Let's ask him why — but first
Let's call the court.

Not only the grim figure in the chair,
Sphinx-like above the waste and wreckage there,
Skeptical, weary of a retold tale,
But the whole humming hive, the false, the frail,—
An old young woman with a weasel face,
A lying witness waiting in his place,
Two ferret lawyers nosing out a case,
Reporters questioning a Mexican,
Sobbing her silly heart out for her man,
Planning to feature her, “lone desperate, pretty,”—
Yes, call the court. But wait!
Let's call the city.

Call the community! Call up, call down,
Call all the speeding, mad, unheeding town!
Call rags and tags and then call velvet gown!
Go, summon them from tenements and clubs,

On office floors and over steaming tubs!
Shout to the boxes and behind the scenes,
Then to the push-carts and the limousines!
Arouse the lecture-room, the cabaret!
Confound them with a trumpet-blast and say,
"Are you so dull, so deaf and blind indeed,
That you mistake the harvest for the seed?"
Condemn them for — but stay!

Let's call the code —

That facile thing they've fashioned to their mode:
Smug sophistries that smother and befool,
That numb and stupefy; that clumsy thing
That measures mountains with a three-foot rule,
And plumbs the ocean with a pudding-string —
The little, brittle code. Here is the root,
Far out of sight, and buried safe and deep,
And Rose Costara is the bitter fruit.
On every limb and leaf, death, ruin, creep.

So, lady novelist, go home again.
Rub biting acid on your little pen.
Look back and out and up and in, and then
Write that it is no job for pruning-shears.
Tell them to dig for years and years and years
The twined and twisted roots. Blot out the page;
Invert the blundering order of the age;
Reverse the scheme: the last shall be the first.
Summon the system, starting with the worst —
The lying, dying code! On, down the line,
The city, and the court, the cop. Assign
The guilt, the blame, the shame! Sting, lash, and
spur!
Call each and all! Call us! And *then* call her!

Century Magazine

Ruth Comfort Mitchell

PAX BEATA

I've closed my door and I am all alone,
Here in my room, all fragrant with my better self.
Here are my pictures that have waited long for me:
Erasmus with his studious calm;
My laughing children and my laughing girl,
My quaint stiff angels and my meek St. John —
They greet me as I come to them for rest.
Up on my shelves my other friends
Are waiting, too, for me: my friends
That take me far beyond my tiny room
And make its sunny space
A gleaming entrance into other lands.
There is my little bed, where all the night
My body lies asleep
And leaves my soul quite free
To wander with the winds.
There is my window where I say my prayers
And look straight out upon the solid hills
And listen for the rustle of the angels' wings.
My room, all sweet with flowers I love
That grow for me because I love them;
All fragrant, too, with ghosts of flowers
That bloomed and drooped with me;
My room, so still and quiet, yet astir
With all the souls of those that love and trust me.
Outside, the strife and struggle and the strain;
In here there's peace, and quietude, and strength.

.
I've closed my door and I am all alone.

Harper's Magazine

Mary Rachel Norris

THE SERVICE

I was the third man running in a race,
And memory still must run it o'er and o'er:
The pounding heart that beat against my frame;
The wind that dried the sweat upon my face
And turned my throat to paper creased and sore;
The jabbing pain that sharply went and came.

My eyes saw nothing save a strip of road
That flaunted there behind the second man;
It swam and blurred, yet still it lay before.
My legs seemed none of mine, but rhythmic strode
Unconscious of my will that urged, "You can!"
And cried at them to make one effort more.

Then suddenly there broke a wave of sound,—
Crowds shouting when the first man struck the tape;
And then the second roused that friendly din;
While I — I stumbled forward and the ground
All wavered 'neath my feet, while men agape,
But silent, saw me as I staggered in.

As sick in heart and flesh I bent my head,
Two seized me and embraced me, and one cried,
"Your thudding footsteps held me to the grind."
And then the winner, smiling wanly, said,
"No dream of records kept me to my stride —
I dreaded you two thundering behind!"

Harper's Magazine

Burges Johnson

TESTAMENT

I said, "I will take my life
And throw it away;

I who was fire and song
Will turn to clay."

"I will lie no more in the night
With shaken breath,
I will toss my heart in the air
To be caught by Death."

But out of the night I heard
Like the inland sound of the sea,
The hushed and terrible sob
Of all humanity.

Then I said, "Oh, who am I
To scorn God to His face?
I will bow my head and stay
And suffer with my race."

The Smart Set

Sara Teasdale

A STATUE IN A GARDEN

I was a goddess ere the marble found me.
Wind, wind, delay not!
Waft my spirit where the laurel crowned me!
Will the wind stay not?

Then tarry, tarry, listen, little swallow!
An old glory feeds me —
I lay upon the bosom of Apollo!
Not a bird heeds me.

For here the days are alien. O, to waken
Mine, mine, with calling!
But on my shoulders bare, like hopes forsaken,
The dead leaves are falling.

The sky is gray and full of unshed weeping
As dim down the garden
I wait and watch the early autumn sweeping.
The stalks fade and harden.

The souls of all the flowers afar have rallied.
The trees, gaunt, appalling,
Attest the gloom, and on my shoulders pallid
The dead leaves are falling.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Agnes Lee*

FATE

The mist-strange mountains at the horizon line,
And the white combers breaking on the beach;
The sense of calm and infinite great reach
Of sea and sky; the lure of a divine
Something beyond, whereof God gives a sign
To seeking souls, and seems to pledge to each
A benison not caught in any speech
Such as is limned by words of thine and mine.

A peace of heaven encompasses and calls;
The southward-speeding sun with cloudless smile
Comforts a heart but now disconsolate.
Sudden, o'erhead, a great bird's shadow falls:
With shivering swiftness drop dark fears of guile,
The omened pinions of the wing of Fate!

The Bellman

Richard Burton

THE ANSWER

When I go back to earth
And all my joyous body
Puts off the red and white

That once had been so proud,
If men should pass above
With false and feeble pity,
My dust will find a voice
To answer them aloud:

“ Be still, I am content,
Take back your poor compassion,
Joy was a flame in me
Too steady to destroy;
Lithe as a bending reed
Loving the storm that sways her —
I found more joy in sorrow
Than you could find in joy.”

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse *Sara Teasdale*

THE WHITE WITCH

O, brothers mine, take care! Take care!
The great white witch rides out to-night,
Trust not your prowess nor your strength;
Your only safety lies in flight;
For in her glance there is a snare,
And in her smile there is a blight.

The great white witch you have not seen?
Then, younger brothers mine, forsooth,
Like nursery children you have looked
For ancient hag and snagged tooth;
But no, not so; the witch appears
In all the glowing charms of youth.

Her lips are like carnations red,
Her face like new-born lilies fair,
Her eyes like ocean waters blue,

She moves with subtle grace and air,
And all about her head there floats
The golden glory of her hair.

But though she always thus appears
In form of youth and mood of mirth,
Unnumbered centuries are hers,
The infant planets saw her birth;
The child of throbbing Life is she,
Twin sister to the greedy earth.

And back behind those smiling lips,
And down within those laughing eyes,
And underneath the soft caress
Of hand and voice and purring sighs
The shadow of the panther lurks,
The spirit of the vampire lies.

For I have seen the great white witch,
And she has led me to her lair,
And I have kissed her red, red lips
And cruel face so white and fair;
Around me she has twined her arms,
And bound me with her yellow hair.

I felt those red lips burn and sear
My body like a living coal;
Obeyed the power of those eyes
As the needle trembles to the pole;
And did not care although I felt
The strength go ebbing from my soul.

Oh! she has seen your strong young limbs,
And heard your laughter loud and gay,
And in your voices she has caught
The echo of a far off day,

When man was closer to the earth;
And she has marked you for her prey.

She feels the old Antæan strength
In you, the great dynamic beat
Of primal passions, and she sees
In you the last besieged retreat
Of love relentless, lusty, fierce,
Love pain-ecstatic, cruel-sweet.

O, brothers mine, take care! Take care!
The great white witch rides out to-night!
O, younger brothers mine, beware!
Look not upon her beauty bright;
For in her glance there is a snare,
And in her smile there is a blight.

The Crisis

James Weldon Johnson

THE VANISHED COUNTRY

(Re-entered at the Request of the Gentleman from Texas)

Back in the Vanished Country
There's a cabin in the lane,
Across the yellow sunshine
And the silver of the rain;
A cabin, summer-shaded,
Where the maples whispered low
Dream stories of the southwind
That a fellow used to know;
And it's queer that, turning gray,
Still a fellow looks away
To a dream he knows has vanished
Down the Path of Yesterday.

Back in the Vanished Country
There's an old-time swinging gate
Through the early dusk of summer
Where a girl had come to wait;
And her hair was like the sundrift
From the heart of summer skies
While the blue of God's wide heaven
Crowned the splendor of her eyes;
And it's queer that, turning gray,
Still a fellow looks away
To a dream he knows has vanished
Down the Path of Yesterday.

Back in the Vanished Country
There's a dream that used to be,
Of Fame within the City
And a name beyond the sea;
A dream of laurel wreathings
That came singing through the night
The story of the glory
Of the victor in the fight;
And it's queer that, worn and gray,
Still a fellow looks away
To a dream he knows has vanished
Down the Path of Yesterday.

New York Tribune

Grantland Rice

THE DEATH OF THE HIRED MAN

Mary sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table
Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step,
She ran on tip-toe down the darkened passage
To meet him in the doorway with the news

And put him on his guard. "Silas is back."
She pushed him outward with her through the door
And shut it after her. "Be kind," she said.
She took the market things from Warren's arms
And set them on the porch, then drew him down
To sit beside her on the wooden steps.

"When was I ever anything but kind to him?
But I'll not have the fellow back," he said.
"I told him so last haying, didn't I?
'If he left then,' I said, 'that ended it.'
What good is he? Who else will harbor him
At his age for the little he can do?
What help he is there's no depending on.
Off he goes always when I need him most.
'He thinks he ought to earn a little pay,
Enough at least to buy tobacco with,
So he won't have to beg and be beholden.'
'All right,' I say, 'I can't afford to pay
Any fixed wages, though I wish I could.'
'Someone else can.' 'Then someone else will have
to.'

I shouldn't mind his bettering himself
If that was what it was. You can be certain,
When he begins like that, there's someone at him
Trying to coax him off with pocket-money,—
In haying time, when any help is scarce.
In winter he comes back to us. I'm done."

"Sh! not so loud: he'll hear you," Mary said.
"I want him to; he'll have to soon or late."

"He's worn out. He's asleep beside the stove.
When I came up from Rowe's I found him here,
Huddled against the barn-door fast asleep,
A miserable sight, and frightening, too—

You needn't smile — I didn't recognize him —
I wasn't looking for him — and he's changed.
Wait till you see."

"Where did you say he'd been?"

"He didn't say. I dragged him to the house,
And gave him tea and tried to make him smoke.
I tried to make him talk about his travels.
Nothing would do: he just kept nodding off."

"What did you say? Did he say anything?"

"But little."

"Anything? Mary, confess
He said he'd come to ditch the meadow for me."

"Warren!"

"But did he? I just want to know."

"Of course he did. What would you have him say?
Surely you wouldn't grudge the poor old man
Some humble way to save his self-respect.
He added, if you really care to know,
He meant to clear the upper pasture, too.
That sounds like something you have heard before?
Warren, I wish you could have heard the way
He jumbled everything. I stopped to look
Two or three times — he made me feel so queer —
To see if he was talking in his sleep.
He ran on Harold Wilson — you remember —
The boy you had in haying four years since.
He's finished school, and teaching in his college.
Silas declares you'll have to get him back.
He says they two will make a team for work:

Between them they will lay this farm as smooth!
The way he mixed that in with other things.
He thinks young Wilson a likely lad, though daft
On education — you know how they fought
All through July under the blazing sun,
Silas up on the cart to build the load,
Harold along beside to pitch it on."

"Yes, I took care to keep well out of earshot."

"Well, those days trouble Silas like a dream.
You wouldn't think they would. How some things
linger!

Harold's young college boy's assurance piqued him.
After so many years he still keeps finding
Good arguments he sees he might have used.
I sympathize. I know just how it feels
To think of the right thing to say too late.
Harold's associated in his mind with Latin.
He asked me what I thought of Harold's saying
He studied Latin like the violin
Because he liked it — that an argument!
He said he couldn't make the boy believe
He could find water with a hazel prong —
Which showed how much good school had ever done
him.

He wanted to go over that. But most of all
He thinks if he could have another chance
To teach him how to build a load of hay —"

"I know, that's Silas' one accomplishment.
He bundles every forkful in its place,
And tags and numbers it for future reference,
So he can find and easily dislodge it
In the unloading. Silas does that well.
He takes it out in bunches like big birds' nests.

You never see him standing on the hay
He's trying to lift, straining to lift himself."

"He thinks if he could teach him that, he'd be
Some good perhaps to someone in the world.
He hates to see a boy the fool of books.
Poor Silas, so concerned for other folks,
And nothing to look backward to with pride,
And nothing to look forward to with hope,
So now and never any different."

Part of a moon was falling down the west,
Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.
Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw
And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand
Among the harp-like morning-glory strings,
Taut with the dew from garden bed to caves,
As if she played unheard the tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the night.
"Warren," she said, "he has come home to die:
You needn't be afraid he'll leave you this time."

"Home," he mocked gently.

"Yes, what else but home?"

It all depends on what you mean by home.
Of course he's nothing to us, any more
Than was the hound that came a stranger to us
Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail."

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in."

"I should have called it
Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

Warren leaned out and took a step or two,
Picked up a little stick, and brought it back

And broke it in his hand and tossed it by.
“ Silas has better claim on us you think
Than on his brother? Thirteen little miles
As the road winds would bring him to his door.
Silas has walked that far no doubt to-day.
Why didn't he go there? His brother's rich,
A somebody — director in the bank.”

“ He never told us that.”

“ We know it though.”

“ I think his brother ought to help, of course.
I'll see to that if there is need. He ought of right
To take him in, and might be willing to —
He may be better than appearances.
But have some pity on Silas. Do you think
If he'd had any pride in claiming kin
Or anything he looked for from his brother,
He'd keep so still about him all this time? ”

“ I wonder what's between them? ”

“ I can tell you.

Silas is what he is — we wouldn't mind him —
But just the kind that kinsfolk can't abide.
He never did a thing so very bad.
He don't know why he isn't quite as good
As anyone. He won't be made ashamed
To please his brother, worthless though he is.”

“ I can't think Si ever hurt anyone.”

“ No, but he hurt my heart the way he lay
And rolled his old head on that sharp-edged chair-
back.
He wouldn't let me put him on the lounge.

You must go in and see what you can do.
I made the bed up for him there to-night.
You'll be surprised at him — how much he's broken.
His working days are done; I'm sure of it."

"I'd not be in a hurry to say that."

"I haven't been. Go, look, see for yourself.
But, Warren, please remember how it is:
He's come to help you ditch the meadow.
He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at him.
He may not speak of it, and then he may.
I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
Will hit or miss the moon."

It hit the moon.

Then there was three there, making a dim row,
The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.

Warren returned — too soon, it seemed to her,
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and waited.

"Warren," she questioned.

"Dead," was all he answered.

The New Republic

Robert Frost

SWIMMERS

I took the crazy short-cut to the bay —
Over a fence or two and through a hedge,
Jumping a private road,—along the edge
Of backyards full of drying wash it lay.
I ran, electric with elation,
Sweating, impetuous, and wild
For a swift plunge in the sea that smiled,

Mocking and languid, half a mile away.
This was the final thrill, the last sensation
That capped four hours of violence and laughter —
To have, with casual friends and casual jokes,
Hard sport, a cold swim and fresh linen after. . . .
And now, the last set being played and over,
I hurried past the lazy lakes of clover;
I swung my racket at astonished oaks,
My arm still tingling from aggressive strokes.
Tennis was over for the day —
I took the leaping short-cut to the bay.

Then, the swift plunge into the cool, green dark —
The windy waters rushing past me, through me,
Filled with the sense of some heroic lark,
Exulting in a vigor, clean and roomy.
Swiftly I rose to meet the feline sea
That sprang upon me with a hundred claws,
And grappled, pulled me down, and played with me.
Then, tense and breathless in the tightening pause,
When one wave grows into a toppling acre,
I dived headlong into the foremost breaker.

Pitting against a cold and turbulent strife
The feverish intensity of life. . . .
Out of the foam I lurched and rode the wave,
Swimming, hand over hand, against the wind;
I felt the sea's vain pounding, and I grinned
Knowing I was its master, not its slave.
Oh, the proud total of those lusty hours —
The give and take of rough and vigorous tussles
With happy sinews and rejoicing muscles;
The knowledge of my own beneficent powers,—
Feeling the force in one small body bent
To curb and tame this towering element.

Back on the curving beach I stood again,
Facing the bath-house, when a group of men,
Stumbling beneath some sort of weight, went by.
I could not see the hidden thing they carried;
I only heard: "He never gave a cry"—
"Who's going to tell her"—"Yes, and they just
married"—
"Such a good swimmer, too," . . . and then they
passed,
Leaving the silence throbbing and aghast.

A moment there my buoyant heart hung slack,
And then the glad, barbaric blood came back
Singing a livelier tune; and in my pulse
I felt the goad that strengthens and exults. . . .
Why I was there and whither I must go
I did not care—enough for me to know
The same unresting struggle and the glowing
Life, an adventure perilous and gay—
And Death, a long and vivid holiday.

The Yale Review

Louis Untermeyer

IF ONE SHOULD COME

If One should come from out the Calm to-night,
Leaving the Grievous Question yet unsolved,
I think I should not marvel how involved
Can every beauty be in Beauty's sight.
I think I should not wish for nor delight
In the old close communion, soul with soul;
Nor care to let dead years exact their toll,
Nor old emotions move me with their might;
But hasten to receive her as a queen,
Not wholly blameless, who hath gained what Age
Must humbly ask for; who, with Youth for gage,

Won ingress to the Hidden and Unseen;
Who, with her puissant beauty, purchased all; —
As one who tempted Death and caused his fall!

The Midland *Mahlon Leonard Fisher*
A Magazine of the Middle West

VOYAGE A L'INFINI

The swan existing
Is like a song with an accompaniment
Imaginary.

Across the glassy lake,
Across the lake to the shadow of the willows,
It is accompanied by an image,
— As by Debussy's
“*Reflets dans l'eau.*”

The swan that is
Reflects
Upon the solitary water— breast to breast
With the duplicity:
“*The other one!*”

And breast to breast it is confused.
O visionary wedding! O stateliness of the procession!
It is accompanied by the image of itself
Alone.

At night
The lake is a wide silence,
Without imagination.

Others. A Magazine of the New Verse
Walter Conrad Arensberg

THE LAST PIPER

Dark winds of the mountain,
White winds of the sea
Are skirling the pibroch
Of Seumas an Rìgh.

The crying of gannets,
The shrieking of terns
Are keening his dying
High over the burns.

Gray silence of waters
And wasting of lands
And the wailing of music
Down to the sands.

The wailing of music
And trailing of wind,
The waters before him,
The mountains behind.

Alone at the gathering,
Silent he stands,
And the wail of his piping
Cries over the lands

To the moan of the waters,
The drone of the foam
Where his soul, a white gannet,
Wings silently home.

Boston Transcript

Edward J. O'Brien

TIME

What thought can measure Time? —

Tell its beginning, name

The void from which it first, faint-pulsing came? —

Follow its onward going —

A restless river without tumult flowing —

Or with sure footing climb

Unto its unlit altitudes sublime?

What thought can trace the wonders it hath seen —

Time, the creator of all that hath been,

Giver of bounty where was dearth,

Bringer of miracles to birth:

Time through whose office is the seedling sown,

The fruit upgathered, the ripe harvest mown,

And beauty made to glorify the earth?

Before the land took shape and rose

Black and chaotic from the old, old sea,

Before the stars their courses chose,

Before the moon's most ancient memory,

Time to Earth's vision, veiled in night, appears

Back of the viewless cycles of the years.

The Hours, his little children, run

Lightly upon his errands ever;

By sure and swift relays is done

His will, disputed never;

The while these transient Hours infirm

Measure of mortal things the destined term.

Ah, me, the days! the heavy-weighted years,

Each with its Spring and Winter, dusk and dawn!

The centuries, with all their joys, their tears,

That came, and now — so utterly are gone!

Gone whither? whither vanished so?
Does broad Orion, or does Hesper know?

There comes no answer. Are we dupes, indeed —
Offspring of Time, by Time relentless slain,
Our purest aspirations dreamed in vain?
Ah, no: man's soul indignant doth disdain
Ignoble vassalage to such a creed,
Well knowing it is free —
Aye, free! — for present, past, and future blend,
The segments of a circle without end,
Losing themselves in one, unbounded Eternity!
North American Review Florence Earle Coates

SILENCE

I have known the silence of the stars and of the sea,
And the silence of the city when it pauses,
And the silence of a man and a maid,
And the silence for which music alone finds the word,
And the silence of the woods before the winds of
spring begin,
And the silence of the sick
When their eyes roam about the room.
And I ask: For the depths
Of what use is language?
A beast of the fields moans a few times
When death takes its young.
And we are voiceless in the presence of realities —
We cannot speak.

A curious boy asks an old soldier
Sitting in front of the grocery store,

“ How did you lose your leg? ”
And the old soldier is struck with silence,
Or his mind flies away
Because he cannot concentrate it on Gettysburg.
It comes back jocosely
And he says, “ A bear bit it off.”
And the boy wonders, while the old soldier
Dumbly, feebly lives over
The flashes of guns, the thunder of cannon,
The shrieks of the slain,
And himself lying on the ground,
And the hospital surgeons, the knives,
And the long days in bed.
But if he could describe it all
He would be an artist.
But if he were an artist there would be deeper wounds
Which he could not describe.

There is the silence of a great hatred,
And the silence of a great love,
And the silence of a deep peace of mind,
And the silence of an embittered friendship,
There is the silence of a spiritual crisis,
Through which your soul, exquisitely tortured,
Comes with visions not to be uttered
Into a realm of higher life.
And the silence of the gods who understand each
other without speech,
There is the silence of defeat.
There is the silence of those unjustly punished;
And the silence of the dying whose hand
Suddenly grips yours.
There is the silence between father and son,
When the father cannot explain his life,
Even though he be misunderstood for it.

There is the silence that comes between husband
and wife.

There is the silence of those who have failed;
And the vast silence that covers
Broken nations and vanquished leaders.
There is the silence of Lincoln,
Thinking of the poverty of his youth.
And the silence of Napoleon
After Waterloo.
And the silence of Jeanne D'Arc
Saying amid the flames, "Blessed Jesus"—
Revealing in two words all sorrow, all hope.
And there is the silence of age,
Too full of wisdom for the tongue to utter it
In words intelligible to those who have not lived
The great range of life.

And there is the silence of the dead.
If we who are in life cannot speak
Of profound experiences,
Why do you marvel that the dead
Do not tell you of death?
Their silence shall be interpreted
As we approach them.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Edgar Lee Masters

MADISON CAWEIN

The wind makes moan, the water runneth chill;
I hear the nymphs go crying through the brake;
And roaming mournfully from hill to hill
The mænads all are silent for his sake!

He loved thy pipe, O wreathed and piping Pan!
So play'st thou sadly, lone within thine hollow;

He was thy blood, if ever mortal man,
Therefore thou weepst — even thou, Apollo!

But O, the grieving of the Little Things,
Above the pipe and lyre, throughout the woods!
The beating of a thousand airy wings,
The cry of all the fragile multitudes!

The moth flits desolate, the tree-toad calls,
Telling the sorrow of the elf and fay;
The cricket, little harper of the walls,
Puts up his harp — hath quite forgot to play!

And risen on these winter paths anew,
The wilding blossoms make a tender sound;
The purple weed, the morning-glory blue,
And all the timid darlings of the ground!

Here, here the pain is sharpest! For he walked
As one of these — and they knew naught of fear,
But told him daily happenings and talked
Their lovely secrets in his listening ear!

Yet we do bid them grieve, and tell their grief;
Else were they thankless, else were all untrue;
O wind and stream, O bee and bird and leaf,
Mourn for your poet, with a long adieu!

Louisville Evening Post

Margaret Steele Anderson

THE BIRD AND THE TREE

Blackbird, blackbird in the cage,
There's something wrong to-night.
Far off the sheriff's footfall dies,
The minutes crawl like last year's flies

Between the bars, and like an age
The hours are long to-night.

The sky is like a heavy lid
Out here beyond the door to-night.
What's that? A mutter down the street.
What's that? The sound of yells and feet.
For what you didn't do or did
You'll pay the score to-night.

No use to reek with reddened sweat,
No use to whimper and to sweat.
They've got the rope; they've got the guns,
They've got the courage and the guns;
An that's the reason why to-night
No use to ask them any more.
They'll fire the answer through the door —
You're out to die to-night.

There where the lonely cross-road lies,
There is no place to make replies;
But silence, inch by inch, is there,
And the right limb for a lynch is there;
And a lean daw waits for both your eyes,
Blackbird.

Perhaps you'll meet again some place.
Look for the mask upon the face;
That's the way you'll know them there —
A white mask to hide the face.
And you can halt and show them there
The things that they are deaf to now,
And they can tell you what they meant —
To wash the blood with blood. But how
If you are innocent?

Blackbird singer, blackbird mute,
They choked the seed you might have found.

Out of a thorny field you go —
For you it may be better so —
And leave the sowers of the ground
To eat the harvest of the fruit,
Blackbird.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Ridgely Torrence

INTERLUDE

Since yesterday has been no word,
Nor voice of anything
To thrill the forest: and no bird
Has any heart to sing.
Since yesterday has been no track
Of Pan nor any power,
To lure the gypsy summer back,
And fool a single flower.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse. William Griffith.

SPRING SONG

Softly at dawn a whisper stole
Down from the Green House on the Hill,
Enchanting many a ghostly bole
And wood song with the ancient thrill.

Gossiping on the countryside,
Spring and the wandering breezes say
God has thrown heaven open wide
And let the thrushes out today.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse. William Griffith.

CASSANDRA

I heard one who said: " Verily,
What word have I for children here?
Your Dollar is your only Word,
The wrath of It your only fear.

" You built It altars tall enough
To make you see; but you are blind;
You cannot leave It long enough
To look before you or behind.

" When Reason beckons you to pause,
You laugh and say that you know best;
But what it is you know, you keep
As dark as ingots in a chest.

" You laugh and answer, ' We are young;
O leave us now, and let us grow '—
Not asking how much more of this
Will Time endure or Fate bestow.

" Because a few complacent years
Have made your peril of your pride,
Think you that you are to go on
Forever pampered and untried?

" What lost eclipse of history,
What bivouac of marching stars,
Has given the sign for you to see
Millenniums and last great wars?

" What unrecorded overthrow
Of all the world has ever known,
Or ever been, has made itself
So plain to you, and you alone?

" Your Dollar, Dove, and Eagle make
A trinity that even you

Rate higher than you rate yourselves;
It pays, it flatters, and it's new.

“ And though your very flesh and blood
Be what your Eagle eats and drinks,
You'll praise him for the best of birds,
Not knowing what the Eagle thinks.

“ The power is yours, but not the sight;
You see not upon what you tread;
You have the ages for your guide,
But not the wisdom to be led.

“ Think you to tread forever down
The merciless old verities?
And are you never to have eyes
To see the world for what it is?

“ Are you to pay for what you have
With all you are? ”— No other word
We caught; but with a laughing crowd
Moved on. None heeded, and few heard.

Boston Transcript *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

SAINTE JEANNE OF FRANCE 1915

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,
But ah! what found she there?
The little streams were running red,
And the torn fields were bare;
And all about the ruined towers
Where once her king was crowned,
The hurtling ploughs of war and death
Had scored the desolate ground.

Sainte Jeanne turned to the hearts of men,
That harvest might not fail;
Her sword was girt upon her thigh,
Her dress was silvern mail;
And all the war-worn ranks were glad
To feel her presence shine;
Her smile was like the mellow sun
Along that weary line.

She gave her silence to their lips,
Her visions to their eyes,
And the quick glory of her sword
She lent to their emprise;
The shadow of her gentle hand
Touched Belgium's burning cross,
And set the seal of power and praise
On agony and loss.

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,
And oh! what found she there?
The brave seed of her scattering
In fruitage everywhere;
And where her strong and tender heart
Was broken in the flame,
She found the very heart of France
Had flowered to her name.

The Nation

Marion Couthouy Smith

TO MY COUNTRY

One told me he had heard it whispered: "Lo!
The hour has come when Europe, desperate
With sudden war and terrible swift hate,
Rocks like a reed beneath the mighty blow.

Therefore shall we, in this her time of woe,
Profit and prosper, since her ships of state
Go down in darkness. Kind, thrice kind is Fate,
Leaving our land secure, our grain to grow!"

America! They blaspheme and they lie
Who say these are the voices of your sons!
In this foul night, when nations sink and die,
No thought is here save for the fallen ones
Who, underneath the ruin of old thrones,
Suffer and bleed, and tell the world good-by!

Everybody's Magazine Charles Hanson Towne

**THE YEAR BOOK
OF AMERICAN POETRY**

INDEX OF POETS AND POEMS

PUBLISHED IN AMERICAN MAGAZINES DURING 1915

Poems printed in the Anthologies for 1913 and 1914 are indexed and characterized by the letter A. and date. The asterisks denote the poems of distinction in the magazines.

- ANON. EVOLUTION, *The Masses*, June; INSPIRATION (TO R.), *The Los Angeles Graphic*, May 22; LINES WRITTEN ON WALLS OF OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH, *Southern Woman's Magazine*, March; RED AS THE WINE OF FORGOTTEN AGES, *Southern Woman's Magazine*, June; ROADSIDE REST,* *From a Newspaper*; "SEE. . ." *The Masses*, August; SONG, *The Smart Set*, May; THE BALLAD OF SHIPS IN HARBOR,* *The Smart Set*, March; TO M., *The Little Review*, June-July; TO THE SOUTHERN WOMAN, *Southern Woman's Magazine*, March.
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THE BEST POETRY OF 1915

Collected Poems. By A. E. (The Macmillan Co.)
“Collected here from ‘Homeward Songs by the Way,’ ‘The Earth Breath,’ and ‘The Divine Vision’ with new verses as I thought of equal mood, this book holds what poetry of mine I would have my friends to read.” So A. E. states in his preface. His friends are many, all the many who care for the perfect vision illuminating beautiful form. “I have omitted,” says the poet in the next sentence, “what in colder hours seemed to me to have failed to preserve some heat of the imagination.” Some heat of the imagination! Is there a poem in the volume without it! The poems preserve a great deal more. For A. E. is a prophet whose soul has been touched with the fires of mystery. He is the one great affirmative note in the Celtic school; Eva Gore-Booth a lesser voice than his. There is a trinity of ultimate essences in A. E.’s poetry, the Soul, Beauty, and Mystery: and each one speaks in the Pentecostal flames of Magic and Symbol: “When I first discovered,” says the poet, “for myself how near was the King in His beauty I thought I would be the singer of the happiest songs. Forgive me, Spirit of my spirit, for this, that I have found it easier to read the mystery told in tears and understood Thee better in sorrow than in joy that, though I would not, I have made the way seem thorny, and have wandered into too many byways, imagining myself into moods which held Thee not.” Preoccupied with the eternal, voicing the incommunicable, evoking the unreachable, this poetry of A. E.’s the loveliest, the most enduring, the most transfiguring power that has come out of modern Ireland.

Selections from the Symbolical Poems of William Blake. By Frederick E. Pierce, Ph.D. (Yale University Press.)
Dr. Pierce has performed one of the most useful poetic services that could be rendered, by editing a selection from the Prophetic Books and symbolical poems of William Blake, giving in their arrangements and elucidations a clearer notion of the poet’s philosophy, than I have been able to find in more pretentious and elaborate studies. As every student of Blake knows, those vague and inscrutable works of the poet known as the “prophetic books” were inspired by the mystical philosophic systems of Swedenborg and Jacob Boehme. Though many of these works were de-

stroyed by Blake's executor, Tatham, in a frenzy of religious remorse, there still exists several short books and the three long symbolic epics, *Vala*, *Milton*, and *Jerusalem*. To quote Dr. Pierce, "Blake emphasized chiefly two ideas, both essentially reasonable and poetical. The first is that man attains his highest development, becomes the ideal man, only when the different forces within him are in a state of harmony and balance. The tyranny of any one of them — intellect, emotion, sensuousness, or energy — over the others produces a distorted soul that is at once unphilosophical, unpoetical, and unchristian. When one of these forces is displaced in its natural field of action by another, then men love coldly through their heads or judge blindly through their hearts, so that we have fanatical psychologists experimenting on their own children and sentimental juries endangering society by their rash acquittals. Our own age is the best proof of Blake's sanity here." This is an essential volume for every one to add to their collection of Blake.

Songs of Brittany. By Théodore Botrel. With an Introduction by A. Le Braz. Translated by Emily S. Dickerman. (Richard G. Badger.) These folk-songs and ballads by the Breton minstrel ought to find a popular welcome in this English translation. In his work, says M. Le Braz, "episodes of the life of the country and sea unroll as in a naïve fresco," it is a "real study of customs in a genre setting," and the "Breton spirit" is here expressed in every phase of its nature. These songs are folk poetry of the purest quality. The heart of Brittany speaks through them. Botrel's fame has only lately reached this country through his official appointment by the French Government as the "Laureate of the Trenches." He goes about improvising his songs to inspire the spirit of the soldiers about to go into action, and to relieve the discomforts and monotony of the trenches.

Songs of the Workaday World. By Berton Braley. (George H. Doran Co.) Mr. Braley's workaday world is one of adventure as well as labor. There are "Songs of the Inland Seas," "Songs of Deep Water," "Western Ballads," "Songs of the Copper Country," "Songs of the Long Trail," and "Songs of the True Romance." He sings these songs in vigorous, swinging verse, and often with an emotional dramatic touch. In the "Songs of the True Romance," his poetic pitch is highest.

The New World. By Witter Bynner. (Mitchell Kennerley.) Some four years ago, when Mr. Bynner read a poem before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, he took the theme of "An Immigrant." What begins at Ellis Island is only one phase of a great vision, and unless the theme develops into the very substance of our national life, the significance of the vision is not made wholly effective and complete. The poetic vision of Mr. Bynner clearly realized this and the poet went about to expand his theme into the results of "The New World." He gives us a long poem whose framework is democracy; but he brings into the framework many elements. One is a beautiful tribute to a woman woven in so subtly that the figure, more spirit than substance, can never escape the memory of the reader. Celia embodies in her spirit the social vision of the poet. In her aspirations the poet sees those hopes which make up his doctrine of America. To her there is no illusion about democracy; the elementary facts are in her simple experiences; and her intuition perceives something deeper and more convincing than a philosophic interpretation of the doctrine. The most vital message in this poem is that it insists that democracy possesses the spirit of beauty. In the vision Mr. Bynner sees the beauty that is in humanity and that community of human beings in which the social structure is flexible, in which the aspiration of the individual is not checked by abstract and obsolete conventions. And this will create beauty. The concluding section of the poem is very lovely, because the vision of democracy is all gathered up in that personal image of the woman. It is just this image that democracy has lacked. "The New World" is a great idealistic poem. The tone is full of delightful subtleties of common speech. The skill by which he accomplishes this difficult technique is through an intimate actuality of simple words. Through the exaltation of feeling the words by sheer utterance become bright and appealing tones of sense. Democracy and Beauty have been evoked in one vision in this poem, and this more than anything else makes it unforgettable. And if Mr. Bynner means that Celia should symbolize this union, whatever tribute he may wreath round a reality or a memory, there will always stand forth the beautiful and glorious embodiment of American womanhood.

K'Ung Fu Tze. A Dramatic Poem. By Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Co.) Dr. Carus has given us

in this dramatic poem a work of scholarly significance. His object has been to "work out for the English-speaking public a presentation of the Chinese religio-ethical world-conception in the dramatized life of its founder, K'ung Ni, commonly called K'ung Fu Tze, who has moulded the history of China and is still the main factor in the public and private life of his native country." The teachings of Confucius have had in their moral aspects an influence upon Western thought, and their interpretation in this dramatic form by Dr. Carus will recommend his work to many readers. Apart from this the high and sustained quality of the poet's verse gives the drama an important place among the poems of the day.

Selections from Catullus. Translated by Mary Stewart. (Richard G. Badger.) These are very interesting translations from Catullus, rendered from the three-point view of the translator's art which Miss Stewart sets forth in her comprehensive introduction on "An Experiment in Translation." These views may not be wholly acceptable to many translators, but the proof of her theory is in the rendering of the Latin's poet's lyrics themselves. "A good translation," she says, "is a kind of condensed and concatenated annotation. . . . There isn't much new knowledge; there's just a lot of fresh thinking about old subjects. And each generation keeps on translating the thoughts of the last into its own vernacular. Hence arises the need of new translations of old classics." Her versions are bright with the best qualities of the grace, tenderness and passion of the Latin poet.

Poems. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. (John Lane Co.) A nature so hopelessly tangled in debate as Mr. Chesterton's cannot wholly in verse free itself from debatable ideas and subjects. That is why this volume would hardly be Chestertonian without a group of "Rhymes for the Times." And I don't know but what they hold some very profound appeals to human reason. Some of them are satiric to laceration. He loves to send his shafts against the pride and vanity of human nature. He intends to open a wound in the flesh of these vices, but as soon as the blood starts he is quick to salve it with humor. The best of his poems in this manner are the "Antichrist, or the Reunion of Christendom: An Ode," "The Revolutionist: Or, Lines to a Statesman," and "The Shakespeare Memorial." In this same group, however, he has two poems in which truth,

more sombrely dressed, stalks not in personal caricature, but in national lineaments. "The Song of the Wheels," and "The Secret People" are both indictments of a terrible kind against, in the first instance, the injustices of capital in the exploitation of labor, and in the second against the non-assertion of the English lower classes of their rights and freedom. The love-poems of Mr. Chesterton I pass by. They will hardly be recognised as love poems. I have to confess that the poems are lovely, but the love isn't poetic. Among the war poems there is a fine, reverberating ballad "Lepanto" with its recurrent and drumming image of "Don Juan of Austria is going to the war," and the well known reference to the present European war in the "Wife of Flanders." The religious poems of Mr. Chesterton are very beautiful. His greatest poetic quality of the satiric is the religious. In these his vision is very clear and brilliant, and where in all his other moods his faith though torn and dusty and weary can never be doubted, in these alone does he show himself capable of reverence. The Ballades which conclude the volume are the best thing of the kind since Henley's virile paraphrases of Villon.

Hillsboro People. By Dorothy Canfield. With Occasional Verses by Sarah N. Cleghorn. (Henry Holt & Co.) In this volume of short stories by Mrs. Canfield there are eight poems by a woman who hides her poetic light under a bushel. Sarah N. Cleghorn is a true poet with a love for humanity and a love for nature that is rarely excelled in its clarity of vision. She has as yet published no volume and the few poems she contributes to Mrs. Canfield's book is the only collection she has made. A number of years ago she published a wonderful poem in the *Atlantic Monthly* which would have had an honored place in the Anthology had it been published then. It ought to have a place in every anthology of American verse in the future.

Vision of War. By Lincoln Colcord. (The Macmillan Co.) Here is a poem that ought to have a million readers. These readers ought to be, beginning with the President of the United States and his official family, every legislator in Congress and throughout the States, great financiers, educators, clergymen of every denomination, philanthropists and peace advocates, professional men, especially lawyers, all persons in authority over wage-earners, and every person who believes in the Golden Rule and the Brotherhood of Man. It is the greatest poem this war or any war in

modern times has inspired. And not because it deals with this war concretely, but rather this war reflects the faults of civilization. Mr. Colcord glorifies his vision of war not because he believes in war as such, but because he sees that strife is the only curative for the ills of the individual. When those ills have been cured permanently there will be no need for further strife. Peace is a fosterer of human weakness and guilt, of selfishness and greed, of falsehood and oppression, of hate and distrust. When peace becomes as magnanimous as war, war will cease. When governments will vote billions of credit to eliminate poverty, to cleanse city slums, to protect the helpless, to encourage to spiritual ideals, to provide labor for the workless, and to create a hundred other reforms that will give contentment and opportunity to the masses of mankind, as readily as unhesitatingly as the parliaments of Europe voted billions of credit to destroy life, encroach upon national boundaries, to sanction wholesale murder, to infuriate hatred between men innocent of any personal grievance or ill-will against each — then war will have ceased. We have in this poem a great vision of sick humanity; the poet diagnoses all the symptoms of the patient, but instead of being a quack physician he is a great surgeon. The symptoms are selfishness, hate, greed, oppression, lack of faith, doubt in a God, lack of brotherhood, of truth, loyalty and devotion. He will not soothe the pains of these symptoms with the drugs of idealisms, but prepares the patient for the knife of war. He has faith that the patient will recover, but operates upon the defective organism and nature will repair the damage. Life will sustain the cleansing performance of the pain-inflicting instrument. Humanity will arise purified of its infections. Paradoxical as it may seem, Mr. Colcord is the greatest peace advocate of the modern world. The significance of his poem is exactly the significance of that paradox Christ uttered when he said I came to bring a sword. And He was the greatest of all peace advocates. So much for the exalted message in Mr. Colcord's poem. It is equally as great looked at in another aspect. I cannot even hint in this summary at its marvelous progression of details. Its thorough dissection of society, its aspirations, its strong denunciations and affirmative ideals. But this I can say without equivocation that those who believe they have heard the voice of Walt Whitman since his death in any of his disciples, with the one possible exception of

Edward Carpenter, have but to hear the voice of Lincoln Colcord to know they have been thoroughly and shamefully deceived. For here is the authentic Whitman in substance and form, in the passionate idealization of a world democracy. He fulfills that prophecy of Zarathusa's who, going up into the mountains for meditation, warned his disciples that one shall come after him greater than he to carry out his message. He possesses what was the most vital shortcoming in the genius of Whitman (yes, I grant that noble seer genius because of his prophetic vision!) and that is an intellectualized imagination. This not only makes his vision a flame but a Pentecostal tongue of fire. The exaltation which burns throughout the poem is only exceeded by one sublime fact—its dedication, which reads "To the Memory of a MAN," and I am persuaded that the man with the most worthy memory to receive it is Jesus of Nazareth!

Afternoons of April. A Book of Verse. By Grace Hazard Conkling. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) Mrs. Conkling has long charmed the public with her verses in the magazines, and this public will now welcome this first volume. She has an imaginative quality that is rare, but which to the glory of contemporary American verse she shares with a few other American women poets. All of these poets exercise it upon nature, each abstracting her own particular message and solace. In other respects their interests varies, and in Mrs. Conkling's case it turns upon moods that are like the spoils of Poynton. Apart from her love of nature, in which the note is mostly fantastic and wizardry, she addresses her dreams in the symbol of music, touches upon the kindred spirit of literature, gives delightful reminiscences of places, and writes those exquisite poems to her children in which the mother-heart plays a charming duet with the gift with a child's wonder book of stories. Most appropriately named the volume is full of those subtle and delicate fabrics of sunshine and dream which glorifies an April landscape.

Crack o' Dawn. By Fannie Stearns Davis (Mrs. A. McK. Gifford). (The Macmillan Co.) The second volume of verse by Fannie Stearns Davis (who is now Mrs. Gifford) is unmistakably of the emotional quality that made "Myself and I" so expressive of moods in which a kind of mystical grace withdrew the veil from the natural secrets of life. It was a note, however, which if insisted upon would lose

much of its appealing freshness, and this is what seems to have happened in her second collection. The absolute simplicity of expression that accompanies this substance of a mood repeated with faultless perfection creates a monotony in which the subtlety of image vanishes in a flat emotionalism. The substance of these poems are the evocations of a mood which is at core a very plain and natural belief in the spiritual mystery of things. What we feel is that Mrs. Gifford's muse might go rough-shod a little. It is concentrated a little too intensely upon invisible meanings; it is not hearty enough; her world of secrets are rather personal than contributory. With such a vision as hers and abundant melody we expect the best of her work to come.

Irradiations: Sand and Spray. By John Gould Fletcher. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) I have contended that the claims of the Imagists are made good by achieving a quality of magic in their verse, quantity for quantity of production, more often than the many poets who refute them. If this is so, and I hold that it is, the question of subject and treatment has no place in the discussion which would deny them serious and appreciative acceptance. In Mr. Fletcher we have a poet of distinctive achievement in this respect. His volume is full of subtleties of moods and images. He has the kind of imagination whose essence is a poignancy of mood; it is the kind that is not always compatible with the subject that engages his attention. When it is, however, it shows him possessed of a quality of genius that is very beautiful and moving. But no poet yet has shown this power of poetic expression without also proving the capability of doing himself injustice. The work of such a poet is certain to be uneven unless he exercises rigorous selection, and this is the chief fault to be charged against Mr. Fletcher. Adhering to all the essential qualities which imagism implies, the cadence of these poems go to the eye as well as the ear. Where it is necessary to emphasize the effect he does not hesitate to employ both rhyme and the more accentual current of metre. His emotional force has always its impetus in the complexities of human life. Unconsciously, his imagination caressing the picturesque forms and objects of the natural world, he often soars out of reach of these confusing and inexplicable influences, but he is found drifting back to them with a sudden turn of feeling. The proof of both imagination and vision in a poet does not lie in his effort to encompass range in the visible world, but to en-

large the familiar and minute, and to give scope through the image for the senses to range. These "Irradiations" are compactly imaginative in this. Sometimes, as the poet declares, "My desire goes bristling and growling like an angry leopard," or in following another mood, he will "brush the blue dust of my dreams," but always with strange haunting cadences, and phrases new-garmented with vigor and meaning. So what is best in Mr. Fletcher's poetry haunts, and no poetry can haunt without magical substance, and any poetry that has magical substance in any degree makes good its intention in the art, and this stands true whatever the principles and methods by which it is created. It is only in this way that a new movement in art survives.

North of Boston. A Boy's Will. By Robert Frost. (Henry Holt & Co.) With Mr. Masters Robert Frost has contributed the most valuable additions to American poetry of the year. Both have absolute genius, though I think Mr. Frost's art has considerably greater possibilities for enlargements upon the material he works in. These two volumes published together early in the year won immediate recognition and praise for their unusual subjects and the fresh and original treatment of them. The earlier book, "A Boy's Will," expresses an individuality, the later "North of Boston," interprets a community. Completely as a "A Boy's Will" performs its nature in the lyrical demonstration of an individual who attempts to account for himself and his emotional experiences in a social scheme, its greatest spiritual and human value is a preparation for the more wonderful analysis of the objective experiences of rural life which the poet limns in "North of Boston." The blank verse poems, with nearly always a story of New England farm life, in "North of Boston," is clearly against the tradition of this form. In the first place it is not literary. That is, the language of these poems is not the language of literature, but the speech of life, a very particular quality of life and its special influences. The beauty and vitality of Mr. Frost's accomplishment in molding this veracious utterance of his characters into a significant and original form of verse, is that the meaning has the same absolute actuality and intimacy with life as the tones of words have with the voice. The result of this thoroughly sincere and artistic effort to enhance a more closely knit idiomatic speech in art, by giving heat and force to the substance I should

say, will at first be a little puzzling to the reader until he has caught the perfect rhythm of its undermeaning. To appreciate these remarkable poems fully, one has got to regard carefully the two backgrounds from which they are projected. There is the background of his material, the environment and character which belongs to a special community; and there is the background of art in which the fidelity of human speech peculiar to the community is artistically brought into literature. This speech is the principle of "sound-posturing," or more literally getting the sound of sense. And with this principle, which has a vital share in the magic of all the great English poets, notably in Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Browning, Mr. Frost is the first of contemporary poets whether English or American, to deliberately and sedulously make it a cardinal virtue of his art. These blank verse narratives of New England farm life have not only the atmosphere but the features of countryside New England; the landscape, with its woods, rocks, meadows and hills, rain and clouds and sunlight, familiarly known and passionately loved by the poet, are so woven through this vigorous actuality of speech and meaning as to present vivid and picturesque moods full of mystery and beauty. For all his hard, tragic pictures of human life in these narratives, Mr. Frost is an idyllist. The very spirit of Theocritus, for the first time through him, pervades the New England farms and meadows. The atmosphere of the bucolic life, with all the poignant essences he abstracts from the meagre experiences of his people, has never been so delicately transported into literature by an American poet before. In spite of all the other qualities which make Mr. Frost's poems remarkable, it is this natural delicacy of vision which gives a tone to the atmosphere and which envelops the inner meaning of his subjects.

The Book of Irish Poetry. Edited with an Introduction by Alfred Perceval Graves. (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.) Dr. Graves has given us an exceedingly complete anthology of modern Irish poetry which does not suffer at all by comparison with those of Cooke, Gregory, and Miss Hull. It devotes even more attention than its predecessors to contemporary work, and is possibly the richest gathering yet made of poems made by the members of the young Anglo-Irish school.

The Laughing Muse. By Arthur Guiterman. (Harper and Brothers.) We have long looked for a volume of Mr.

Guiterman's verse and now that he has given us one at last it is sure to have a wide welcome. "The Laughing Muse" is aptly named to characterize these poems that deal with the lighter side of human interests and affairs. The essence of good taste is in the fun Mr. Guiterman gets out, instead of poking at, the foibles and weaknesses of human nature. His poetic forms are so perfect, his moods so sparkingly fresh, that he gives more than a temporary quality to the humor of his situations. He re-incarnates the best spirit of Frederick Locker-Lampson, because unlike most American poetic humorists there is a subtle refinement in his laughter which modulates very often into a pensive note. Another quality he has which brings his art into a higher key than it would pretend to belong, is the appealing tenderness of his moods. He has written exquisitely on many a trifle, little haunting snatches of song that go straight to the heart. The good generous measure of his gladdening muse puts all poetry lovers under the obligation of justifying his gift.

Satires of Circumstances. Lyrics and Reveries. With Miscellaneous Pieces. By Thomas Hardy. (The Macmillan Co.) Though Mr. Thomas Hardy has forsaken the novel, to the deep regret of his admirers, he gives us poems with much of the same substance of life and destiny which made the characters in his fiction both so pitiful and so true to nature and circumstance. It is out of an ironic substance that he hews his poems; they are hewn rather than modelled, because every image is like a vigorous and unsuspected stroke of fate. Even working in the medium of verse he seldom fails to be the story-teller; each poem carried a climax that is neither in the mood or emotion of the poet, but has its beginning in some keen differentiations and contrasts in the background of fate, and after preparations in character, environment, influences, he draws the curtain for the reader to glimpse the final act of passion and character. There is no inspiration in the conception of these poems; it is clear, coldeyed perception of life. Hardy's great power in his verse is his ability to visualize some terrible, some pathetic, some melancholy indictment of fate upon human nature; the visualization is not an imaginative heat shaping the elements of experience; the character, the event, the passion, the circumstance comes to him with a high temperature and some powerful process of his mind hardens the effect into definite images whose substance

might be bronze or marble. Perhaps no man had more to overcome in his own nature in the attempt to write poetry than this great novelist; rather than subdue his spirit to the inexplicable guardianship of the muse, he wrestles stubbornly with its unseen force, forcing it to a compromise upon his own terms. Now, it seems almost glad to do his bidding, and no one who reads these extraordinary verses but will recognize a kind of triumph in their expressions. While at times they awe, they also fascinate the reader; by the boldness of what Mr. Hardy chooses to present as a poetic subject, by the indifference he manifests to every law in the verse except the law of life, he makes destiny a series of casual incidents which are scattered by the unseen gods into the souls of chance passersby as they toil through the morass of existence.

Molly Pryce. A Quaker Idyll. By John Russell Hayes. (The Biddle Press.) Mr. Hayes is the Quaker laureate of to-day. He does not pretend to have the passion of Whittier, nothing of his strong indignation; but he has what Whittier never consistently possessed, a fine artistic equipment, and loves beauty with a serene reverence, finds and expresses it in humble rural experiences and landscapes. Here is a pastoral poet with a mood for nature that is exquisitely expressed as the Quaker faith of his with its quiet and glowing conscience. His latest Quaker idyll, *Molly Pryce*, is full of the rich simplicity and tranquil rhythm for which his art is notable. It is a simple narrative about this gentle Quaker girl going down to Philadelphia, from Bucks County, for the Quakers' Yearly Meeting, with her widower father, and there meeting Roger Morland, they fall in love. The description of the meeting, of the friendly and affectionate relations of the members, of the lightly sketched-in environs of the city, make a charming composition in light tones and silver colors. In the poem is the art of artlessness, the treatment of simple human facts, no straining, no shouting, no deep probing of human mysteries, and yet all so real that beauty, like the afterglow of a perfect summer day, veils the facts of homespun experience.

Creation. Post-Impressionist Poems. By Horace Holley. (Mitchell Kennerley.) These poems are what Mr. Holley characterizes them in the sub-title. If they lack a certain emotional grace they possess subtleties of moods which show a mental exquisiteness. The spirit here is a

strange mixture of perceptions. Take the literal expression of these poems and they seem to give the exotic moods of a dreamer, but they present something quite different in experience. They are poems of ideas rather than emotions, and they are ideas which project life instead of flowing from it. The verse contains none of the ordinary elements which charm, but presents, as in a crystal, images of thought that is more radiance than substance, reflections rather than objects.

Poems. By Brian Hooker. (Yale University Press.) Mr. Hooker is a modern romantic poet, and it makes very little difference whether he sings of age-old things and figures, as in "Morven and the Grail," or as in the narrative of "The White Cat: A Fairy Poem," his heart and sympathies are in the nowadays of human motives. His imagination is incisive, but quiet, taking on frequently a glow full of dim figures, like a gorgeous tapestry seen in the twilight. His songs are, I think, the least successful of the groups of verse in which his poems are divided; they are artistic, cameo-like in their proportions, but they lack an instinctive something, of mood or feeling, which fails to make them wing rapturously along the emotions. What I have noticed particularly about Mr. Hooker's art is the cool, fragrant, hushed movement of his words. His poems are foliaged with words like a tree with leaves, always in motion, and flashing with the freshness of a summer shower in their faces. His sonnets are extraordinarily graceful in feeling and very firmly textured. The series called "Idolatry" are very perfect and beautiful. Mr. Hooker has invented a new fixed form which seems to me to have great possibilities. He calls them "Turns." English poetry has contributed no fixed forms to the art that has been universally practiced, and it would be a great credit to American literature if the first should be contributed by this American poet.

Collected Poems. By Newman Howard. (The Macmillan Co.) Newman Howard is a poet who is practically unknown in this country, and yet he has the distinction of having written one of the very finest poetic dramas of the last twenty years. His work has not been hitherto easily accessible in this country, but with this collected edition he ought to gain a wide and appreciative American audience. The volume, carefully selected by the poet himself, contains the best of his dramatic and lyrical verse. The

dramas include "Kiartan the Icelander," "Savonarola: A City's Tragedy," "Constantine the Great," and "The Guanches: An Idyll"; with the collected lyrics the poet has here included the contents of his previous volume, the "Footsteps of Proserpine," which was hailed as a work of genius in 1897. "Kiartan the Icelander" is undoubtedly the poet's masterpiece, and no finer performance has been accomplished of late in the English poetic drama. In the dramas especially the poet shows a great gift of style, and in his substance almost every gamut of human passion is touched. Mr. Howard deserves an American audience.

Prayer for Peace and Other Poems. By William Samuel Johnson. (Mitchell Kennerley.) War poems, poems on Life and Art and Paris Days, with a group of sonnets and ballades, Mr. Johnson gives us here a volume of distinction and force. His touch is always sure and sometimes masterly, playing upon the subtle stops of life with a wizardry that no mood or vision can fail to respond to. His imagination has a faculty of imbuing the austerities of life with the same persuasive force that it has in enveloping the themes that are essentially decorative and gay. In him we have a poet who thinks profoundly and dreams glamorously, and who gives to the substance of each perfect embodiments.

The Voice in the Silence. By Thomas S. Jones, Jr. (The Mosher Press.) Three editions of these exquisite poems have been demanded, and this latest has the imprimatur of Mr. Mosher's press which is a guarantee of beauty being beautifully clothed. To perfect the atmosphere of the volume there is an introduction by James Lane Allen paying the tribute of "This poet's song: native to the woods from which it never wanders; intent upon a theme which it never relinquishes—the forest and the pilgrims. And thus while his pipe has no rift in it, his song has one—the never to be mended rift between nature and humanity." What I wrote six years ago about Mr. Jones' art in general I am glad to reaffirm now in recommending this volume to new readers: "The imagery of these lyrics is always shaped so finely to the emotion. The mood may spring from a remote glimmering of beauty, or from some undecipherable signature of dream, but it comes to the reader as the essence of a spiritual experience which quickens the pulse to realization.

Songs of Kabir. Translated by Rabindranath Tagore.

With the Assistance of Evelyn Underhill. (The Macmillan Co.) Kabir, who lived in the latter half of the fifteenth century, is one of the greatest of Indian poets. He is one of the few great mystics who is also a great creative artist, akin very much in his strangely Christian vision, which caused him to be regarded by his contemporaries as a dangerous heretic, to the imaginative fervor of St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross. As Miss Underhill points out in her sympathetic and illuminating introduction, "in his wide and rapturous vision of the universe Kabir never loses touch with diurnal existence, never forgets the common life. His feet are firmly planted upon Earth; his lofty and passionate apprehensions are perpetually controlled by the activity of a sane and vigorous intellect, by the alert common-sense so often found in persons of real mystical genius."

The English Poems of Henry King, D.D., 1592-1669. Sometime Bishop of Chichester. Now First Collected from Various Sources and Edited by Lawrence Mason, Ph.D. (The Yale University Press.) Henry King has been chiefly known to modern readers through the anthologies of seventeenth century verse. Three of his poems I included in "The Book of Elizabethan Verse," among which was the famous Exequy on His Wife, one of the tenderest elegies of the period. The present edition presents a complete collection of Bishop King's English poems. The original edition appeared in a small octavo in 1657, and the unsold copies were re-issued with new title pages in 1664 and 1700. The next issue to appear was the elaborately annotated edition of Dr. Hannah's printed in 1843. The present edition includes the "twenty-nine poems omitted by Hannah as well as the fifty selected by him, and in addition another considerable elegy that has not been reprinted since 1649; while four of King's hitherto uncollected poems or parts of poems are here for the first time printed, from various MSS., together with five other pieces whereof his authorship cannot be so definitely proved, but of which four are almost certainly his work." While no extravagant claims can be made for King's poetry, Mr. Mason says, nevertheless, "some single poems or detached passages will always arouse admiration and give pleasure, while the literary tendencies illustrated by his work invest his poetry with an importance and interest that cannot be denied and should no longer be ignored."

The Bishop's poems deserve a place on the shelf with those other sixteenth and seventeenth century minor poets whom Hannah, Grosart, Bullen, and Professor Saintsbury have rescued from oblivion.

Sonnets to Sidney Lanier and Other Lyrics. By Clifford Anderson Lanier. Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Howard Griggs. (B. W. Huebsch.) These sonnets show the beautiful affection of one brother for another, and though they have a certain fine merit of their own they interest us chiefly because of the famous and beloved poet to whom they were addressed. The lyrics which are included in addition, and selected from a little volume privately printed in 1902, called "Apollo and Keats," are much finer poetry, and express, as Mr. Griggs reminds us, of "one of nature's gentlemen, generous, gifted, fine and true."

Red Wine of Roussillon. A Play in Four Acts. By William Lindsey. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) Mr. Lindsey, in his poetic play "Red Wine of Roussillon," has caught the spirit of mediæval France and woven scenes out of its life upon a tapestry of blank verse. There was hardly any need that he should invent an original plot; there was every need that he should make his characters vivid and mobile. There was hardly any need that he should elaborate the intricacies of his story, but it was essential that he should touch the vital situations with a passionate interest, and this he could not do without embodying his chief characters with the intensities of life. The plot is an old one; one which Raimon, the Lord of Roussillon, remarks to Berguedan the troubadour, who gives a version of it in his song, with the "same old characters; we know them well," and has a lady, lover, and her jealous lord. But the poet here gives the old plot a new distinction by his treatment of it. The blank verse is flexible, and rises to eloquence in the impassioned moments. It is, indeed, very well done, and proves that the medium has not yet passed out of fashion or practice.

The House That Was and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Low. (John Lane Co.) There is a radiance in Mr. Low's art which flows from the source of intellectual beauty. In the long titular poem there is as fine a piece of symbolism as we have had in recent American verse; but it is not a dark weaving, it is subtly bright like a flood of sunshine with its innumerable notes. Those notes

are imaginatively dancing in gayety all about the invisible mystery of death. The poet soliloquises upon a skull and constructs in his reflections a marvellous symbol of human life and destiny. The beauty of the poem is, though it touches upon the dark threads of experience, it voices a brave, courageous, almost jocund defiant wisdom, a wisdom that might be mere dry philosophy if it were not sweetened with the natural grace of intellectualized emotions. The other poems in the volume are brightened with this same quality, but decorated, as in many of them, with the charm of things that have their existence in the immaterial world. It is a rare power Mr. Low has of evocable intuitions. He abstracts essences from the most volatile subjects, and beauty from vanishings which his swifter mood embraces.

The Immigrants. A Lyric Drama. By Percy MacKaye. With an Introduction by Frederic C. Howe, Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York. (B. W. Huebsch.) Designed as the text of an opera for which Mr. Frederic S. Converse has written the music, the war prevented the performance of "The Immigrants" at the Boston Opera House, as was intended. That Mr. MacKaye decided to publish the drama is a benefit to every one who has thought and studied the immigrant problem. We are shown that the immigrants are human; not only are they human but that even under the civil, political and social restrictions of their native country they have a better opportunity to develop the spiritual side of their humanity than America has cared to give them. That there is a better spirit in America that would treat these helpless, inexperienced, and trusting children of the soil, Mr. MacKaye shows in the character of Noel, the artist. The landing of the immigrants at New York, the deportation of Giovanni by the machinations of Scammon in order to secure his prospective bride for a mistress, and the final scene in the slums on a sweltering summer night with the death of the young sister Lisetta, the murder of Scammon, and the assertion of the immigrants against the iniquitous, false opportunities of American industrialism—which the police called a riot—is portrayed in vivid and intense lyrical verse.

The Sistine Eve. By Percy MacKaye. (The Macmillan Co.) Mr. MacKaye is, in a way, our American Laureate. With a true poetic gift, with an imagina-

tion that acts like a chemical fluid, he has raised the poem of "occasion" into a reputable and distinguished place in our poetic history. He has added a distinctly new and original note to American poetry in such pieces as "School" and "Fight." In 1909, the first edition of this volume was published under the title "Poems." Reissued under the new title with changes, it deals with themes chiefly occasional, lyrical and descriptive. Here the occasional poems, with the exception of "Ticonderoga" and the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem of 1908, are not as impressively striking in expression and subject as the later ones contained in the "Uriel" volume of 1912, and the "Present Hour" volume of last year. But the lyrical and descriptive pieces are quite lovely.

The Likes o' Me. By *Edmond McKenna*. With a Preface by Max Eastman. (Hillacre Bookhouse, Riverside, Connecticut.) The public will do well to pay considerable attention to this slim volume. Mr. McKenna is a militant warring against the wrongs of civilization, but with verse that is passionately charged with truth. He employs both formal metre and free rhythms. In the series of verses that make up the poem called "The Likes o' Me," there is an austere and solemn mysticism of a soul brooding upon its industrial captivity and the forces which batter it from within and without. It is an extraordinary testament of the millions of "Mes" in our industrial world commenting menacingly of the relation to the Master, the Church, the State, the Ladies, and War. There is more pity and sympathy in these verses than one would suppose from the free and outspoken expression of oppressive conditions. But as Mr. Eastman says, "There is poetry and truth of the real world in this book," which to neglect is to betray one's faith in humanity and civilization.

Songs to Save a Soul. By *Irene Rutherford McLeod*. (B. W. Huebsch.) In a time of war and stress, a time of expended energy for military preparation and the severest strain of conflict the world has known, England has yet found the spirit and enthusiasm for a new poet. Not since Masfield has an English poet sprung into sudden popularity with the justification of genius as Irene Rutherford McLeod has. This young lady of twenty-three has won the worship of the most authoritative London critics. "She has touched," says W. L. George, "the hem of two garments, of Blake and of Francis Thompson, while main-

taining herself." And Henry W. Nevins declares that she is "another new voice, another brave and beautiful spirit, young and capable of the poet's insight and expression." The title does not denote a religious fervor in the conventional sense, but a social and spiritual fervor in a poignantly human sense. This young lady is modern; but with all her modernity she is simple with the white flame of emotion, tender with the conviction of an heroic faith. A child's wonder yet gleams in her eyes, but behind the wonder is something as old as fate in its understanding. Her voice has a child's music piercingly sweet but in it is the echoes of a mystery that troubled the dreams of the earliest of authentic singers. Her lyrical verse is as light as gossamer, her ballads as vigorous and wayward as that form is in its perfection, but whether she sing in ballad or lyric there is the yearning for the unattainable ideal of beauty, the questioning of life by a passionate and unappeasable spirit.

Spoon River Anthology. By Edgar Lee Masters. (The Macmillan Co.) This has been the most widely discussed volume of verse published this year. There has been nothing like it before, and I doubt if there will ever be again. It comes out of the West to meet Mr. Frost's achievement in the East. It is original, perhaps the most original piece of literature that has been produced in America for a long time. The *Spoon River Anthology* is a novel in verse; it is the first successful novel in verse we have had in American literature. It brings more character into its pages than have ever been brought into any American novel. It more vividly paints a community than any other work in prose or verse that I know of in American literature. And it does so by drawing scarcely a feature of the landscape, but by sketching the human characters that made the life of the community. It does something more, and in this it at once takes its place among those masterpieces which are not for a time or a locality. It brings the universal, infinite varieties of human nature into the fabric of a single community. To see the immensity of this, we must realize that here is a story of life in which two hundred and four lives are interwoven, that each individual existence is a plain, unvarnished tale, and that each tale touches various others at some deep and critical experience. The sleepers in the cemetery at Spoon River made an era, an epoch of life in the community, and it was typi-

cal of what by the slow accumulation of years takes place in every community, but which no one living sees or can grasp. Mr. Masters is, like Thomas Hardy, a kind of fatalist. He proves to us that the gods of fate and circumstance are as passionately concerned with the very lowest of humanity, as well as with heroes and princes. He is thoroughly American in spirit, the background of his town, the social level of his characters, in fact, the whole fabric of the community in which these men and women, who now sleep under the tombstones in the cemetery once lived, is a plain, midwestern town where labor, work, and play, are carried on with a democratic freedom of will and responsibility. As poetry there has been, and will continue, much discussion about this book. Free verse is a suitable and adaptable medium in which to render the poetic aspects of a subject in a limited compass. While it is true that each separate piece in Mr. Masters' book is brief, very few running over twenty lines, the large number of pieces will produce to many readers whose ears are not attuned to the subtle cadences of rhythm a kind of monotony. But there is poetry here in the formal sense, and in another sense too, that cannot be denied. For all the qualities of poetic speech, modulations of tones that have nothing to do with metrical arrangement of words, but everything to do with an emotional and ironic imaginativeness of substance. One accepts the poetry in this chronicle of Spoon River, without bothering very much about the formality of it. The poetry is in the history of Spoon River lives that would still be dumb had not Mr. Masters given them a voice. Now the first thing that strikes one is the kind of concentrated literalness through which we learn about these people, from Hod Putt, the murderer, to Isaiah Beethoven, who sat by the mill contemplating life under the shadow of death. About living characters, even though they were alive only in the imagination of the author, no writer would dare be so frank, because life, no matter what prying art and philosophy may make of it, retains its secrets somehow; but death throws open the avenue to every thought and desire, and there is no shame, no regret, no attitude of the world that can make any difference. Mr. Masters has given us the first *Comedie Humaine* in verse.

Song of Hugh Glass. By John G. Neihardt. (The Macmillan Co.) Mr. Neihardt has found himself as a poet in

this long narrative of adventurous life in the pioneer days of the West. The fervid breath of the poems in his two previous volumes, "A Bundle of Myrrh" and "Man-Song" has been washed clean by the vigorous mountain airs of this elemental song. I never doubted Mr. Neihardt's poetic powers, his gift of imagination, his evocative vision, his extraordinary technical ability, but with rare exceptions in his earlier books he seemed to me to waste these unusual and natural poetic gifts upon unworthy subjects. His wasn't exactly the temperament to deal with sensuous themes; he got all the magnificence, glow, desire, passion, there was to be gotten out of the flesh, but somehow it wasn't real, it was the elaboration of a Moreau painting, of Salome or of Herodias, without the spiritual interest which was there, however smothered by the insatiable thirst of the flesh. But in this new poem he touches life, power, beauty, spirit, the tremendous and impressive force of nature, and combines all these qualities in a narrative of far more convincing interest than any narrative Masefield has told with the possible exception of "Dauber," more human and real and powerful than Noyes has yet exhibited. Because it is Western in setting, and treats the life of pioneer characters in poetic couplets, and therefore an experiment, is no reason why the reader accustomed to other materials in poetic narratives should slight this performance. Let me assure such a reader at the outset that this poem is an achievement of the highest order. The genius of American poetry is finding itself in such a poem as this; and a man of Mr. Neihardt's gifts employing them upon such hitherto unworked fields is showing the wonderful opportunities which exist in this country and its history for poetic expression. The story of Hugh Glass' crawl across country is more remarkable than anything I know in contemporary poetry. It is intensified with episodes that hold one fascinated. This man crawling the earth like a wounded beast, nursing a hate and vengeance that gives him the strength and determination to accomplish an excruciating and improbable task, impresses himself upon the memory as no other episode in contemporary verse.

Beside the Blackwater. By Norrey Jephson O'Conor. (The John Lane Co.) Quoting the "Birth and Life of St. Boling" on his title-page this young poet gives us the key to his dreams in this volume. The poems are chiefly a celebration of Irish memories, inspired by a visit to that

country. He sings of her fields, her fairies, her romantic figures, her spirit through the many manifestations we have associated with her history and aspirations. In the section of "Sonnets and Songs," he expresses in well modulated verse a variety of personal themes.

The Light Feet of Goats. By Shaemas O Sheel. (Gomme and Marshall.) Mr. O Sheel is a poet who has awakened out of a dream in which he has seen the image of mystery and goes about the world lamenting that it is nowhere to be possessed. That dream has been of the dim and shadowy mysticism of the Celtic imagination. Why, with all this splendid and gorgeous shaping of thoughts and desires, these poignant and piercing moods, these poems leave one unsatisfied? Here is beauty brimming over, and yet the cup of life is empty. How does ineffectuality creep into one's recognition of such rich dreams? Here is an art disembodied as Shelley's, but the angel of communication was always there on those swift wings of Shelley's thought and dream. Mr. O Sheel is an avowed disciple of Yeats; he frankly apes his manner and his substance; but like his master images vanish, and what you snatch is a handful of empty sunlight. If one could hold that sunlight, one would have kingdoms and principalities of the spirit, but lo! it's the invisible beams that your hand holds to tell you it is day when you look upon the open palm. One reads Mr. O Sheel's poems with delight, however. They make one feel that not blood but wine is running through the veins. Pure lyricism was never more perfectly wrought in our day. Take poems like "He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed," "Thanksgiving for Our Task," "The Pitilessness of Desire," "The Lover Telleth How He First Saw His Lady, in the Month of May," and the gorgeous "Field of Dust," why here are good measures of Mangan, Rossetti, and Yeats, darkening the pulse with heavy and elaborate dreams and moods, and yet no recollection whatever of spiritual or physical experience. That it fascinates one has to admit; one cannot deny something vague and undefined that haunts. They are dim ritual of mystical shadows where one embraces futilities.

Sappho in Leukas and Other Poems. By William Alexander Percy. (Yale University Press.) It wouldn't be extravagant at all to say that "Sappho in Leukas" is a magnificent poem. It is one of the three long poems in this volume,—"St. Francis to the Birds," and "Girgenti" be-

ing the other two—gleaming with the pure radiance of beauty. Mr. Percy's art is woven in samite. Its substance is of spiritual aspiration. It is full of the faith and wonder of youth but touched with humility, rapturous with bright unconscious grace. The longer poems are the best; into them the poet gets a lyrical fervor which vanish in the shorter ones where there is only a level glow of his mood. But "Sappho in Leukas" is richly embroidered with austerity and passion. Sappho has seen the shepherd lad Phaon, and realizes that the flawless and noble purity of her nature has been shattered by passion. The poem is a long confession to Zeus of the conflict between her old and her new self. The bitterness of her defeat overwhelms her when she succumbs to embrace the lad and passionately kisses his lips, only to find no fire, no lust in his blood; only the exalted and reverent worship for her divinity. The humiliation and defeat could only be washed clean by death. The poet has illuminated his poem with a wonderful vision whose radiance flows from the soul of Sappho with pure and appealing beauty. "St. Francis to the Birds," is hardly less beautiful with its vivid portraiture of that gentle Saint.

Armageddon: A Modern Epic Drama in a Prologue Series of Scenes and an Epilogue Written Partly in Prose and Partly in Verse. By Stephen Phillips. (John Lane Co.) Mr. Phillips comes nearer the power of his "Herod" and "Paolo and Francesca" days in this epic drama than anything he has written of late. A touch of the Greek motive and the Greek method is in this work, and while he makes circumstances of the European war serve as the material of the drama the issues are more abstract and profound. The atrocities of the Germans form the basis of an argument which deals with the moral right to revenge them. And with this comes the question, not of national safety, but of actions and emotions that will preserve the faith of humanity and the world. The essence of this faith is presented in the opportunity which comes to retaliate upon the Cologne Cathedral the destruction that had been perpetrated against Rheims, and to save the world from the "barrenness of revenge" the spirit of Joan of Arc is evoked. The Epilogue, with its scene in Hell where Attila is seen reporting his ravages to Satan, affirms the significance of the poet's message, for though the Satanic biddings had been carried out his final utterance is a cry of agony

in realizing the eternal supremacy of that Power against which he rebelled in the beginning, and which is conquering him again with a Power stronger than force.

A Shower of Verses Containing Mother's Treasure Book, Fancies, Fairies, and Frolics, Twilight Poems. By Althea Randolph. (The H. W. Gray Co.) This is the best new child's book of verses I have read for a long while. The author has caught that infectious spirit of childhood's thought and fancies with the same perfection of naïve speech which Stevenson immortalized in "A Child's Garden of Verses." This is genius of a kind that few possess but which has been given to Mrs. Randolph in good measure.

Captain Craig. A Book of Poems. Revised Edition, with Additional Poems. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. (The Macmillan Co.) All great literature demands, to quote a line from "Captain Craig," "magnanimous advance through self-acquaintance," and the great popular appreciation of the genius of Mr. Robinson has been retarded because the public for a long while refused him it. But this poet is now coming into his own. He has had to wait long. But he knew how to wait, and knowing how to wait is the test of genius. Now, wherever one hears people who know, speak of American poets, they take the genius and place of Edwin Arlington Robinson as granted. They will say: We are in a wonderfully poetic period just now; we have poets on the crown of Parnassus, and they will name you Robert Frost, Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Anna Hempstead Branch, Ridgely Torrence, Olive Tilford Dargan, Louis Untermeyer, James Oppenheim, Amelia Josephine Burr, Sara Teasdale, and others, but on the topmost peak they assume that you know the place is occupied by the silent and lordly figure of this singer. The first edition of "Captain Craig" was published in 1902. It reached a second edition. Now thirteen years later is this new edition with the additions of the "Variations of Greek Themes," and the poem called "The Field of Glory." "Captain Craig" tells the story of an old derelict picked up by a youth with an eye to character, to whom the captain discourses about his career, of life and its profound mysteries in relation to the soul. It is very largely a portrait of character, character from almost every angle of human experience. But never was such philosophic wisdom salted with humor. From the poem one can choose more aphoristic saying than from any half dozen poems of the same length

in American poetry. There is also here the story of "Isaac and Archibald," the fine steel engraving of "Aunt Imogen" the symbolic "Book of Annandale," and the shorter poems, among which is the glorious ballad of "The Return of Morgan and Fingal," as elaborately wrought with a dim vision as Browning's "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," and the famous "Cortège" which still haunts with its grim procession. The Greek quality in Mr. Robinson's art, the simplicity, the very balance and purity of his pathos and humor, his absolute recognition of fate and destiny in human circumstance, made it almost imperative that he should give us these paraphrases of the Greek poets which he has added to this edition of "Captain Craig."

Horizons. By Robert Alden Sanborn. (The Four Seas Co.) Mr. Sanborn succeeds admirably in the new manner by dealing with the simplicities of experience. He observes life wistfully because it never ceases to be strange and despite its many complexities he retains a wonder that is well protected by his faith. His love of children is exquisite, and one suspects that his allowances for the faults of humanity is his belief that men and women are only, after all, grown up children. In such poems as "The Crowd," and "The Laughter of the World," though attacked by the pitifulness of much in human nature, he makes a brave affirmation of this aspiring faith. His verse is distinguished for its concentration, for its compact images. Both their charm and strength is in a grace of tenderness which overflows from the children's poems into sterner substances.

The Vale of Shadows and Other Verses of the Great War. By Clinton Scollard. (Gomme and Marshall.) Mr. Scollard has applied his melodious muse with its decorative images, which has always been associated with dreams of love, nature and chivalrous instincts, to the sterner duty of visioning the evils and horrors of the war. It serves him well in this as in his gentler moods. He hates war as every true poet of to-day must; he inveighs against Germany as every true American who loves freedom and justice must, and shows it by giving his poetic sympathy to France, in "The Madonna of Termonde," "Louvain," and "Rheims." Whatever the causes of the war, about which we are confused, the obvious responsibility for it he believes, is upon the kings of Europe.

On the Romany Road. By Rena Cary Sheffield. (The

Voxton Press, Short Hills, N. J.) Mrs. Sheffield's book of verse is cheery company. Her Romany road leads other ways than over hill and down dale; there are the ways of wistfulness, and the ways of laughter, and the ways of quiet dreaming about the simple mysteries of life. And so one will expect to find her muse in motley, only after the crowds have been entertained there may be sighs and tears in the wayside tavern at night, when the old questions are asked and no answer can be coaxed from the starry inn-window.

Some Imagist Poets: An Anthology. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) The advent of imagism in contemporary poetry must now be recognized as a successful revolt against certain standards of outworn poetic traditions. It is not, as many suppose, so violent a repudiation of the vital principles of the art; it seeks rather to reestablish those principles in more definite evocations. Its principles and aims are not unlike the principles and aims of Pre-Raphaelism in painting. As Rossetti and his associates went to the early Italian painters for a mode of expression, so Amy Lowell and her associates find in the Greek Melic poets a mode of expression which they have adapted. It is the purpose of this group to eliminate the exhausted and monotonous and mechanical rhythms of the art, gaining for it the liberty to create a new rhythmic speech in which cadence and idea or emotion will be one body of expression; and to deal with subjects visually, by employing the exact language of speech in presenting and fixing an image of life and nature. A similarity in the treatment of their subjects, the contemporary Imagist differs radically from the Victorian Pre-Raphaelite in the absolute freedom he allows himself in the choice of subject and chronology. His independence goes further in recognizing no ethical or moral values in the substance of a theme. The Imagist poets reproduce nature more exactly in this than any of their contemporaries. Yet there is no lack of spiritual fervor in their work. It is the spirituality of a clear flame, somewhat like the old pagan sensibility, through which life came concentrated both in substance and expression. The six poets whose work is included in this volume are Richard Aldington, H. D., John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence, and Amy Lowell. Three of these are American and three English. Miss Lowell is undoubtedly the most gifted of all this group both in the

variety and intensity of her art, though in all there is a streak of genius which if not always above the surface of their work, is discernible below it. In another American, H. D., there is a fascinatingly tenuous and fleeting quality which baffles analysis; her art is as hard as a gem, but warm with colors flawless in purity. Richard Aldington's art at its best, is as forceful in imaginative interest as Miss Lowell's, but he is not always as balanced and does not measure her more various and comprehensive human outlook. John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint and D. H. Lawrence are all possessed of extraordinarily vivid powers, and both their pictorial and emotional strength reach a high degree. Now all the poems of these writers are veined with romanticism, and yet nothing is so realistic as the themes they deal with. They pretend to no careful selection of subject, and the subjects which they choose have no particular endowment of personal sympathy, yet all the attributes of a beautiful thing stands out as clearly as words can make them. Everything is said with the greatest economy of speech, yet nothing essential is omitted, and the result is that the power of suggestion was never more dynamic in contemporary verse. Imagist poetry seems to me the true romantic note in the art to-day.

The Song of Roland. Translated into English Verse. By Leonard Bacon. (Yale University Press.) The prize of the year to the translation of a masterpiece must go to Mr. Bacon for his rendering of "The Song of Roland." This greatest and earliest of the Romance Epics stands, I believe, for the first time in this translation to English readers true to the figure in which Gaston Paris symbolized its greatness and beauty. "At the entrance of the Sacred Way," Mr. Bacon quotes him, "where are arrayed the monuments of eight centuries of our literature, the Song of Roland stands like an arch massively built and gigantic; it is narrow, perhaps, but great in conception, and we cannot pass beneath it without admiration, without respect, or without pride." And Mr. Bacon comments "that the Song of Roland is something more than a striking story. Consecrating the pursuit of the feudal ideal as it did, it must have become an ethical force of a positive type. Who can say what France may not have owed in her stormy formative years to a poem which so triumphantly celebrated that loyalty and sense of national unity of which the country stood in such bitter need? . . . At all events France owes to her first and

greatest epic the earliest example of that patriotism, that fine tendency to act as an undivided nation, which has made her a spiritual leader of the races of men."

The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks. Compiled by Burton E. Stevenson. With Cover, and Illustrations in Color and Black and White by Willy Pogany. (Henry Holt and Co.) What Mr. Stevenson accomplished for adults in "The Home Book of Verse" he succeeds in this volume in doing for children. He has made a collection so comprehensive, well arranged and of such unusual quality that it is beyond question the most satisfactory work of its kind in our literature. It is suitable for the child of six or seven, and keeps pace with the progress of the juvenile mind and interests as they grow, and still at seventeen the youth finds in its pages verse to satisfy its fancy and imagination, its sympathies and ideals. Beginning with Nursery rhymes and lullabies, it develops through child rhymes and jingles to more mature nonsense verse; fairy tales and Christmas follows; nature verse and rhymed stories then take up the pattern of arrangement; grades through the trumpet and drum period, in which an effort is made to teach true patriotism, concluding in the final appeal of "Life Lessons" and "A Garland of Gold," the latter a selection of the great poems for all ages. While Mr. Stevenson has drawn upon all the great range of classic verse for children, he has included a body of verse not so well known but deserving the same share of popularity. In addition he has discovered many real gems that have not hitherto appeared in an anthology. The "Home Book of Verse for Young Folks" is as indispensable a possession for the children as any material comfort a parent can give them.

Rivers to the Sea. By Sara Teasdale. (The Macmillan Co.) There is in Miss Teasdale's art the purest song quality in American poetry. Her poems are brief, alluring and simple in expression. No mystery, no symbol, no inexplicable allusions, are woven into them. They are swift like swallows, with emotions; glittering and sparkling with the sunlight of love, on which an occasional shadow falls. The pain of love is no less exquisite than its joys. Love is her great theme. Though there is not a line in all these songs that has a touch of the maudlin or sentimental. The mood is always a common mood, but spontaneous, sincere, fresh with a new experience, passionate but not sensuous,

rapturous but not riotous, graceful without being elaborate, infectious, captivating, with the fresh and familiar emotions of humanity. In the Elizabethan song-books the love poetry was the natural speech of artistic emotions; those anonymous poets for the most part made love a delicate and exquisite decoration of moods; Miss Teasdale is natural in her moods and emotions, her speech is common language brightened and polished with simplicity, through which poignancy and exaltation runs like a golden weave. She is able to transmute any environment, any atmosphere, any circumstance, where the presence of love is found, into a fairyland of hope and surprise, into a sanctuary of human joy; and where the glory of love has faded, she has the power to make the sunshine a shadow because of it. Though she sings of love orchestrally in these many songs taken as a whole, it is not her only theme in this book. Her imagination is too vivacious, her visioning too curious not to see life many-motived, and so, but with the same melodious and evocative perceptions she sings of many experiences. There are the vignettes of travel, and in concluding her volume the splendid and passionate monologue on Sappho which is very ample evidence of her sustained imaginative powers.

The White Messenger and Other Poems. By Edith M. Thomas. (Richard G. Badger.) In the short dramatic piece called "The White Messenger" Miss Thomas paints a vivid ideal for the cessation of war. The scene is laid vaguely in central Europe and the time is in the future. Memories of the present war is still fresh in men's minds as the rumor of another great war to come is preparing a powerful empire for service. Among the nations the "White Messenger," a woman, mysterious in her powers and speech, has been wandering and preaching peace, and exhorting the peasantry to refuse to fight. All Miss Thomas' customary strength and beauty of poetic style is in this dramatic fragment. The other poems in the book deal with different phases of war and peace.

Processionals. By John Curtis Underwood. (Mitchell Kennerley.) Mr. Underwood is a progressive in both art and life. This voluminous collection of his poems deals with both in vigorous terms. His graces are the graces of life rather than literature. He lacks charm and subtlety in modelling his subjects, but what they lack in these two essential elements of poetic style they very nearly make up for by strength and dignity, by an almost passionate re-

gard for truth and sympathy. He indulges in no poetic moods as that experience is conventionally known; he has a searching spirit that seeks in strange places, and unusual characters for the wild and forceful pulses of life. No part of the world is unfamiliar to him, and wherever the wandering instinct carries him he turns the experience into vigorous verse. His volume is divided into ten groups dealing with "Cosmics," "Moderns," "Women," "Arts," "Regional," "The Open Question," "Pain," "People," "Moods," and "Things." In all these is shown a freed spirit, one whose thought tenderly caresses the whole world, one quick of denunciation, but long-forgiving in nature, who celebrates toil in all its forms, and pays his tribute to the achievements of science and art. Strong and courageous he carries a man's message.

The Cloister: A Play in Four Acts. By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Osman Edwards. (Houghton Mifflin Co.) *Le Cloître* was first published in 1900, and produced the latter part of the same year at Brussels, and ten years later was given in Berlin, and in Manchester by Miss Horniman's company. It is a play without a woman character, dramatising a "tragic story of human misery intensified by a religious setting." "Behind each monk," says Mr. Edwards, "behind Balthazar, Thomas, Mark, the Prior, stands an idea, one of the weapons with which the Church has conquered the world. Behind the whole group of monks is an ecclesiastical ideal, that of separate and exclusive jurisdiction, one that seemed no less injurious to the community in the author's eyes than the military claim to a similar privilege, which, at the time of the composition of the play, was causing the case of Dreyfus to ring through Europe. The presence of these large but implicit rather than explicit factors in the problem of Balthazar's ruin must be borne in mind, if we would realize the scope of the poet's aim. Superficially we are concerned with the struggle for succession to the Priorate between two rivals, of whom the loser is disqualified by suicidal remorse. Actually, however, Balthazar is not merely the victim of a frantic conscience. He is also the spokesman of emotional, intuitive faith, which contrasts with the keen and subtle scholasticism of his opponent." In spite of its tragic substance the play has great charm, and presents a remarkable picture in which Verhaeren drapes his characters in the "folds of splendid rhetoric."

The Dawn (Les Aubes). By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Arthur Symons. (Small, Maynard and Co.) M. Verhaeren's most important play was translated by Arthur Symons many years ago, but it has long been out of print, and I am glad to chronicle this new American edition. As Arthur Symons remarks in his introduction, "the poetry of Emile Verhaeren, more than that of any other modern poet, is made directly out of the complaining voices of the nerves." This play, where the poet's inspiration uses to its finest height, is a plea for pacifism written long before the invasion of Belgium could ever have been imagined. In the fine nervous verse of Arthur Symons, so accurately reflecting the subtlest cadences of the original, you may read with all the satisfaction of an artistic rendering what is probably the masterpiece of Belgian poetry and drama.

The Pilgrim Kings: Greco and Goya and Other Poems of Spain. By Thomas Walsh. (The Macmillan Co.), Mr. Walsh gives us in these poems the soul of Spain, through her glories of the past and her realities of the present. Especially does he interpret the great traditions of the country's culture and religious spirit through the great artists, El Greco, Goya and Velasquez, at the same time painting most vividly the personality and genius of those rare men. In such pieces as "Greco Paints His Masterpiece," "The Maids of Honor," "Goya in the Cupola," and "Greco's Last Judgment" he paints in warm and glowing colors dramatic incidents in the lives of men who helped to make the country great in spirit and culture. And in many of these poems is the beautiful light of the great Church, its mysticism and symbols prefiguring the substance. Perhaps no poem in the book so impressively and powerfully renders the profounder mood of the country as "Egidio of Coimbra—1597, A. D.," while in "Alhambra Songs" the poet gives us pictures and scenes of vivid interest. There are poems in Mr. Walsh's book that do not deal with Spanish subjects or life, and in these he presents the same glowing and melodious verse as in the more romantic themes.

The Faith of Princes With a Sheaf of Sonnets. By Harvey M. Watts. (The John C. Winston Co.) The titular poem here is a soliloquy by Cesare Borgia, Duke of Urbino, on the eve of ordering the execution of his creature, Ramiro d'Orco, at Cesena, being as the poet states an "apologue for the times," and also a "gloss, for this year of grace 1915,

on 'The Prince,' by Niccolo Machiavelli." In using the figure of Borgia as the symbol of the kind of statecraft which dominates the warlike imperialism of Germany, the poet produces an effective and thoughtful piece of work. The reflections which he puts in the mouth of his tyrant on the gospel of Might making Right, and of divine personal prerogatives of monarchy are full of ironic contrasts to modern governmental conceptions. The verse sweeps with dignity and rises at places in bold and impassioned images. The sonnets to various countries at war are very good.

The Poet in the Desert. By Charles Erskine Wood. (Press of F. W. Baltus and Co., Portland, Oregon.) The Prologue to this lengthy poem is a picture of the desert which the poet describes in all its glory and beauty, its lonely and tragic significance. It is a rhapsody, poetically more appealing than the dialogue which follows between the Poet and Truth, in which the injustices of modern civilization are censured, and an ardent aspiration for social democracy is voiced. When Mr. Wood is less conscious of the cause he preaches, as in the Prologue, and allows his muse to consider the bountiful and gorgeous array of nature, his poetry is full of fire and imagery sweeping on the wings of his free rhythms. There is a quality of nobleness in the poem to set us watching for Mr. Wood's future work with a keen interest and expectation.

Poems. By Dana Burnet. (Harper and Brothers.) The significance of Mr. Burnet's art is in its visualizing power; he presents without over-emphasis of either image or emotion the essential spiritual characteristics in more themes than any poet has given us in a single book during the past two or three years. It is a subtlety in itself that reaches a little beyond art which enables him to sing of war as he does in "The Battle of Liege," "Christmas in the Trenches," or "Albert of Belgium," or of "The Sack of Panama," or tell the modern urban story of "Gayheart," or of "The Woolworth Building," or "From an 'L' Train Window," and make the subject vivid with its own essence while harmonizing them all in a kind of spiritual pattern. Versatility is not the name to characterize such powers; it goes deeper, or higher, as one wills, into those regions where genius has its abiding secrets. The energy which produces upon such a scale, a scale which pitches no false note, is the true poetic energy. Few first books in the

past decade have so thoroughly achieved for its author the security of place among the important poets of his day. The popular recognition which Mr. Burnet has won through his magazine work of the past two years will be turned by this volume into substantial and lasting admiration.

The Factories with Other Lyrics. By Margaret Widemer. (The John C. Winston Co.) The title of Miss Widemer's volume does not wholly do justice to the best of its substance. She has the power to make a social theme poetic, but her art is very much lovelier, more imaginative and musical in those lyrics and songs where she surrenders to a mood or dream instead of being captured by an idea or conviction. When she surrenders her art is delightfully full of spells and intuitions; then life and love and nature pour their golden dreams into her heart.

The Cup of Comus: Fact and Fancy. By Madison Cawein. (The Cameo Press.) This posthumous collection of Madison Cawein's poems was gathered by Rose de Vaux-Royer, to be known as the "Friendship Edition," as it "carries in its significance a testimonial of love and admiration for the author, extended by those who wish his last collected poems preserved for futurity." The edition is limited to five hundred copies.

Italy in Arms. By Clinton Scollard. (Gomme & Marshall.) Mr. Scollard's second book related to the war, is devoted to Italy. Not only does it give voice to the soul of Italy in the present conflict, but expresses the tribute of love and veneration which the poet has for that historic nation, its glories and people. The mellow music of that sunny land echoes in Mr. Scollard's rhythms, and will bring to his many admirers the enjoyment in his art which each book increases.

LIST OF IMPORTANT PUBLICATIONS DEALING WITH POETS AND POETRY

Milton. By John Bailey. (Henry Holt and Company.) John Bailey, whose criticism has been for years the most valuable feature of the *London Times Weekly Review of Books*, has contributed to the Home University Library an exceptionally important study of Milton. The revival of interest in the poet during the past three years has been accompanied by the publication of numerous books of biography and criticism. Though the present volume is probably the briefest of these, it is also the most compact and authoritative. It is a distinguished addition to English criticism.

A Walk in Other Worlds with Dante. By Marion S. Bainbridge. (E. P. Dutton and Co.) This volume is a reverent attempt to guide the reader through the winding paths of Dante's cosmology and to render the subtleties of his vision more plain to the reader who approaches the poet for the first time and finds himself in a strange world in which it is difficult to make one's way. Much of Dante's symbolism is obscure because of its scholastic philosophy with which many of the present generation have lost touch. With this new handbook many obscure places in the reader's path will shine clearly.

William Blake, Poet and Mystic. By P. Berger, Authorized Translation from the French by Daniel H. Conner. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) This volume is the most important poetic biography published this year. The student of Blake who masters its contents will be compelled to sustain Swinburne's contention that this is the only adequate study of Blake. I wish that space permitted an analysis of its illuminating contents. The symbolic books which are the most essential fulfilment of Blake's purpose have been the subject of much elucidation by Ellis and Yeats, but M. Berger has interpreted them for the first time in a really orderly manner. The volume ranks with Ellis's life of Blake.

Goethe, with Special Consideration of His Philosophy. By Paul Carus. (Open Court Publishing Co.) Although the volumes interpreting Goethe's philosophy are legion, Dr. Carus justifies his new volume by its wealth of pic-

torial illustration and his translations of much fine poetry by Goethe hitherto inaccessible in English. These translations are my reason for bringing the volume to the special attention of readers of poetry.

The Ballade. By Helen Louise Cohen, Ph.D. (Columbia University Press.) This is the first complete study of the ballade which has been published in England. Its exhaustive treatment of the ballade's history and technique make it probable that it will last as the classical work on the subject for many years. After a minute research into the origins of the ballade, its history in France from the end of the fourteenth century to Boileau is chronicled with special attention to its technical development and structural modifications. The middle English ballade is treated with equal thoroughness, and many new English and French mediæval ballades are here printed for the first time from the European manuscript sources. The main part of the book closes with a study of the nineteenth century ballade, including the best contemporary French, English, and American work in this form. Poetry composed in the Puy, The Serventois, and the chant royal are studied in supplementary chapters, and the volume is rendered complete by a careful bibliography of manuscripts and printed sources.

Critical Essays of the Eighteenth Century. 1700-1725. Edited by Willard Higley Durham, Ph.D. (Yale University Press.) If Dr. Durham completes his announced series of texts of which this volume is the first, we shall have the first adequately representative body of eighteenth century criticism accessible to the reader. This volume includes the most significant criticism published between 1700 and 1725, and much of it is devoted to poetry. Here you will find representative essays by Charles Gildon, John Hughes, John Dennis, Farquhar, Steele, Addison, Pope, Leonard Welsted, and Allan Ramsay. The reprint of Farquhar's Discourse on Comedy is sufficient to make the volume indispensable to the private library.

Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association ("Rhythm in English Verse, Shelley's Triumph of Life"), Oxford. At the Clarendon Press.

Rudyard Kipling. A Critical Study. By Cyril Falls. (Mitchell Kennerley.) While this volume is essentially a study of Kipling as a writer of fiction, I touch upon it here because the chapter in it devoted to Kipling's poetry

is a model of sane urbane criticism. It is characteristic of Mr. Falls that he walks with somewhat excessive care between two safe walls of fact, but clinging to his objective limitations he succeeds in saying the just word about Kipling as a poetic artist.

The Teaching of Poetry in the High Schools. By Arthur H. R. Fairchild. (Riverside Educational Monographs.) (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Representative English Comedies. With Introductory Essays and Notes. An Historical View of Our Earlier Comedy, and Other Monographs by Various Writers. Under the General Editorship of Charles Mills Gayley. Three Volumes. (The Macmillan Co.) The wealth of material contained in these three volumes which deal with English Comedy from the Beginnings to the Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare cannot begin to be summarized here. They include a small library of the best English comedies by eighteen dramatists edited with a rich critical apparatus, together with many monographs on historical and critical aspects of English comedy and biographical articles by scholars of such distinction as Alfred W. Pollard, Henry Bradley, George P. Baker, George E. Woodberry, the late Edward Dowden, Charles H. Herford, Sir A. W. Ward, Brander Matthews, George Saintsbury and many others, among whom the work of Professor Gayley is not the least valuable. Apart from their value for college work, they take their permanent place on the library shelf, to which later volumes in the series will be added from year to year.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. By O. W. Firkins. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

The Poets Laureate of England: Their History and Their Odes. By W. Forbes Gray. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) There was room for a history of the Laureateship in England since the days of Ben Jonson, and this volume supplies the want adequately. It tells us much that we are glad to learn about the less familiar laureates, including much pleasant literary gossip about eighteenth century worthies.

Poets and Puritans. By T. R. Glover. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Life and Letters in the Italian Renaissance. By Christopher Hare. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) Christopher Hare is known to us by many studies of life and manners

in the Italian Renaissance, but now he turns to the literary life of the period, and in his pleasantly allusive style, reminding us often of Symonds in his pageantry of color, he introduces us to the life of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Polignano, Sannazzaro, Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto, and translates much of the poetry of the period.

Browning Studies. By Vernon C. Harrington. (Richard G. Badger.) Professor Harrington has here set down in their original colloquial style the lectures on Browning he has given for years to his students at Oberlin and Middlebury. Their informality is refreshing, while their substance is sound and valuable. Teachers who are not too academic will find their students responding to it more heartily than to any other handbook I know.

Contemporary Portraits. By Frank Harris. (Mitchell Kennerley.) This volume of calculated indiscretions is fascinating reading, and valuable autobiography. Its frankness is not specially shocking. How far these papers are imaginary portraits it is difficult to say. They aim to convey faithfully without undue solemnity Mr. Harris's recollections of his friends and acquaintances, and if they sacrifice truth of fact to the higher truth of imaginative impression, we can scarcely complain, for their vivacity is more than persuasive in its portraiture. Carlyle, Renan, Whistler, Wilde, Davidson, Richard Middleton, Burton, Meredith, Branning, Swinburne, Arnold, De Maupassant, Verlaine, Fabre, Maeterlinck, Rodin, and Anatole France successively pass before the reader. The execution of Mr. Harris's portrait is superb.

Browning Studies. By Vernon C. Harrington. (Richard G. Badger.)

The Greek Tragic Poets: Emendations, Discussions, and Criticisms Notes. By Joseph Edward Harry. (University of Cincinnati.)

The Songs, Hymns and Prayers of the Old Testament. By Charles Foster Kent. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Chaucer and His Poetry. By George L. Kittridge. Lectures Delivered in 1914, on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University. (Harvard University Press.)

The Life and Times of Tennyson. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. (Yale University Press.) This exhaustive biographical and critical work upon which the late Professor Lounsbury was engaged and which he had prac-

tically completed at his death a few months ago is probably the most complete study of Tennyson's early life and work that we have. Coming from a critic of such veteran distinction at this precise time, when the disposition to minimize, if not ignore, Tennyson's claim as a poet is becoming more and more marked, it has added significance, and in any case it would be a necessary volume for libraries.

Six French Poets. Studies in Contemporary Literature. By Amy Lowell. (The Macmillan Company.) Miss Lowell performs a genuine service for American poetry by reaffirming at this time the importance of contemporary French poetry. The last quarter of a century has seen in France a poetic group, any one of whom would have entitled his period to assume a position of high distinction. In this volume of lectures on Emile Verhaeren, Albert Samain, Remy de Gourmont, Henri de Régnier, Francis Jammes, and Paul Fort, we are introduced persuasively enough to six personalities of commanding influence on their native literature, who are probably destined through the efforts of such craftsmen as Miss Lowell to influence ours as well. In an easy conversational style she guides the reader to the most important achievement of each poet, dwelling lightly on matters of objective fact, and preferring rather to set examples of each man's poetry before the reader rather than to comment extensively on inaccessible sources. Each essay is preceded by a portrait, and about one hundred and twenty poems are published in the original French and in an accurate prose translation. Extensive bibliographies, not only of the works of each poet, but of books to be consulted upon the subject, in all modern languages, add to the value of a volume which is an important piece of literary pioneering.

Hermaia. A Study in Comparative Esthetics. By Colin McAlpin. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) While this important volume is devoted to the whole field of comparative esthetics and more especially to music, its discussion of the relation of poetry to nature as well as to painting and music is of fundamental importance as a contribution to the subject. Mr. McAlpin has reasoned his conclusions profoundly and imaginatively, and the system of esthetics which he expounds succeeds more fully than usual in explaining the relation of art and nature to mystical consciousness.

John M. Synge: A Few Personal Recollections. With Biographical Notes. By John Masefield. (The Macmillan Co.) Although this little book is so slight, it contains in its few pages probably the final personal word for all time on John Synge. Many books have been written, and many more will be written, about his elusive personality, but this brief record of friendship is the most real and sympathetic picture of the man. As a work of art it ranks with Arthur Symons' study of Ernest Dowson.

James Shirley, Dramatist. A Biographical and Critical Study. By Arthur Huntington Nason. (Arthur H. Nason.) In this study of the principal dramatic poet of the reign of Charles I., Professor Nason of New York University has sought to trace Shirley's development as a dramatist through the various stages of his work from the early realistic plays to that ultimate romantic period during which much of his best poetry was written. The critical survey is preceded by a biography of Shirley which aims to disentangle the confusion of fact and fancy which has hitherto prevailed. This carefully documented study is a worthy contribution of American literary scholarship, not only as an objective analysis of Shirley's career, but as a sympathetic criticism of poetry.

Edward Rowland Hill: His Life and Work. By William Belmont Parker. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)

The Spirit of the American Revolution as Revealed in the Poetry of the Period. A Study of American Patriotic Verse from 1760 to 1783. By Samuel White Patterson. (Richard G. Badger.) This volume is interesting to students of poetry for a reason apart from the slender poetic merit of the verse written during the American Revolution. It serves as a valuable illustration of the relation poetry bears to contemporary war, and a careful study of the volume will do much to explain the often chronicled fact that the stress of national emotion seldom produces poetry of high distinction until the heat of conflict is past and viewed only in retrospect. Dr. Patterson's command of his material is competent, and his volume fills a real gap in our literary history.

Visions and Revisions: A Book of Literary Devotions. By John Cowper Powys. (G. Arnold Shaw.)

Poetry. By Arthur Quiller-Couch. (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's essay takes its place with dignity in the short series of distinguished apologies for

poetry written in English. It is one of the classical confessions of faith in poetry by a poet.

W. B. Yeats. A Critical Study. By Forrest Reid. (Dodd Mead & Company.) More complete, because more recent, than the study by Dr. Kraus, this volume is quite dispassionate in its sympathy for the work of Mr. Yeats. Its studied frankness is refreshing, and Mr. Reid has made some fine discriminations in poetic values. The early work of Mr. Yeats, abandoned by him, is discussed with the care which it deserves, and one of the chief services which the volume performs is to send the reader back to many early works. The chapter entitled "Collaboration," in which the influence of Lady Gregory is frankly discussed, is probably the most valuable in the book. Apart from its subject, this volume has a literary significance of its own higher even than that of many others in the distinguished series to which it belongs.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar. By R. C. Ransom. Philadelphia.

Rabindranath Tagore: A Biographical Study. By Ernest Rhys. (The Macmillan Co.)

Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His Poetry. By Basanta Koomar Roy. With an Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The Study of Shakespeare. By Henry Thew Stephenson. (Henry Holt and Company.) This compendious handbook by Professor Stephenson of the University of Indiana is designed for use in college classes and for private study. It contains in succinct form the biographical facts about Shakespeare, a description of London in Shakespeare's day and of the Elizabethan playhouse, brief chapters on such subjects as Shakespeare's verse and dramatic structure, and an analysis for students of eleven representative plays. It aims to appeal to the student's imagination by the power of suggestion, and for its freshness of treatment and individual outlook will be found an illuminating companion for the reader of Shakespeare.

A Check List of First Editions of the Works of Bliss Carman. By Frederic Fairchild Sherman. New York City.

Shakespeare's Environment. By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.)

The Influence of the Popular Ballad on Wordsworth and Coleridge. By Charles Wharton Stork. (Modern Language Association of America.)

Robert Louis Stevenson: A Critical Study. By Frank Swinnerton. (Mitchell Kennerley.)

Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare. By Charles D. Stewart. (Yale University Press.) This volume has already earned the cordial praise of many Shakespearean students. It brings the viewpoint of a literary artist to bear upon forty famous crucial passages in Shakespeare whose meaning has been held to be insolubly obscure, and from internal evidence he offers persuasive solutions of them to the reader. It is the most distinguished volume of Shakespearean criticism published for several years, and its alert interpretation is so keen that it is lifted from the plane of philological research to the dignity of permanent literary criticism.

Maurice Maeterlinck. A Critical Study. By Una Taylor. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) Were this merely an adequate critical study of a great imaginative artist in the drama, it would claim a place here. But it is more than that. It contains the first careful estimate of Maeterlinck as a poet, and the reader of this volume will be introduced to Maeterlinck's lyrics by an artist in appreciation. The exposition of Maeterlinck's philosophy of nature reveals a new angle in the poet hitherto not much dwelt upon, and the volume as a whole is a sane estimate of the man and his work, which avoids the two prevalent attitudes of his critics toward disparagement on the one hand and adulation on the other.

Essays on Milton. By Elbert N. S. Thompson, Ph.D. (Yale University Press.) These studies are written from the viewpoint of a poet in a style of much literary charm. Critical rather than biographical, they aim to trace Milton's literary development steadily through the various stages of its fruition. They are intended as a necessary introduction to the serious reading of Milton's poetry and prose. A valuable feature of the volume is the extensive study of Milton's sources in "Paradise Lost."

The Salon and English Letters. Chapters on the Interrelations of Literature and Society in the Age of Johnson. By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. (The Macmillan Co.) The social background of Dr. Johnson's times have their interest for the student of poetry who reads this book, for the manners of a time so productive of intellectual pleasures are fundamentally interwoven with the verse of the time. Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and many

others flit across these pages pleasantly, and the drama of bluestocking literary patronage is enacted before our eyes.

Life and Writings of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. By Arthur Turnbull. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Ernest Dowson, 1888-1897. Reminiscences, Unpublished Letters and Marginalia. By Victor Plarr. (Gomme.) Ernest Dowson was a product of and belonged to that indefinite movement of English literature which Mr. Holbrook Jackson has crystallized as the "Eighteen-Nineties." It was a movement that had a great many vague intentions; it dealt chiefly and poignantly in the substance of emotions which need not have a very deep root in the commoner realities of life. Of the poets of this movement the soil of flowering was in that now glamorous organization known as "The Rhymers' Club," two of whom the fatality of death kissed as their buds of genius were beginning to open to a larger and wider recognition. Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson were these two poets. Johnson had a good many strings to his lyre; Dowson but few, but these few he played with incomparable perfection. This little memoir is exquisite in its writing, affectionate in retrospect, charming in its commentary on the habits and characteristics of the poet who was all sorts of admixtures of shyness and boldness. Almost a half of the little book is a discreet selection from Dowson's correspondence to the author. If they were not the letters of the author of those fine, fragrant poems illumined with Latin simplicity which we have all admired, they would scarcely attract the reader's interest; they form the lisp of a child-spirit who was a little bewildered with life and who is more or less contented with its own absorption of a few dreams. For all who have Arthur Symonds's Memoir and Mr. R. H. Sherard's, this one by Victor Plarr cannot be neglected. It is not that one wants really to learn anything new about Ernest Dowson, but to get a fuller flavor of the mysterious personality who wrote in English and in the England of the nineteenth century with the grace, charm and simplicity of Catullus and Propertius.

Rabindranath Tagore. The Man and His Poetry. By Basanta Koomar Roy. (Dodd, Mead & Co.: \$1.25.) Mr. Roy informs us that it was not, as we supposed, the religious influence of Tagore's poetry which made him so universally popular with his countrymen, but that it was the patriotic inspiration of the verse; this in spite of the

fact that his genius is supreme in the mystic and religious symbolism of such art as the "Gitanjali" poems. He is a sympathetic and informative native biographer and gives us just enough of Bengali life and affairs to explain Tagore's art and personality; but we are dissatisfied that he does not go deeper and more extensively into the influences of that vague country which produced Tagore.

Rabindranath Tagore. A Biographical Study. By Ernest Rhys. (Macmillan Co.) Mr. Rhys gives us a good interpretation of Tagore's spiritual background, and tells us in little fragments something of the poet's family, childhood and youth; but there is no environment, no atmosphere to make them real. The study is comprehensive as far as it goes as an elementary interpretation of Tagore's work and Mr. Rhys' consummate skill as a literary critic gives the book the value it possesses.

Zweig, Stefan. *Emile Verhaeren.* Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE MAGAZINE SUMMARY

The selections in the "Anthology" this year are chosen from an examination of over twenty-five publications, including monthlies, quarterlies, weeklies, and daily newspapers. The alphabetical list of poets given at the end of this volume represents the titles of all the poems printed in a score of periodicals all over the country. With the poems taken from the newspapers there is indexed in this list five hundred and thirty poets and about fifteen hundred poems. The sources from which the best poems are selected are indicated in the text of the "Anthology."

I am able to give here a complete summary of thirteen magazines. In the two hundred and eight numbers of these magazines there were published during the twelve months from October 1914 to September 1915 a total of seven hundred and seventy-two poems, of which three hundred and ten were poems of distinction. The total number of poems printed in each magazine, and the number of the distinctive poems are: *The Century*, total 62, 36 of distinction; *Scribner's*, total 49, 10 of distinction; *The Forum*, total 51, 20 of distinction; *The Smart Set*, total 131, 29 of distinction; *Harper's*, total 48, 20 of distinction; *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, total 198, 59 of distinction; *The Bellman*, total 48, 36 of distinction; *Everybody's*, total 16, 7 of distinction; *The Masses*, total 64, 22 of distinction; *The Outlook*, total 17, 12 of distinction; *The Yale Review*, total 17, 11 of distinction; *The North American Review*, total 22, 11 of distinction; *Poet Lore*, total 47, 28 of distinction.

For obvious reasons I have taken the year from October to September instead as formerly from January to December. The advantage in doing so gives me an opportunity in making the records more complete as well as bringing the publication of this volume in mid-autumn.

ARTICLES AND REVIEWS OF POETS AND POETRY PUBLISHED DURING 1915

The articles in this list are not confined to the subjects of American poets or poetry, but cover such articles and reviews that deal with the subject in American publications. While the list is extensive it is not claimed to be complete since it was impossible to examine certain issues of some papers and periodicals which was intended for inclusion. It provides, however, a valuable working source of references for any who wish to make a critical study of contemporary poetry either American or European. In making the index conform to the titles, especially to the reviews in literary newspapers, it has been necessary for convenience to supplement the titles with names of authors and volumes.

- "A. E." Irish Mystic and Economist, by E. A. Boyd, *North American Review*, August.
- A. E., The Poetry of, by Llewellyn Jones, *The Little Review*, May.
- A Genius Whom the War Made and Killed (Rupert Brooke), by Joyce Kilmer, *N. Y. Times Magazine Section*, September, 12.
- Aiken and His Art, Conrad, by William Stanley Braithwaite, *Boston Transcript*, February 20.
- American Poetry, by Dorothea Lawrence Mann, *The Forum*, February.
- American Poet, An (Richard Osborne), by Oscar Fay Adams, *Boston Transcript*, March 10.
- America's Output of Poetry in 1914, and the Thirty Poems of Distinction, by William Stanley Braithwaite, *Boston Transcript* 21, 1914.
- Anon. Mentioned for the Nobel Prize, A Study of "Humilis," by Dr. I. Goldberg, *Boston Transcript*, January 13.
- Another Genius Dead in War (Rupert Brooke), by Edward J. O'Brien, *Boston Transcript*, May 22.
- Apollo Indicted, by Will Hutchins, *The Forum*, July.
- Armenia Finds Her Edgar Allan Poe: Arshag Tchobanian, First Man of Genius to Interpret His Race in Terms that have won European Regard, by K. M. Buss, *Boston Transcript*, April 7.

- Aren'ts of Poetry, The, by Richard Burton, *The Bellman*, February 13.
- Arrows in the Gale (by Arturo Giovannitte) Review by Harriet Monroe, *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, April.
- Author of Semitones, The (Alfred Abernethy Cowles), by William Stanley Braithwaite, *Boston Transcript*, April 7.
- Belgian Literary Revival, The, by William Aspinwall Bradley, *The Bookman*, February.
- Belgium's Poet: Emile Verhaeren, by R. A. Scott-James, *The Bellman*, April 3.
- Belgium's Poet Laureate (Verhaeren) by Benjamin M. Woodbridge, *The Dial*, September 2.
- Benét, William Rose (vol. The Falconer of God), by Dorothea Lawrence Mann, *The Poetry Journal*, June.
- Benson's Poems, Monsignor, by Thomas Walsh, *N. Y. Times Review of Books*, July 18.
- Bierce, Personal Memories of Ambrose, by Mailey Milard, *The Bookman*, February.
- "Big Things" in Poetry, by Van Wyck Brooks, *The New Republic*, March 20.
- Biography of a Poet, The (Edward Rowland Sill), by Edwin F. Edgett, *Boston Transcript*, February 20.
- Books of Poetry, The (vols. by John Gould Fletcher, Lafcadio Hearn, Laurence Binyon), by Mitchell Dawson, *The Little Review*, August.
- Borel, Petrus, by Arthur Symons, *The Forum*, June.
- Botrel, Théodore, The French Laureate, by Anon., *N. Y. Times Magazine Section*, July 18.
- Bridges, The Poetry of Robert, by L. W. Miles, *Sewanee Review*, June.
- Brontë, Charlotte, Unpublished Poems Found, by A. C. Benson, *N. Y. Times Magazine Section*, April 18.
- Brooke, The Poetry of Rupert, by St. John G. Ervine, *North American Review*, September.
- Brooke, Rupert, A Postscript, by Milton Bronner, *The Bookman*, September.
- Browning, by Dublew Cubed, *N. Y. Times Review of Books*, September 5.
- Brownings, New Light on the, by William Stanley Braithwaite, *Boston Transcript*, February 27.

- Browning's Women (Ethel Colburn Mayne's "Browning's Heroines"), by Clark S. Northup, *The Dial*, April 1.
- Burns, Robert, by Padraic Colum, *The New Republic*, January 23.
- Catholic Living Poets, The, *The Catholic World*, February.
- Cawein, Madison, by Jessie B. Rittenhouse, *N. Y. Times Review of Books*, January 3.
- Challenge (vol. by Louis Untermeyer), by Dorothea Lawrence Mann, *The Poetry Journal*, May.
- Chantecler of Rostand, The, by Irene Sargent, *The Colonade*, June.
- Chanty-Man Sings, The, by William Brown Meloney, *Everybody's Magazine*, August.
- Chaucer and Langland, by Harriet Monroe, *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, September.
- Chiefly Verse (vols. by Norman Gale, Grace Fallow Norton, Robert Underwood Johnson, Gervaise Gage, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson), by Richard Burton, *The Bellman*, January 9.
- Choric School, Introduction to the, by Ezra Pound, *Others, A Magazine of New Verse*, October.
- Claudél's East, Paul, by Anon., *The New Republic*, December 19, 1914.
- Claudél, The French Walt Whitman, Paul, by K. M. Buss, *Boston Transcript*, November 18, 1914.
- Colyumist and Pote, by Howard Brubaker, *The New Republic*, February 14.
- Contemporary Poets, Some study of Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Robert Frost, Dana Burnet, Conrad Aiken, Vachel Lindsay, Arthur Davison Ficke, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Anna Hempstead Branch, Fannie Stearns Davis Gifford, Brian Hooker, Olive Tilford Dargan, James Oppenheim, Charles Hanson Towne, John Gould Fletcher, Alfred Abernethy Cowles), by William Dean Howells, in the *Easy Chair*, *Harper's Magazine*, September.
- Contemporary Poetry and the Universities, by Alice Corbin Henderson, *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- Curzon as a Poet, Lord, *Reedy's Mirror*, July 20.
- Dante and America, by Walter Littlefield, *N. Y. Times Review of Books*, May 9.

- Dargan as a Lyric Poet, Mrs., by William Stanley Braithwaite, *Boston Transcript*, December 12, 1914.
- de Gourmont, Remy, by Richard Aldington, *The Little Review*, May.
- Des Imagistes: An Anthology, by Alice Corbin Henderson, *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, October, 1914.
- Diabolic in Poetry, by Stephen Phillips, *The Bookman*, June.
- Dickinson, Emily (vol. The Single Hound), by Richard M. Hunt, *The Poetry Journal*, May.
- Dowson the Mysterious, by William Stanley Braithwaite, *Boston Transcript*, January 9.
- Drake, Joseph Rodman, by A. Elwood Corning, *The Bookman*, July.
- Drinkwater, John, An Appreciation, by Milton Bronner, *The Bookman*, June.
- Dynasts on the Stage, The, by William Archer, *The Nation*, December 24, 1914.
- Early Imagist, An (Emily Dickinson), by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, *The New Republic*, August 14.
- Eighteenth-Century Poetry, by H. A. Burd, *Sewanee Review*, June.
- Elizabethan Tragic Technique (vol. Evolution of Technique in Elizabethan Tragedy, by Harriet Ely Fausler, Ph. D.), by Garland Greever, *The Dial*, May 13.
- Emerson, a Mystic who Lives Again in His Journals, by Warren Barton Blake, *The Forum*, December, 1914.
- English Literature in France, by Emile Legouis, *The Yale Review*, April.
- English Poets of the Hour (vols. by John Masefield, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, W. J. Dawson, Alfred Noyes), by William Stanley Braithwaite, *Boston Transcript*, December 5, 1914.
- Falconer of God, The (William Rose Benet), by Thomas Walsh, *N. Y. Times Review of Books*, January 3.
- Fantastic Solutions of Some Shakespearean Cruxes. Some Textual Difficulties in Shakespeare, by Charles D. Stewart), by Samuel A. Tannenbaum, *The Dial*, April 15.
- Ficke's Sonnets, Mr., by Floyd Dell, *N. Y. Times Review of Books*, February 21.
- Five Women and the Muse (vols. by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, Amelia Josephine Burr, Amy Lowell, Har-

- riet Monroe, Agnes Lee), by William Stanley Braithwaite, *Boston Transcript*, November 28, 1914.
- Fletcher's Verse, Mr., by Amy Lowell, *The New Republic*, May 15.
- Folk-Songs of Greece Under the Turk, by Perikles Mellon, with Metrical Versions by Edith M. Thomas, *Poet Lore*, New Year's Number, 1915.
- Fort, The Poetry of Paul, by Richard Aldington, *The Little Review*, May.
- French Poets and the War, by Remy de Gourmont, translated by Richard Aldington, *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, January.
- From Kilmer to Kabir, by Richard Burton, *The Bellman*, May 8.
- Frost, Robert, by Edward Garnett, *Atlantic Monthly*, August.
- Frost, Thoughts on Robert, by Eunice Tietjens, *The Los Angeles Graphic*, August 28.
- Frost, Robert, New American Poet, by William Stanley Braithwaite, *Boston Transcript*, May 8.
- Frost's "North of Boston," Robert, by Louis Untermeyer, *Chicago Evening Post*, April 16.
- Genteel American Poetry, by George Santayana, *The New Republic*, May 28.
- German Mind in a Gentler Mood, The, Women Poets who Leave War Untouched (Erika Rheinsch, Ina Seidel, Ilse Reicke, Anonymous), by Dr. I. Goldberg, *Boston Transcript*, April 19.
- Giovannitti, Arturo, by Vittorio Racca, *The Colonnade*, March.
- Giovannitti, Poet with a Wop, by Kenneth Macgowan, *The Forum*, October, 1914.
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INDEX

ANDERSON, MARGARET STEELE	<i>Madison Cawein</i>	178
ARENSBERG, WALTER CONRAD	<i>Voyage A L'Infini</i>	172
BEACH, JOSEPH WARREN	<i>Cave Talk</i>	30
BEARD, THERESA VIRGINIA	<i>Heritage</i>	11
BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL	<i>The Fairy Fort</i>	42
BURNET, DANA	<i>Gayheart</i>	79
BURNET, DANA	<i>Harvest</i>	152
BURR, AMELIA JOSEPHINE	<i>A Spring Symphony</i>	14
BURR, AMELIA JOSEPHINE	<i>Ulysses In Ithaca</i>	25
BURTON, RICHARD	<i>Fate</i>	159
BYNNER, WITTER	<i>Passages from "The New World"</i>	63
COATES, FLORENCE EARLE	<i>Time</i>	174
CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD	<i>The Barberry Bush</i>	45
CREWE, HELEN COALE	<i>Sing, Ye Trenches</i>	129
D, H.	<i>Sea Iris</i>	53
DARGAN, OLIVE TILFORD	<i>Beyond the War</i>	101
DE FORD, MIRIAM ALLEN	<i>The Musicmaker's Child</i>	8
DOLE, NATHAN HASKELL	<i>The Mirage</i>	57
FISHER, MAHLON LEONARD	<i>July</i>	60
FISHER, MAHLON LEONARD	<i>If One Should Come</i>	171
FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD	<i>Green Symphony</i>	48
FROST, ROBERT	<i>Birches</i>	54
FROST, ROBERT	<i>The Road Not Taken</i>	61
FROST, ROBERT	<i>The Death of the Hired Man</i>	163

GARESCHÉ, S. J., EDWARD F.	<i>Sun-browned with Toil</i>	59
GILTINAN, CAROLINE . . .	<i>Over Night, A Rose</i>	151
GILTINAN, CAROLINE . . .	<i>The Courtyard Pigeon</i>	45
GLAENZER, RICHARD BUTLER	<i>To Edgar Lee Masters</i>	96
GLAENZER, RICHARD BUTLER	<i>Sure, It's Fun</i>	118
GRIFFITH, WILLIAM . . .	<i>Serenade</i>	52
GRIFFITH, WILLIAM . . .	<i>Interlude</i>	180
GRIFFITH, WILLIAM . . .	<i>Spring Song</i>	181
GUTERMAN, ARTHUR . . .	<i>Hills</i>	56
HAGEDORN, HERMANN . . .	<i>The Pyres</i>	127
HARDING, RUTH GUTHRIE . . .	<i>Song</i>	26
HARDING, RUTH GUTHRIE . . .	<i>From a Car-Window</i>	29
HOOKE, BRIAN	<i>The Maker of Images</i>	69
JOHNSON, BURGESS	<i>The Service</i>	157
JOHNSON, JAMES WELDON . . .	<i>The White Witch</i>	160
JOHNSON, ROBERT UNDER- WOOD	<i>The Haunting Face</i>	4
JOHNSON, WILLIAM SAMUEL	<i>Prayer For Peace</i>	140
KILMER, JOYCE	<i>The White Ships and the Red</i>	134
LEE, AGNES	<i>A Statue in a Garden</i>	158
LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD	<i>Ballad of Amaryllis in the Shade</i>	18
LINDSAY, VACHEL	<i>The Chinese Nightingale</i>	32
LOW, BENJAMIN R. C.	<i>For the Dedication of a Toy Theatre</i>	44
LOWELL, AMY	<i>Patterns</i>	22
LOWELL, AMY	<i>The Bombardment</i>	124
LOWELL, AMY	<i>The Fruit Shop</i>	145
MACKAYE, PERCY	<i>The Return of August</i>	137
MACKAYE, ARVIA	<i>Fire Castles</i>	57
MANN, DOROTHEA LAW- RENCE	<i>To Imagination</i>	9
MARQUIS, DON	<i>The Paradox</i>	150

MASTERS, EDGAR LEE . . .	<i>Silence</i>	175
MASTERS, EDGAR LEE . . .	<i>Washington McNeeley</i> . . .	98
MASTERS, EDGAR LEE . . .	<i>Hannah Armstrong</i> . . .	100
MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT .	<i>The Vinegar Man</i>	99
MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT .	<i>The Night Court</i>	153
MONROE, HARRIET	<i>On the Porch</i>	113
MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER . . .	<i>Hymn to the Dairymaids of Beacon Street</i>	62
NORRIS, MARY RACHEL . . .	<i>Pax Beata</i>	156
O'BRIEN, EDWARD J.	<i>The Last Piper</i>	173
O'BRIEN, EDWARD J.	<i>Song</i>	43
OPPENHEIM, JAMES	<i>1915</i>	130
PATTON, MARGARET FRENCH	<i>Needle Travel</i>	41
PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRES- TON	<i>Cradle Song</i>	1
PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRES- TON	<i>Men Have Wings at Last</i>	115
PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRES- TON	<i>Harvest Moon, 1914</i> . . .	119
RICE, GRANTLAND	<i>The Vanished Country</i> . . .	162
ROBINSON, CORINNE ROOSE- VELT	<i>We Who Have Loved</i>	30
ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLING- TON	<i>Flammonde</i>	76
ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLING- TON	<i>Old King Cole</i>	93
ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLING- TON	<i>Cassandra</i>	181
SHEPARD, ODELL	<i>Vistas</i>	58
SHEPARD, ODELL	<i>The Adventurer</i>	75
SMITH, MARION COUTHOUY	<i>Sainte Jeanne of France</i> —1915	182
STAFFORD, WENDELL PHIL- LIPS	<i>Invocation</i>	1

STAFFORD, WENDELL PHIL- LIPS	<i>Lincoln</i>	95
STEVENS, WALLACE	<i>Peter Quince at the Clavier</i>	15
SUTTON, E.	<i>The Wind in the Corn</i>	121
TEASDALE, SARA	<i>Testament</i>	157
TEASDALE, SARA	<i>Joy</i>	17
TEASDALE, SARA	<i>The Cloud</i>	57
TEASDALE, SARA	<i>The Answer</i>	159
TIETJENS, EUNICE	<i>The Bacchante to Her Babe</i>	5
TORRENCE, RIDGELY	<i>A Vision of Spring</i>	106
TORRENCE, RIDGELY	<i>The Bird and the Tree</i>	179
TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON	<i>To My Country</i>	183
TURNER, NANCY BIRD	<i>Sister Mary Veronica</i>	74
UNDERWOOD, JOHN CURTIS	<i>La Gitana</i>	20
UNTERMAYER, LOUIS	<i>To a Gentleman Re- former</i>	92
UNTERMAYER, LOUIS	<i>The Laughters</i>	109
UNTERMAYER, LOUIS	<i>The Swimmers</i>	169
WALSH, THOMAS	<i>Sunset Balconies</i>	19
WHARTON, EDITH	<i>Battle Sleep</i>	123
WHICHER, GEORGE MEASON	<i>The Home of Horace</i>	72
WIDDEMER, MARGARET	<i>A Cyprian Woman</i>	29
WIDDEMER, MARGARET	<i>God and the Strong Ones</i>	111
WOOD, CLEMENT	<i>Spring</i>	40
WOODBERRY, GEORGE ED- WARD	<i>Sonnets</i>	142
WRIGHT, CUTHBERT	<i>The New Platonist</i>	27

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